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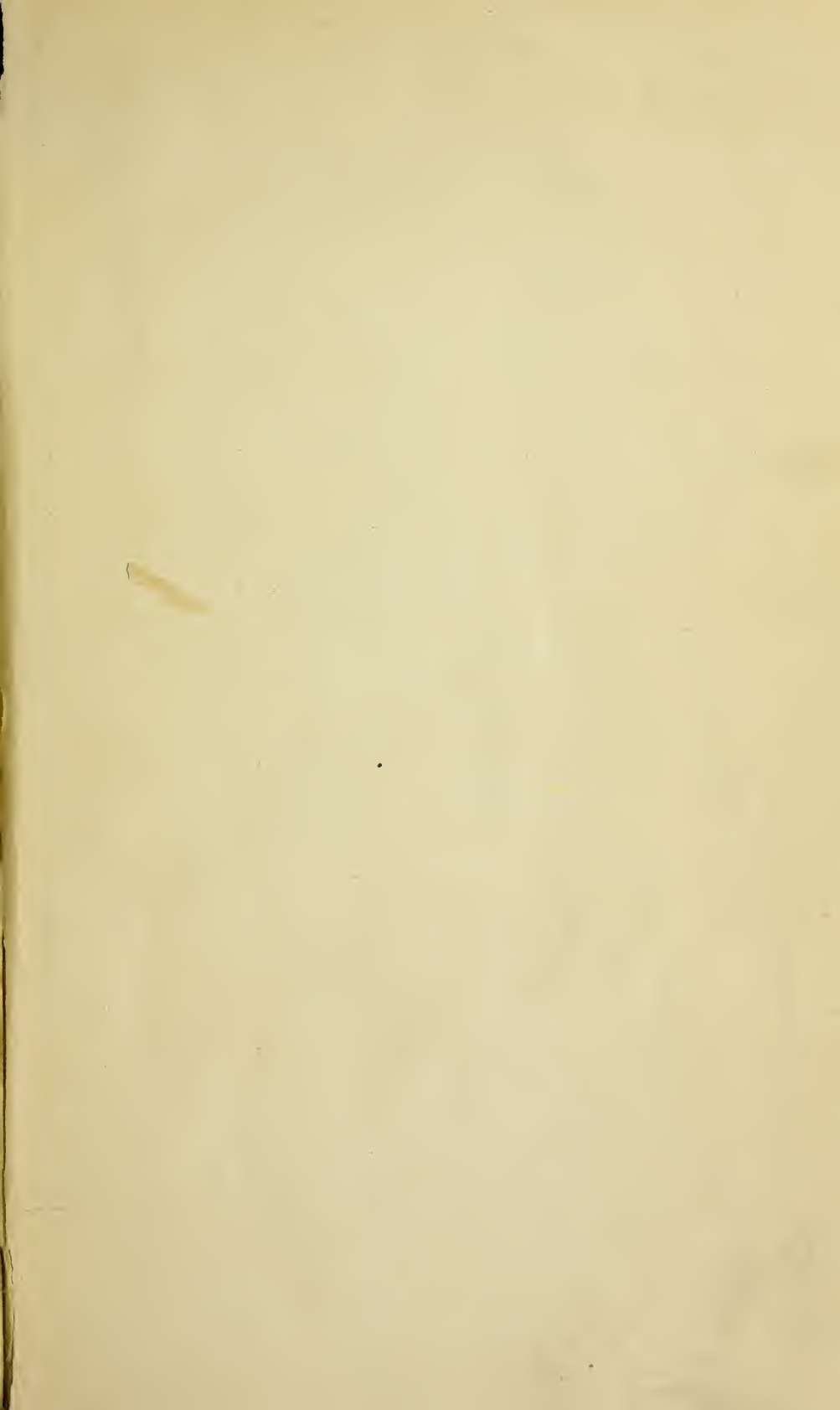
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Walsingham



THE FAMILY:

In Three Volumes.

VOLUME I.

MATRIMONY:

OR, LOVE, SELECTION, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIED LIFE.

VOLUME II.

PARENTAGE:

OR, A PERFECT PATERNITY, MATERNITY, SEXUALITY, AND INFANCY

VOLUME III.

CHILDREN AND HOME:

AS EXPOUNDED BY

PHYSIOLOGY AND PHRENOLOGY.

By PROF. O. S. FOWLER,

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGIST, LECTURER, FORMER EDITOR "AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL," AND AUTHOR OF "FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGY," "PHYSIOLOGY," "SELF-CULTURE," "MEMORY," "LOVE AND PARENTAGE," "HEREDITARY DESCENT," "MATERNITY," "HOME FOR ALL," ETC., ETC.

THE FAMILY is the foundation of all governments; the vestibule of all religions; the instructor of all nations; and the perpetuator and very heart's core of humanity itself.
—PREFACE.

NEW YORK:

O. S. FOWLER, PUBLISHER.

1859.

ADVERTISEMENT.

BE it hereby known, that I, O. S. FOWLER, alone assume the entire responsibility of the authorship and publication of these three volumes. All their faults are mine; so are all their excellences. Of course, since "many men have many minds," they will be a "divider among the people." Yet I glory in necessary "persecution for righteousness' sake." Let me "expound nature," and ask only "*What is truth?*" Let others help the "bears" of conservatism keep "all things as they were from the beginning," but let me help the "bulls" of progress lift my race out of that "old-fogy" slough in which they have been mired for ages. I would elevate the massive "millions." Of me it has been said, "The common people' read and "hear him gladly." Not that I would not also improve patrician as well as plebeian, but only that I would proclaim *Nature's eternal edicts*, whoever "will hear or forbear." I would support the "*Excelsior*" flag, and "strike for" the highest personal and human development, by teaching and inspiring all to *study and follow Nature*. She is infinitely sacred. Her requirements are God's will. Allowed to choose my own name, and have it *true*, it would be, *Nature's Apostle*. Yet to *investigate and obey her laws* constitute my "chief delight," and to induce high and low, one and all to "do likewise," engross my whole being by night and day, alone and abroad, and to expound them, employ my tongue and pen, in study and lecture-room—always, everywhere. *Thus saith God in Nature*, is the pole-star of my pen, and desire to *do good* prompts earnest efforts to disseminate these natural truths. Will not a noble band of co-workers help on this, the *heart's core* of all human elevation—*family improvement*. Those who would possess or *present* either or all these volumes, or "Religion,"* can have them mailed, *prepaid*, by remitting, in accordance with the following table, to

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PREFACE TO THE THREE BOOKS.


DOMESTIC FELICITY constitutes the great problem of the age. None is more important. None more discussed, or less understood. Nor is any desideratum as pressing as a thorough, reliable, *scientific* solution of this problem. This, these Books attempt. Their Author has heretofore published detached volumes on separate departments of this general theme, and attempted their revision, but found it difficult, without either imperfection or repetition, because the same fundamental *principles* ramify throughout *all* the several departments of this great subject. He has therefore chosen to make "THE FAMILY" the great trunk-subject, and treat its several departments like limbs and roots branching out therefrom. And in their natural order. He claims both a scientific accuracy, and a system and thoroughness hitherto unattained.

To treat any subject practically, it must first be treated *philosophically*; for practicality not based in philosophy is empirical. Nor has he minced matters; for mincing would spoil. Instead, he has chosen to walk right through his subject.

He has adopted a style more elliptical than diffuse, more scientific than ornate, more direct than figurative; and labored much more on his *subject-matter* than manner—aiming rather to present important truths in clear and familiar language, than to trifle with rhetorical flourishes. He indeed wishes he could have spared more time from his professional labors to perfect the authorship

of these Books, but sends them forth as they are, and leaves his readers to talk or write them up or down, according to their own sovereign will and pleasure—asking, and with emphasis, these questions: Are these doctrines *true*? Are they *important*? Are they calculated to *improve* individuals and the race? Let your own inherent convictions of truth and interior consciousness, and, above all, *experience*, answer. At all events, if they carry to the family of each reader a tithe of the happiness they have created in that of their Author, they will completely regenerate every family into which they go, and thereby incalculably promote human happiness, virtue, and progress, as well as fulfill their true mission and the highest wish of their Author.

N. B.—Those small raised figures found throughout the text, called superiors, refer to those *numbered headings* of subjects found throughout the three Books; thus referring the reader to doctrines and ideas previously presented. Thereby saving all need of repetition, yet referring from all parts of each Book to all parts of all the others.

 They will be bound sometimes in separate parts, sometimes all parts together. Hence those who, having either, may wish to obtain the others also, can do so by addressing the publisher.

INTRODUCTION TO THE THREE BOOKS.

1. THE FAMILY

Is the foundation of all governments, the vestibule of all religions, the instructor of all nations, and the perpetuator and very heart's core of humanity itself. It is, moreover, the corner-stone of all society, the great motor-wheel of all industry and business, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the human soul, and the main instrumentality of all the talents and powers, all the joys and hopes, all the virtues and interests of man, as well as the means of the existence even of the very race itself. Show me a right or wrong *family* among any nation or people, and I will show you a right or wrong nation or people. Of this, Scotland and France furnish contrasted examples. Scotland, a range of cold, bleak Highlands, but her *family* institutes are among the best on earth. And behold her sons and daughters! Is hard work anywhere to be done and rewarded, a Scotchman is there to do and get. Is a fat office to be enjoyed, be supple, or a shrewd Scotchman will snatch it from your grasp. Are martial strength and prowess required, what brawn equals that of Scottish braves? Is anything to be written, or studied, or investigated, or done, who better than the Scotch? Is piety to be found anywhere on earth, and does it not glow on her Highland heathers, and in her Lowland homes? Where is human nature more perfect, and less faulty?

“In New England.”

Perhaps so. But is there any other place where humanity and the family relations are more perfect? And whence New England's mighty power throughout our nation? From her *firesides*. Go where she will, she carries her *family* institutions with her, and these carry along her *moral* power. Thank God for Puritanical family habits! They have done for New England, and all the regions she has peopled—for our whole country—what Puritanism has done. And all. Her very *religion* is due to her family. Break up that, and where her temples of worship, her institutions of learning, her energy, talents, virtues, everything good? But for her family altar, how long would her churches stand, except as mementoes of the past? And few human virtues would long survive their fall.

Blot out the family, and what becomes of the school, the academy, the college? And they gone, how great the hiatus!

Blot out the family, and what becomes of the State? The great trunk of our Government, with all its branches, foliage, and fruit, growth included, is sustained from and by the rootlets of the family. Strengthen it, and you build up all. Destroy it, and you destroy all—fruit, branches, trunk, its very being, even.

England, proud, strong Old England, wherein consists *thy* great strength, perpetuity, glory, and vitality? In thy family. It blighted, they all perish.

And did not the strength, perpetuity, and piety of the Jewish nation grow mainly out of its excellent patriarchal and family customs?

And frivolous, downtrodden France, tyrannized over by one man, ruled by a more cruel rod than any other European nation, and that by a late citizen—become a despotism the most despotic, and from a republic the very best there was—wherein lies thy weakness, that all *this* can be heaped upon thee?

Thou hast no *family* ! Thy parents hardly know their own children ! A tender youth, neither purified nor molded by maternal love or counsel, takes lodgings abroad, where, unrestrained, he riots in vice, which right family associations would interdict. Turkey, every heathen land, every nation and people on earth, but illustrate this principle on a still larger scale. And savage life most—Indian included.

But, “odious comparisons” aside, are these things so ? Are we evolving a fundamental *truth* in the natural history of man ! Read the answer in the entire history of the whole race, and learn wisdom. Learn that a nation’s and an individual’s happiness, health, talents, purity, vice, everything, depend on the family.

And, O my country ! stop and learn at least this one lesson. As a right family *bequeathed* to us all the blessings in which we now luxuriate, almost revel, so the greatness, glory, and perpetuity of our republic depend mainly on the *domestic* education our sons and daughters receive. Preserve our family, and you preserve our nation. Deteriorate the family, and you deteriorate all. Improve the family, and you improve all. And if it dies, all dies—joys, hopes, church, State, college ; all our institutions, civil and religious ! Is this picture ? or is it fact ? And, O my dear country, but perfect this *one key-stone* of thy colossal arch, and the towering grandeur of thy majestic superstructure will become boundless and endless. Like yon whirlwind, its base small and swift, but it enlarges, rises, spreads into boundless, endless space ! There are no limits to our prospective greatness and power, *provided* we but keep our *domestic* core right. We shall then soon *govern* the whole world politically, pecuniarily, by sea, on land, in ethics, in morals—*defy* the whole world in war, in peace—*surpass* the whole world in arts, in literature, in religion, in progress, and *cover* the whole world by our people and our institu-

tions! No imagination can stretch far or high enough to equal our prospective elevation, *provided* we but keep good the *cause* of our national wealth, energy, prosperity, and power—the *family*. But should it ever decline—which God forbid!—like the heart of that great oak rotten, all must rot. And should not patriots really tremble for their country, for obviously the family is on the wane throughout her borders. And these and all other national interests must needs also decline, unless until this is rectified. I would not turn alarmist; but I *would* warn and direct. Be not intoxicated with thy greatness, power, and glory, but mark well *wherein* lies thy great strength, and improve that by perfecting thy *family* relations.

And what is true of the nation is true of the race. All human interests, in all their phases and aspects, depend on the family. Missionaries and savans, philanthropists and philosophers, fogies and progressives, men and women, young and old, one and all, any way interested to improve man, turn too and improve the *family*, as the single means of restoring the whole race to its pristine and destined exaltation.

Ye seekers after even millennial glory, look ye for it in the family! Give me one generation of happy marriages and families, and I will give you back a *millennium*! And in greater glory and power than king or prophet ever dreamed! For a happy family will forestall and prevent all the human vices, and, instead, plant and nurture all the human virtues in parents, besides rendering their children *constitutionally* better than those parents.

And what sentiment of the human soul as potential, as sacred, what feelings as strong, what emotions as all-absorbing, as those appertaining to the family? Let this fact reinforce its importance.

A perfect family, then, is the problem of a perfect

religion, government, education, society, individuality, humanity, all. And all the rights and wrongs, goods and evils, inherent in the family, work themselves out, in, and throughout all the other departments of human life. Equally so with all its improvements. Allow me, then, my country, to be a true patriot, my race, a true philanthropist, in and by holding up nature's mirror of a perfect family before thy face.

And these Books do it. They teach nature's *family* mandates, laws, and institutes. They go to the very *core* of their subject. They give its *principles*, its *laws*, its *philosophies*, as well as details.

THE CONSTITUENT ELEMENTS OF THE FAMILY.

The family being, then, a creation, an entity, and thus important, it must needs have its *constituents*. Of what is it *composed*? What are its integral parts or elements?

Man and woman. Husband and wife. Father and mother. Parents and children. Brothers and sisters. House and land. Appurtenances and productions. All cemented together by the affections. And governed by nature's family institutes.

And these family relations must needs have some one *cardinal* condition. They have it in a right *marriage*. MATRIMONY is not merely an integral part and parcel of the family, but its very *backbone*. As it is, all are. Let all its other portions be right, but this wrong, all is wrong, like a superb body with a poor heart; whereas a right marriage goes far to render all the other portions right. And as it constitutes the *very* focal center of all, it will accordingly constitute the first as well as the heart's core of these Books.

THE FAMILY—VOLUME I.



MATRIMONY,

AS TAUGHT BY

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

In Three Parts.

Part I.—LOVE:

ITS NATURE, LAWS, AND ALL-CONTROLLING POWER OVER HUMAN DESTINY.

Part II.—SELECTION:

OR, MUTUAL ADAPTATION.

Part III.—COURTSHIP AND MARRIED LIFE:

THEIR FATAL ERRORS, AND HOW TO RENDER ALL MARRIAGES HAPPY.

By PROF. O. S. FOWLER,

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGIST, LECTURER, FORMER EDITOR "AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL," AND AUTHOR OF "FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGY," "PHYSIOLOGY," "SELF-CULTURE," "MEMORY," "LOVE AND PARENTAGE," "HEREDITARY DESCENT," "MATERNITY," "HOME FOR ALL," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:

O. S. FOWLER, PUBLISHER.

1859.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

LOTTIE H. FOWLER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District
of New York.

Dedication.

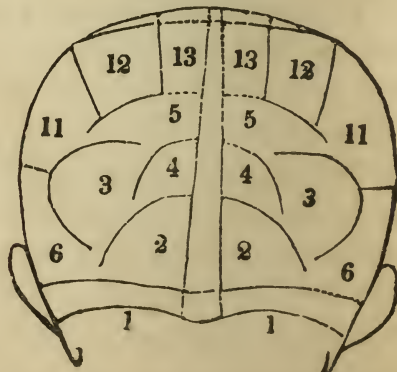
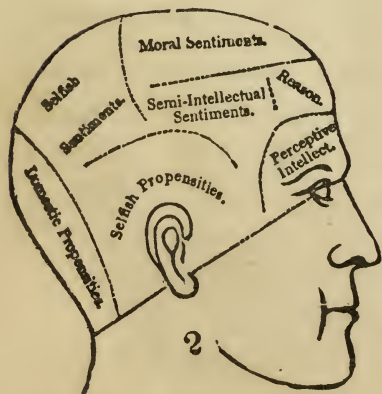
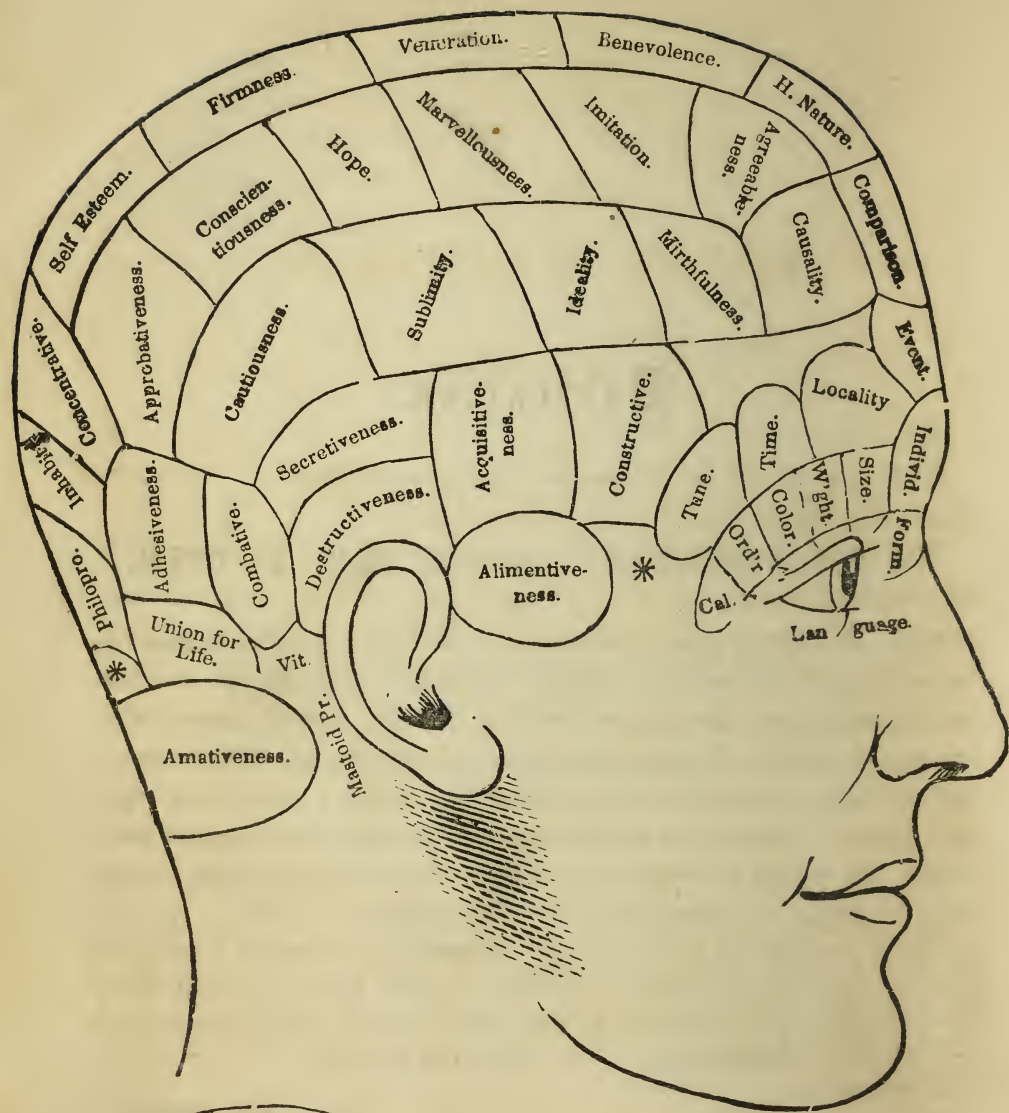
TO MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, LOTTIE.

YOUR doting father's greatest desire is to see you so conduct that life conferred on you as to render it and you perfectly happy. To-day you are eighteen. You are therefore approaching that life-period consecrated by Nature to the consummation of the affectional relations.³⁹ On them your life-interests mainly depend. You, in common with all of a like age, need *knowledge* to enable you to form and conduct them aright. This required instruction this volume imparts. It expounds Nature's primal matrimonial doctrines and practices, and shows each and all how to become true men and women, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, parents and children.

I therefore dedicate it to you and your companions in age, hoping it may guide your and their feet into floral and fruitful paths of domestic felicity; and as a keepsake token of my undying parental love for you, I hereby bequeath to you its copyright, as your eighteenth birthday present.

Your loving father,

The Author.



PREFACE TO MATRIMONY.

SUPPOSE a well-intentioned youth, arrived at a marriageable age, should soliloquize thus :

“It is high time for me to marry. Marriage is indeed an eventful step. I would fain begin and conduct it just right. Where can I find *reliable* directions, by following which I can not err? I find instruction in grammar, in arithmetic, in surveying, in agriculture, in the arts and sciences, but nowhere a line touching a right *marriage*. No school, no book, no anything! Must I, then, leap in the dark? And in a matter thus *infinitely* important?”

No, O youth! This Book is your *certain* guide. It both declares *and* proves. It generalizes *and* specifies. It shows both *what and why*. Whoever follows it will be happy. And the more, the more closely. It also shows those happy or miserable in wedlock, *wherein* and *wherefore* so.

Ye unmarried, before taking this eventful life-step, not merely read these pages as you would a novel, but *study* and ponder them thoroughly. Half through, turn back and re-peruse, till you fully understand its *principles*; for no single reading can ever fully impress them. Effectually re-read, and inwardly digest. Incorporate its theory *and* practice into both selection and courtship, as well as married life; and then bear testimony.

Young lovers, read it over and over again, and treat each other in accordance with its requisitions, and attest

in after-life whether it has not immeasurably enhanced your heart's felicity. And note this: whenever you depart from its teachings, unhappiness will follow.

Ye married who love some, but not all you feel that you could or would, read and practice, and you will love more and jar less. If your love is not perfect, and you would render it so, it will teach you how. Nor can the married read it attentively without becoming assimilated thereby. And the more so, the more they read and appreciate. For it really does show them how to draw out their own and each other's affections.

And ye disconsolate—ye who are married, but not mated; who pine for congeniality, but are only tantalized by vain efforts and regrets; who love some, but wrangle more; who both feel hard and waken hard feelings; who have enjoyed however little, and suffered however much; whose alienation is even complete, and who loathe where you should love—do you really desire to become reconciled, united? If so, each read these pages separately. Then both together. Then re-read them alone, and then together, with comments by each as you proceed, both grasping its teachings and putting them into practice, and see if it does not regenerate both—does not gradually melt down your asperities and dissolve your discord. And if it does not rekindle first love in all its fervor—which it doubtless will—it will at least enable you to live together peaceably. Try the experiment, and proclaim the result.

And ye who feel your love enhanced by this Book, turn "home missionaries." Carry to other firesides what has warmed your own. Self-sacrificing promoters of fireside affections are needed at home quite as much as foreign missionaries in heathen lands. Indeed, such barbarities as are here often unconsciously perpetrated by husbands and wives upon each other have no parallel in savage life. *Family* reform and happiness is the one

great desideratum of the age, of man. And this work attempts it. In the name of suffering humanity, then, give it a fair trial, and a broadcast circulation.

Our task is indeed difficult, not so much on its own account, or on anything inherent in our subject itself, as because of that fastidiousness with which it is too often regarded. But, presupposing that the handwriting of the Almighty on human nature is *ipso facto* in good taste, and pure to the pure, and that no middle ground remained, we have treated our subject in a plain, straightforward manner, and appeal to time and a discerning public, and especially to *woman*—not so much to girls, appropriately more nice than wise, nor to those so easily tempted that they must needs be or appear extra guarded—but more particularly to mature *matrons*, whose naturally elevated feminine tastes have been corrected and ripened by conjugal experience, whether these pages are in good taste. What paragraph would you erase before handing to your sons and daughters? Is it not your solemn duty to teach them all their good requires them to know? And does it not require them to know the truths contained in this Book? And can you not teach them these lessons in and by putting it into their hands better than orally?

And, ye fathers, uncles, and men of experience and business, desirous of enforcing on your young nephews, nieces, and acquaintances many a lesson here taught, which your own experience tells you they ought to know at or before their marriage, can you not convey this needed knowledge better by putting this book into their hands than verbally? Myself a gray-haired, aged father, with children married, and having had thirty years of just that kind of professional experience requisite for this very task, I claim to have embodied a vast amount of truths and suggestions of the utmost practical importance to both the young and the married. And in

a manner at least unexceptionable, if not the very best. And also to stand alone in the *scientific* exposition of this subject. Say one, say all, whether or not this work is entitled to the approbation—thank-offering, even—of an appreciating public? And whether, if you had read it earlier in life, it would not have rendered that life better, happier, higher?

INTRODUCTION TO MATRIMONY.

2. FIRST LAWS GOVERN MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is life's casting die. No event from birth to death equally affects human weal or woe. Partly because its *per se* action is so potential. More because ramified throughout all life's other joys and sorrows. It equally affects human morals, spirits, tone of mind, everything.¹ This happy, all is happy, and life as serene and balmy as a bright spring morning—temper sweet, intellect clear, hopes bright, spirits buoyant, virtues enhanced, health good, and life one long, happy gala-day. But, this unhappy, all, like autumnal storms, is dark and dreary, cold and cheerless—temper soured, intellect deadened, hopes blighted, health drooping, children cross-grained, and life a failure and a burden!

“Then, can marriage be so formed and conducted as to render its participants always perfectly happy?”

Undoubtedly. *Always*. And EASILY.

“Exists there, then, a *certain* preventive and cure of all matrimonial ills? Can each and all be *perfectly* happy in wedlock?”

Yes. *All*. And PERFECTLY.

“Then, *how*? By what MEANS?”

By observing nature's matrimonial ordinances. Cause and effect reign supreme. *First laws* govern every department of nature every atom of matter, every function of universal life and being, from the beginning of time to its end. Whatever is, is governed thereby. Anything not thus governed would be chaotic. Thus governed, all nature becomes scientific and absolutely

certain in all her operations. Of course, all human functions, marriage included, are thus governed.

Moreover, these laws, obeyed, always and necessarily yield happiness; but, violated, inflict pain. And these conditions are as universal and absolute as causation itself; of which they form an integral part and parcel.

Still further: these pleasures and pains follow in the *direct line* of the *specific* law obeyed or broken. To obey a physical but break a mental law, is to enjoy physically, but suffer mentally. And to fulfill the social but violate a physical, is to enjoy socially, but suffer physically. And thus of all other laws.

Human nature has its *social* department. All human beings are created with certain domestic instincts and faculties.¹ This, Phrenology demonstrates by pointing out a group of cerebral organs, the sole office of whose mental faculties is to carry forward these functions. These predispose to marriage as much as appetite to eating. And this both presupposes and proves the existence in man of a conjugal entity, which forms as constituent a department of human nature as reason or memory. Of course this department has, must have, its governing laws equally with all else in nature. These laws establish a *science* over this nuptial department. There is, therefore, as much a *matrimonial* science as a mathematical, because each is equally a part and parcel of nature in general, and human nature in particular. And as such is governed by its own specific first laws. These laws reduce both equally to certainty, and thereby render each *equally* scientific. Not a may-be so and may-be not, but a *must-be*—a *necessity*; because each is equally governed by inflexible causation.

These laws impart a *right* and a *wrong* to marriage, in both its general principles, and in all its details. This right, these laws obeyed, render this marriage happy therein and thereby. This wrong perpetrated, these laws

violated, render it miserable. That is, since conjugality is an entity in man, and therefore has its laws, of course to obey them is to be happy, and to break them is to be miserable, in and by wedlock. Whoever obey them are guaranteed domestic felicity. But whoever suffer in and by conjugality, do so because they violate them. Every item of discord is consequent on their infringement. Nor can any obey without being happy in marriage. Nor be happy without obeying. Nor any be miserable without violating them. Nor violate without being miserable. And in exact *proportion* thereto. Of course, *perfect* obedience renders perfect conjugal felicity as *absolutely certain* as causation itself.

A *knowledge* of these laws, moreover, naturally promotes their observance. By a law of mind, *belief* governs conduct. Men naturally *act* as they feel, and feel as they *think*. Conduct not governed by first principles is empirical and fitful—grotes in the dark—a ship without a compass, a life without helm or haven. Whereas a life governed by right first principles is therefore correct and happy.

This is doubly true of marriage. As those who believe in pagan or Christian doctrine, in one love or free love, naturally *live* accordingly, of course, to live a happy conjugal life, men must have a right matrimonial *doctrine*—must *understand*, in order to fulfill the laws that govern wedlock.

A knowledge of these laws, then, becomes a great public desideratum. The existing amount of matrimonial misery is almost infinite. *How* great, will be shown hereafter. Therefore the breaches of these laws are equally great. Yet men do about as well as they know how. They do not *mean* wrong. *Ignorance*, not evil intentions, causes most of this misery. Men and women, husbands and wives, engender mutual hatred by mutually wronging each other, while each is as innocent of any

intended wrong as the infant that burns its fingers in the candle. They know no better. Only *teach* them the right, and they will follow it. Of correct conjugal knowledge there is almost a total dearth and barrenness. Nowhere are its principles or details expounded. The press promulgates family quarrels, elopements, crim. cons., and all that. But do these either teach, guide, or save?" The bar arraigns, the bench condemns, and civil laws punish, matrimonial offenders; but neither point out the *causes* of these errors, or prescribe preventives. The very lecture-room is silent. Even the pulpit enjoins: "Husbands, love your wives; and wives, obey;" but stops there. Does mental philosophy even attempt its scientific exposition? It does not. In this whole department of human life man is in total darkness and ignorance concerning both its principles and detailed workings. Humanity needs many things much. Many would prove useful. But none more so than this species of knowledge.

"Where, then, can it be found?"

Here.

"In what Book is it expounded!"

In this.

"What evolves its first principles?"

Phrenology. And in its analysis of man's social faculties. And thus: As the phrenological faculty of color both puts us in relation with colors and intuitively *teaches* us all about them, and so of all its other faculties, so the social faculties bear an *absolute* relation to these natural social institutes, and teach them by intuition—their laws and functions, their right and wrong action, and whatever appertains to them, and, thereby, the *causes*, and the *remedies*, of all nuptial evils.

In short, man is rendered a marrying being by having been created with certain conjugal elements of mind. These are governed by certain matrimonial laws, which,

obeyed, *guarantee* perfect conjugal felicity, but, violated, inflict discord and misery. And Phrenology, in its analysis of these faculties, teaches these laws, and thereby shows individuals and communities wherein they have diverged therefrom—what broken law causes every item of conjugal pain, every discordant note—as well as the pathway to their return. And this Book claims to expound that teaching. To be strictly *scientific*. To point out the *laws* that govern this whole subject. To go right home to its very *heart's core*. To show *just* what is right, and what wrong. And *why*. Both as regards marriage itself, and all the relations of the sexes to each other. To group its facts around their governing *principles*, and thus become a *reliable* guide to perfect matrimonial felicity. To analyze the *causes* of all discord, and prescribe preventives. And that so plainly, practically, fully, that even the unlettered need not commit error. And thoroughly to cultivate this entire human field. Great pretensions these. No volume ever made greater. But see whether it does not *fulfill* them. And more, even.

But as every structure has, must have, its foundation, every creation its end or object, every truth its rationale, marriage must likewise have *its* rationale—its *why*, its *wherefore*. And that rationale will expound its object. And thereby develop its *laws*. And these laws its *right and wrong*, in general, in detail. Then, what *is* the rationale of marriage?

The multiplication of human beings. The perpetuity and increase of the race. And this alone. Proved by every tendency, every desire, everything in any way appertaining to it.

3. NATURE'S CREATIVE INSTITUTES PARAMOUNT.

SOME functions in nature are relatively *more important* than others. Thus, the office of sun is more eventful

than that of glow-worm—of head than little finger-nail—of heart than spleen.

Then, pray, O man! what *one* function stands right out in front of all her operations as her *very most* practically important?

Or thus: All worship—ought to—God. But, suppose required to select his *most* adorable attribute as the object of special reverence, what would it be but his *creative*? Does not this entitle him to our *highest* love and worship? For unless he first put forth his creative, how could he put forth any other? Is not this both the instrumentality and embodiment of all? But for it there could be no life, no function, no anything. Unless beings were first *created*, how could they put forth any of their functions? And exactly in proportion as nature's creative economies *multiply* the various forms of life, vegetable, animal, and human, does the office even of sun become the more glorious, because the more are warmed and lighted by his rays. And thus of all her other provisions for the happiness of sentient beings. She *will have* her domains, air, earth, water, universal space, filled with life, being. Our earth was created simply for an abode of boundless life, and the production of infinite happiness. Nor created yesterday. Nor to be destroyed to-morrow. Geology proclaims her past age as almost infinite. And astronomy shows that she is to-day performing a cycle which it will require two and a half millions of years to complete! And whatever nature begins, she finishes. Therefore our earth is destined to stand *two and a half millions of years* at least. And no telling how many *additional* cycles. And all this infinite period of time she is destined to be filled full of life in all its forms, and kept crowded, clear up to the top of every mountain, and down to the water's edge of every continent, island, shore, and river! And of beings of a far higher intellectual and moral grade, and correspondingly

happier, than any which now inhabit her! And, since Death, inexorable, "cuts down all, both great and small," procreation must needs outstrip him in swiftness, and rise above him in might, or the universe itself would soon become tenantless! And hence nature's creative institutes *take precedence* over all else. Her reproducing work is her greatest, her *most* important labor.

And, how infinitely great that work! Behold yon superior human being! Consider him as a commodity, as a production, an invention, a structure! What on earth at all compares with him? Examine his bones, joints, muscles, organs, eye, lungs, heart, nerves, as machines merely. How perfect each! How perfectly adapted to each other! And each to all! And all to the required ends of life! His functions how varied, how perfect! His mental capacities how wonderful, how almost infinite! How divine a single good act! What moral sublimity in a long life of the human virtues! In the person, the being, of a Washington, considered as an entity! In human memory, speech, thought, talents! Great God! how infinitely exalted a being is man! A tree, an insect, a dog, a monkey—what a complication of wondrous workings! But man, how much more astounding to contemplate! And the race so much the more so by every one of its infinitude of members, from first to last! And who can number its countless myriads in the present and past? Then how infinitely more in the eternal future of the race! And all these immortal! O the boundless, the endless, the infinite greatness and glory of the whole human family! By the greatness of God himself is the greatness of this his master-work—man. For all that even a *God could* do to perfect man's perfections and enhance his superlative powers and excellences, a God has done! Nor do any now, even the most exalted individuals of the race, at all compare with their ultimate destined greatness! Infinitely above their present estate is their future to become!

Human reason, imagination, even, pall in contemplating the greatness and glory of God's greatest production—humanity! And by all *this* greatness is the greatness inherent in nature's greatest production, man! And in those laws which govern this department of her works!

Hence, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth"—fill it up, and keep it full—was the Creator's *first* command to man. And written deepest into the human constitution, and universal life. Therefore it is that her multiplying instrumentalities ramify themselves upon and throughout all forms of life, and all their functions.

Of course those *laws* which govern their multiplication must needs be *correspondingly* important, all-controlling. Hence their observance must yield the highest order of happiness known to man—whatever enjoys—while their infraction must needs bring down on their devoted perpetrators the most terrible retributions man, thing, can experience.

Or thus: Nature has her creative department, institutes, functions. Of these, marriage is the means and ultimate. This, in common with universal entity, has its own specific first laws.² These laws reduce its operations to certainty. Being paramount themselves, they therefore control all her other departments equally with their own. Of course, then, these laws obeyed, yield the highest order and largest range of happiness provided for in nature. And the reverse of their every infraction. And their study is both the most delightful, and the order of truth they evolve the most useful to man, of all others. Our *subject-matter*, therefore—the exposition of these creative laws and economies—stands, *par excellence*, *primus inter pares*.

All nature's institutes have their *ways and means*. By what *means*, then, are these creative institutes carried forward? BY GENDER.

PART I.

L O V E .

All thoughts, all passions, all delights

Whatever stirs this mortal frame—

All are but ministers of Love,

And feed his sacred flame.

COLERIDGE.

M A T R I M O N Y.

P A R T I. — L O V E.

SECTION I.

ANALYSIS OF THE LOVE ELEMENT.

4. SEXUALITY.—A UNIVERSAL, INHERENT ELEMENT.

SEXUALITY is conferred on every recipient of life. "Male and female created he them," not merely in the world of animals and man, but equally even throughout the entire floral and cereal, sylvan and pomal, tuberal and vegetable, as well as all her other kingdoms. Indeed, every living thing is either masculine or feminine, or else embodies the elements of both.

Nor would nature have taken all this pains to impart gender to every production of her hands unless it had been commensurately *important*. It *is* important. Infinitely so.

Important on account of that greatest of *ends* it is ordained to carry forward. This is none other than the *creative*—that very most important end carried forward in the universe.³ For let this sexual institute be suspended but a single generation only, and insatiable death would soon sweep every vestige of life from the face of nature—leaving instead one dreary, barren waste; and thereby forestalling and preventing all that happiness which, throughout all time to come, is now provided for in and by this sexual instrumentality.³ Nor is any form or degree of life ever or anywhere established, except in and by gender. Even the very floral process itself is but that sexual function which alone imparts germination to every seed and thing that grows. Hence, Hovey's strawberry, a female plant, remains barren unless planted in close proximity to some staminate or masculine

variety. Even the same general organic forms are employed in vegetative, animal, and human multiplication.

More yet : what is electricity itself, that great motive principle of universal nature, in its positive and negative force, but a modification and extension of this same sexual entity? its positive force corresponding with the masculine, and negative with the feminine. And the mutual attraction of its opposite, but repulsion of similar poles are exactly analogous to the mutual affinity of opposite, and aversion of similar sexes. And why not these two creative forces generating, throughout infinite time and space, materials for the formation of other worlds, to be gathered and embodied by comets, just as these elements, in the sexual form proper, are peopling those already formed with all their phases and infinitude of life?

And, pray, what is even causation itself, with all *its* sweep and power,² but another form of this very sexuality? On scanning, analyzing any cause, it will be found to consist in the confluence—sexual conjunction—of two conditions, the product, progeny of which is the effect. May not this be found, after all, to explain this hitherto inexplicable problem, namely, in what do cause and effect consist?

At all events, every possible form of terrestrial life is originated in and by this sexual institute. And you and I, O man, woman, child, thing, with all our powers and faculties, physical and mental, immortality even superadded, are but *its* triumphant achievements! As are likewise all the beings and things that throng the universe! Even all spiritual myriads included! A work how infinitely great and glorious!³ And effected by a means how simple, yet infinitely potential!

Life! What a complication of functions and wonders! And how infinitely precious! To ourselves, to others! Thou life itself, with even all *thy* wondrous workings, but the product of this very sexuality!

Important to the individual. Its office being to *transmit* all parts of the parentage to the progeny, it must needs *pervade* all. Else how could it transmit? It pervades, sexes, even every function, every emanation of every being and thing.

Pervades, sexes the vocality. Is not every vocal utterance, every lisp even, of every man and woman, boy and girl, animal and thing, sexed? Are not thunder, earthquake, cataract, locomotive, masculine? And can not it be told, just by the intonations of every singer, speaker, whisperer even, whether a male or female sings, speaks, whispers? And thus down to every animal, bird, insect? Do they not even make their loves mainly by their voices? What are the creakings of cricket and katydid, the piping of frog and toad, the

croaking of raven and crowing of rooster, the warbling of feathered songster and scream of eagle, the bellowing of bovines and neighing of equines, the roaring of lion and yelling of tiger, as well as all human vocal utterances, but sexed and sexual expressions? And the more highly sexed man, woman, animal, thing, the more does this entity impress and perfect their every vocal utterance.

Impresses, sexes the chirography. Can it not be told, just by the superscription on a letter, whether a man or woman superscribed? And the more a man, the more, like that of John Hancock, will the bold, masculine hand-writing appertain to every stroke of his emphatic pen. And the more feminine or highly sexed any female, the more beautiful all the strokes and touches of her delicate hand.

Even the very rap at the door has gender. For can not a man's be contra-distinguished from a woman's? And the more a man or woman, the more easily, because the better sexed. So of walk, motion, etc., down to every single action and emanation of every single individual, person, animal, and thing!

The manners, too, are sexed. Is not the tone of man's comportment to woman, and of woman's to man, far above that of either sex to its own? And the more a man or woman, the more high-toned, gentlemanly, ladylike, the behavior of each sex to the other.

Is not the form, also, sexed? Is there not a male and female *shape* of face, of person? Applicable to insect and batracian, fish and fowl, plumage included, lion and lioness; and thus of everything else appertaining to their entire physical structures,⁶ and all its manifestations.

Equally so, too, their mentalities. Is there not a masculine and a feminine style of expression and cast of thought? Can it not be told, just by the very wording of any paragraph or page, whether penned by a man or woman? And the more a man, the more, as in Webster, will the bold, potential, original, and masculine cast of thought and expression characterize his every oration, paragraph, sentiment, and construction of sentence. Equally so of feminine composition, letters especially.

In short, gender is a necessary entity. As much so as form or magnitude. And as much a universal appurtenance of life throughout all its phases, functions, and emanations. And precisely the same characteristics, physical included, appertain to the male sex throughout all its varieties. And the same, too, of the female. Of what they are, their signs, effects, etc., in our second Book. Suffice it here that we have pointed out the *existence* of sex as a constituent element of things, along with its universality, and practical importance.

5. AMATIVENESS AS EMBODYING THIS SEXUAL ELEMENT.

A natural entity thus absolutely indispensable must needs have some corresponding *mental* faculty in the human mind. Else how could it be exercised? It is in the economy of the human mind that no class of functions, mental or physical, can ever be carried forward except in and by a special power or faculty forming a constituent part of that mind. This faculty is to its functions what the tool is to the work done, or the machine to its product. Man must then have some primitive mental *faculty* set apart to carry on this destined work of reproduction. Such a faculty is as necessary to insure such function as heart circulation, or muscles, motion. By thus incorporating this faculty into humanity as forming a constituent part of it, nature renders its action as absolutely certain as eating, or reasoning, or any other function. Hence the action of sexuality in all its varieties of function is thus guaranteed forever, by its being incorporated into the very constitution of man's mind.

And into that of *all* human beings. As air can not be without the presence of all its constituent elements, or body without heart, stomach, bones, each and all its parts, so no human being can be human without possessing both this inherent sexual entity itself,⁴ and its corresponding mental faculty to secure its outworkings, and render that action absolutely universal and certain.

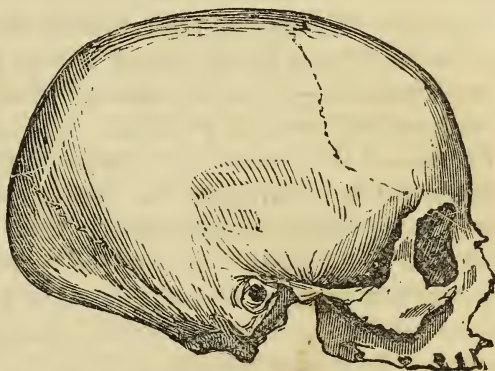
It is, moreover, an organic law, that every mental faculty has, must have, its *cerebral* organ. The brain is the general organ of the mind. All mental function is carried on by cerebral action. This brain is subdivided into organs, each of which carries forward the special functions of its particular mental faculty. As the primitive power to see can manifest itself only by and through the eye, and thus of all the other physical functions; so every mental faculty can act only by means of its specific organ or compartment of the brain. This, Phrenology fully demonstrates as a universal ordinance of nature.

Of course, then, this sexual mental faculty or power of mind must have its special cerebral organ. It has it. And Phrenology has discovered this organ to be located in the back and lower portion of the brain, and christened it Amativeness. See No. 1, Amativeness, in the map of the head. It is located just above the nape of the neck, and is the organ farthest back and lowest down in the brain. In proportion as it is large, it fills out the back and lower portion of the head, just at its junction with the neck, rendering the two comparatively straight at their meeting. But when it is small, both head and neck slope *inwardly* where they meet, thus making a deep *curve*

at their junction. It is very small in the following engraving of an infant, as it is in all infantile heads; and in them this faculty is correspondingly weak. It is also small in the accompanying engraving of a regular man-hater.

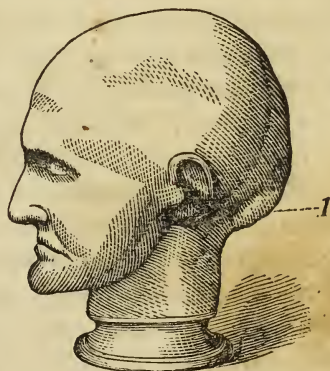


INFANT.



SKULL OF AN OLD MAID AT SIXTY.

But when large it fills out the head at its posterior junction with the neck, as in the accompanying engraving of Aaron Burr, than whom, probably, no man of his time, if of any other, evinced as great a degree of its sentiment. It was so large, that when his bust was taken after death—and the original is now in Fowler and Wells' collection, 308 Broadway, New York—the artist took his drawing-knife to cut off what he supposed to be two enormous wens, but which were in reality the cerebral organs of Amative-ness. His son standing by, from whom the author had the anecdote, persuaded him to let it remain just as it was. And the mark of the knife just beginning to cut is found on the bust. The correspondence, then, between the size of this organ and power of this passion in him was perfect. And the phrenological records are full and most conclusive on this point. Baron Leary, chief surgeon of Bonaparte's army, than whom few had equal opportunities for observation, says that those soldiers shot in the cerebellum ever afterward remained impotent. See Boardman's array of this class of facts in his "Defense of Phrenology." But this work assumes that Phrenology is true, and refers, for further information, to works on this science.



AARON BURR.

The special office of this faculty is to *transmit*. For this alone

was it created. To this alone is it devoted and adapted. It creates both the *desire and power* to transfer the entities of parents to their progeny. This transfer, or rather parental re-creation, is wonderfully minute, as our second Book will show. And this organ and faculty embody nature's instrumentalities for effecting this reproduction. It is like the daguerreian process, save that the product of that is but an exact picture, while that of this is a reproduction along with an amalgamation—is an embodiment of all the entities of *both* the parents in their mutual children. And of all the phenomena, all the wonders of the whole universe itself, this is incomparably the most wonderful in its certainty, its minuteness, its means, its philosophies, everything connected therewith. Well might angels ponder over its mysteries, and exult in view of its beauties forever !

And this parental embodiment is in proportion, other things being the same, to the strength of this faculty, and this to the size of its organ. That is, those who have a given amount of physical or mental capacity, with but weak sexuality, or small Amativeness, will transfer but little to their progeny, as compared with the amount they possess ; whereas, those having a vigorous sexuality, or large Amativeness, though they may have less to transmit, will nevertheless impart much more of their qualities to their children in proportion to the amount possessed. Or thus : those who have Amativeness only 3 in a scale of 7, with the intellectual, or moral, or other endowments 6 or 7, will transmit only 4 or 5 of their other endowments ; whereas, if they had Amativeness 6 or 7, they would transmit 6 or 7 of their other endowments—would transmit in even a greater degree than they themselves possessed them. Or, if Amativeness is 6 or 7, and their other endowments only 3 or 4, they will transmit 5 or 6 of these endowments—in short, will render their children *better* endowed than themselves.

In addition to this its transmitting office, it also confers what might properly be called matrimonial talent. It both predisposes to marriage, and likewise bestows the *intuition* requisite for fulfilling its relations. As large Causality both predisposes to reason and also confers the reasoning gift ; as large Order both loves method and instinctively takes the best course to secure it ; as large Ideality both loves beauty and imparts it to every act, look, and expression ; as large Constructiveness both loves mechanism and confers a manufacturing and inventive capacity, so large Amativeness not only loves the opposite sex and desires to unite in marriage and the creative institutes, but also confers on its possessor a matrimonial *capacity*, talent, gift, instinct. And as some are gifted in one direction, such as mathematics or mechanics,

and others in others, as poetry, music, reason, painting, etc., according as their corresponding mental faculties are strong or weak and phrenological organs large or small—as reckoning figures naturally comes easy to some and hard to others; and thus of traffic, oratory, and all the other human gifts—so of the matrimonial. The difference between different persons in this respect is indeed heaven-wide. Some involuntarily become good husbands and wives, even without effort. Others are poor, though they try their very best. The former have large, vigorous, and normal Amativeness. In the latter it is small or perverted. Though Conjugality also assists, of which in its place.

SEXUALITY is therefore the great base of all matrimonial and family excellence. On it rests the entire superstructure of wedlock. Out of it, like limbs from their trunk, grow all the conjugal relations. Its full and right exercise perfectly fulfills them all. They are complete when its action is perfect. But they are incomplete when its action is imperfect. It is hardly possible for those in whom it is large and normal, however faulty in other respects, to make poor husbands or wives, any more than those poor mechanics or reasoners in whom Constructiveness or Causality is powerful. Nor those good ones *per se* in whom it is small, be their other excellences however many or great. Be it that a man is ever so sober, steady, industrious, provident, liberal, religious, moral, intelligent, and all that; yet if he is but poorly sexed he is only a poor commonplace man, and therefore both unloving and unlovable. A coldness, a hardness, a roughness, an uncouthness, a rigidity, a leathern deadness, a flatness, a tame passivity incrusts and smothers all he says, does, and is. He is no *man*, and therefore barren of emotion; is soulless, a mere dried-up thing. And cares little for women in general, or wife in particular. And is cared little for by either. In short, he is a virtual eunuch, in especially mind and heart, as well as person, and comparatively worthless. Whereas, he in whom it is hearty and normal, is like an overflowing fountain, perpetually bubbling up and ever running over with the fresh and sparkling waters of our common humanity. He loves woman in general, and wife in special, with a fervor which both reawakens love in return, and teaches him by intuition just how to comport himself toward both wife and the sex. There is something so warm, so gushing, so glowing, so rich, so true to humanity in all he says and does, because he loves the sex, and the sex him. And yon poorly sexed woman is so cold, so spiritless, so half dead and alive, so passive, so tame, so barren in all the female attractions and virtues—like leather as compared with skin—the female structure, to be sure, but its *life* and soul weak. She may, indeed, be a great worker and a good

housekeeper, the best of nurses and the very kindest of neighbors, as well as extra proper, refined, and all that, and however much more besides, but she lacks the very *heart's core* of the true female. Barren in womanliness, she lacks the one thing needful in both female character in general, and the uxorious wife in particular. Be she however good in all other respects, she is neither loving nor lovely, nor satisfactory as a wife proper.

An anecdote. A well-sexed husband, hearing these views, said, "Mr. F., you really must apply your professional skill to see why and wherein I and my wife differ. I lived happily with my first wife, and came to my second marriage with the very best of intentions—planted, builded, and did everything just as my wife desired, but all to no purpose. Please her I really can not. We live together on tolerance only. Now I just want you to say, phrenologically, what and where the trouble is."

I found Amativeness small in her. This was the whole trouble. Her sexual poverty rendered her incapable of appreciating masculine character, or manifesting feminine—of either loving or awakening love. And I advised her sister, who was similarly constituted, never to marry, because incapable of either being or making happy in wedlock. To which she replied, and with more truthfulness, I trust, than many who make a like declaration, that she "*never wanted to.*" Show me those who do not *desire* to marry, and I will show you "*neuter genders,*" mere unsexed things; whereas, exactly in proportion as this element is developed, will it both create conjugal appetite, and confer that intuition which instinctively fulfills its relations. True, the pairing instinct comes into the matrimonial account; but as it forms a part of the sexuality, to save amplification, we use Amativeness as embracing both.

True, like stomach, or memory, though naturally strong, it may have been weakened by early errors, or impaired by declining health—in which case, restoring health will restore it—or it may be weakened by its preternatural excitement—and false excitement always and necessarily weakens—or reversed by disappointed love, Sec. II., or perverted—in which case the larger it is the poorer the companionship—or it may be married uncongenially, and so lie dormant, or other causes may have impaired or destroyed its primal action—of which hereafter. Yet, notwithstanding all, in the aggregate, those in whom it is normal and vigorous are *naturally* adapted to become good conjugal partners—it hiding a multitude of faults. But those in whom it is weak or perverted, though endowed with many excellent characteristics, are poor husbands or wives as such. "I would as

soon marry a man as her, or a bar-post, for that matter," said a well-sexed man of an unmarried female of thirty, who, though eminently refined, intellectual, moral, and conversational, had but a small endowment of this faculty, and extra squeamishness. And he was right.

Beware, then, how you marry one in whom it is small, unless it is weak in yourself, in which case your marriage will be but a commonplace affair. True, if you marry for station, fortune, talents, or any other than strictly matrimonial objects as such, its strength or weakness is less important. As also if it is deficient in yourself. Notwithstanding, as a *per se* matrimonial qualification, it stands head and shoulders above all others—is, indeed, the very marrying and marriageable entity itself; all other things being but addendas, postscripts.

Most dignified and exalted, then, is its office. Is life the wonder of wonders, and is not that amatory instrumentality by which it is originated equally wonderful? Is *life* the one great staple production of earth and all its contrivances, and is not its *means* equally great? Are the gifts and powers of life everywhere to be honored, and is not that sexual sentiment which confers them equally so? Is life the embodiment and *summum bonum* of all that is, and is not that generative capacity which establishes it equally so? Do we praise that in man or woman which does any great work, originates any great invention, writes a great poem, evolves great ideas, does anything extraordinary, and shall we not also praise that sexual entity in humanity which brings these highly endowed human beings on the stage of action? Is an intuitive talent for mechanism, or money-making, or poetry, or eloquence, or logic, honorable in its possessor and useful to mankind, and is not this parental and conjugal gift quite as much so? As we honor other capacities, why not equally this? As a superior workman in any art awakens admiration for his skill, why not one who is superior as a progenitor quite as much? As we praise a gifted orator, why not equally a superior wife or husband? As statesman-like capacities receive public ovations, and thus of other natural capacities, why not equally superiority in life's conjugal relations? In phrenological language, do we not honor powerful Combativeness, Acquisitiveness, Constructiveness, Ideality, Conscientiousness, Tune, Language, Causality, etc.? Then why not also large and normal Amativeness? Is it not as much a human endowment as Causality or Benevolence? Then shall not excellence therein be as much honored? And cultivated, too? For is it not as honorable? And as useful?

As much? Why not more? As nature's creative institutes are paramount,³ and as this is its instrumentality,^{4 5} shall not this be even

the more honored than they? If not, why not? Shall we venerate Washington, and not likewise his parents? Could he have been but for them? And did he not *inherit* from them the talents we praise in him? His mother was one of nature's noblest of women. That is, she was admirably *sexed*. Hence her son's genius.⁵ All honor, then, to *her* as well as him. All honor to every true husband and wife, father and mother. Does not she who has ever been a perfect wife and mother, and reared a large family of superior sons and daughters to be and to make happy, deserve as much honor as he who has built a splendid steamboat, or achieved any other great or good work?

This amatory sentiment, then, is not that mean, low-lived, brute passion generally supposed. Instead, it takes a dignified rank among the human powers. It is not only an indispensability to every individual and the very race, but likewise a gift, a talent. Its *perversion* alone is despicable. And that is. But is not also that of all the other faculties? As Secretiveness is despicable, not in and of itself, but only when perverted to lying and trickery; as Acquisitiveness is honorable when applied to industry, and becomes low-lived only when perverted to cheater; as even Veneration when perverted to heathen worship is degrading; as is even Conscientiousness when it impels to wrong under the erroneous supposition that it is right—Saul when persecuting the Church—so Amativeness when, and because, *perverted* becomes one of the vilest of the human vices; but properly exercised, none of the human powers or virtues are more honorable or praiseworthy, or to be cultivated.⁴

6. ANALYSIS OF LOVE, OR MUTUAL ATTRACTION OF THE SEXES.

But this creative institute would remain forever inert, dead, but for some *motive principle*, some inherent *executive* force, to perpetually incite it to carry forward its great reproducing work. Of what use gender without some absolute provision for its *exercise*? But that exercise, like its work, must needs be all-potential.³ And as universal as potential—co-equal and co-extensive with the element itself.⁴

By what *means*, then, is it set and kept in motion? That is, in what does its exercise *consist*?

In the mutual *attraction and affinity of each sex for the other*. Always and everywhere the male inclines to, associates and assimilates with, attracts and is attracted by, the female. And the female to and by the male. Suppose they mutually repelled each other, could they unite in the creative economies?³ Or if merely indifferent? Nor would they, if possessing only the common attractiveness of life and humanity. All matter has a certain attraction to all. Universal life

is attracted to and by all life. "Birds of a feather" and beasts of kin "flock together." Man feels an attraction to and for inert matter even. More for vegetative life. More yet for animal. Still more for our common humanity. But most of all for the *opposite sex*. Indeed, this mutual attraction and attractiveness of every male to and by every female, and female, male, is a universal concomitant, a constituent even, of gender itself. Is, in short, its one specific function. Men treat men and women women upon the common plane of our common humanity merely. But every male feels, acts, toward every female upon another, a sexual base—a plane superadded to and higher than the human merely. If each sex felt toward the other as toward its own, pray how could that great creative work they were sexed to execute be carried on? The perfection of their mutual children requires the complete blending and union of all the respective entities of both parents in their production. This requires perfect mutual affinity. This affinity must needs inhere in the sexual element itself. Else it must remain inert. It does thus inhere. And its special office is to attract and affiancé each sex to the other, in order to their complete assimilation and blending in the parental relations.

This mutual attraction is called LOVE. It loves the society of the opposite sex. Man loves to talk, communicate, interchange thoughts and feelings with man. But much more with woman. And the more, the more a man he is. Woman, too, loves to talk. And so well that she loves to talk even with woman. But how much more with man! Loves also to listen as well as talk. Loves his deep-toned bass voice, powerful, impressive tones, and especially overpowering ideas, his copious, well-begotten thoughts, his boldness and originality of argument and expression, his cast of intellect, character, everything appertaining to him as a masculine. A well-sexed woman drinks them in as appreciatingly as a wine connoisseur his delicious viands. She feasts thereon as the epicure on his delicacies. She is elevated, elated, inspired, almost intoxicated, mentally and physically, as only man can incite and inspirit woman. Her whole being becomes infused, magnetized thereby. In short, she *loves* him.

And is not the male, too, equally attracted to, incited by, the female? "It is not meet for man to be alone." This masculine entity in him seeks the feminine in her, as eyes light, ideality beauty, intellect knowledge. It inspirits, elates him, as he her. He seeks her society, as she his. He loves to listen to the soft warblings of her sweet feminine voice, in conversation, in music, and is enchanted, captivated thereby. In fine, he loves her, as she him.

What loves? And loves what?

The sexuality. It is this sexual element in him which loves this same entity in her. And in all its various manifestations, mental and physical. Masculinity expresses this element in man. No English word exactly expresses it in woman. Our language needs, must yet have, some word expressing that in woman which masculinity expresses in man. Femininity can be used to express it. We shall use it, then, to signify the feminine entity and its manifestations. This masculinity and femininity, then, are what both love and awaken love.

This love appertains to each other's forms. There being a masculine and a feminine configuration,⁴ masculinity loves the feminine form, and femininity the masculine. All beauty of form is beautiful to all. But the feminine form is far more beautiful to man than woman. As is also the masculine to woman than man. A woman admires a beautiful woman much. Man how much more! And *vice versa*. And the more, the more a man or woman.

There being a masculine and a feminine vocality,⁴ he naturally appreciates and loves this her vocality, and she his, more than either sex that of its own. And as this sexuality appertains equally to mind as body, and to mind most,³ therefore each sex loves the mentality of the other more than their physiologies. It appertains to style of conversation and composition.⁴ And hence the style of each captivates the other. It appertains to their respective mentalities. Hence woman admires the masculine mind, and man the feminine. Since gender inheres in all either sex does and is, pervading their entire being,⁴ therefore this love element in each attracts the whole being of the other, besides being attracted throughout thereby. The love element in each feasts on all the other says, does, is. In short, the entire being of each attracts and is attracted by, both loves and is beloved by, the whole being of the other. And their minds most, because most sexed.

But in order fully to expound the *nature* of this love element, we must first show its *rationale*. Must show its effects by first showing its *object*. Its what by its *what for*. Its nature by its *office*. Then, *for what* was it created? What *end* does it subserve? *The creative*. And no other. It was not instituted merely to render its participants happy, any more than appetite to give pleasure in eating, or language in talking. But, as eating was instituted to *feed* the system, and the pleasures incidental thereto are secondary and incentive merely, instituted to render its action the more certain—and this is true of all man's other functions—so love yields to the loving a world of pleasure, in order that this pleasure may promote and further this

its creative end. But the pleasure itself is secondary. The end only is primal. Offspring is nature's only end and rationale of love. And all its phases and degrees naturally tend to promote and eventuate in their production and improvement. This is too obvious to need proof, or even illustration. As obvious as that two and two make four.

Of course, then, all the *conditions* of offspring must needs be embodied in this love element and its conditions. Not of their number merely, but quality also. Nature wants many much, but good more. Thus, as it is a natural ordinance that superior beings should take precedence over inferior, animal over vegetable, man over animal, and the higher races and individuals over the lower; so nature would produce the greatest number, *along with* the highest *order* of human beings. And the conditions of the highest order are obviously wrought into her love or creative economies. The perfection of offspring requires the perfect blending and embodiment of all the elements of both their parents. And the rationale and ultimate of this mutual attraction is that parental blending and embodiment which both establishes life and transmits hereditarily to their progeny the entire entities of both parents. Hence, whenever this love or affinity is incomplete, their mutual blending is correspondingly so, and equally so their offspring. Both parental entities require to become perfectly amalgamated into a one, in order that they may be thus embodied and transmitted. This embodiment it is the office of love to effect. It thus mutually *unites* as well as *attracts*. And *attracts* in *order* to unite. It blends the two parents into a one, "so that they are no longer twain but *one* flesh" in themselves and children. They are to enter conjointly upon their creative mission, and therefore require that this flowing together arrangement appertain to all their *other* functions, in *order* that it may thereby appertain the more perfectly to this likewise. And this in-common arrangement must be perfect in everything else, in order that it may be perfect in this. Their very thoughts and feelings must needs vibrate in unison in all other respects, in order that the vibration may be complete here. All the notes throughout their entire nature must accord, so that the concord may be the more perfect in this, its key-note. Discord anywhere else also enters into this. And therefore, preventing it elsewhere prevents it here. And the more perfect in the others, the more perfect here. And the more perfect here, the more perfect the transmission. And the more highly endowed their mutual children. And those who love thereby naturally do become one. Indeed, unity is the very function of love. Let those who have ever loved, but analyze this sentiment. Did it not produce, consist in, a *flowing together* of thought, feeling, everything? As

“straws show which way the wind blows,” so little things, the walk, will show the workings of love. Let a tall man who naturally takes long steps come to love a woman who takes short ones, and he will involuntarily step the shorter, and she the longer, till both come to step exactly alike—their motions faying into each other as if one common spirit actuated those of both. Coming even to the curb, where it is doubtful whether one long or two short steps shall measure the distance, both seem instinctively to judge and step alike. They may be aptly compared to two goblets, each half full, one with one colored liquid, and another with another, poured together, so that there are no longer two colors, but the two unitedly forming a new single color, a perfect amalgam of both, every particle of each intermingling freely with every particle of the other. They actually often find themselves thinking together on the same subjects, and even speaking the very same words at one and the same time. They desire to be always together; and, when apart, feel restless and lost, as if a part of their own being had been torn from them, while a part of that of their loved one remained ever present with them. And how delightful their reunion! But be their bodies wherever they may, their *spirits* are in sympathy. Let her be on the Western prairie, but he busy in bustling New York; if she fall sick so as really to need his presence, her spirit holds that perfect intercommunion with his, which draws on his, till, feeling as if he *must* go home, he breaks from business, hastens to the lightning train, and rushes home, as if crazy to be at her side. Goethe incidentally describes the workings of love in his allegory of the two philosophers who had two dials, the hands on which moved together. Going into distant lands, they agreed at stated times to commune with each other by means of these dials. So, when love has its perfect, its highest work—and this phenomenon appertains to no other phase of it—no matter where their bodies are, their *spirits* are in sympathy. Or let either at a given hour fall into a love revery, musing on the other, the other also, however far away, will be thrown thereby into a like revery. Let true lovers compare notes, and they will find both are meditating on each other at the same hour and minute. Of course, these illustrations apply only to the highest phase of love; but to them they do apply. They expound the love element. This is but the product of that blending, that perfect reciprocity in which love consists. And it is this oneness which unites both their entities in their children.

Accordingly, the children of affectionate wedlock are much more highly endowed by nature as compared with the talents and virtues

of their parents, than those of discordant. Those of the former are smarter and better, those of the latter less intelligent and good, than their respective parents—taking, of course, their health and other conditions into due account. In 1840, two most beautiful, even angelic, children, came under my hands professionally—so far more highly endowed every way than their parents, that I wondered to see such extra fine children from such common parentage. They were so very fine, that my wife, carried away with their beauty and sweetness, took down their address, that she might re-feast her eyes on their superior loveliness. She then learned its obvious cause, namely, that both parents had married their *first and only* love; that never one unkind or discordant word had ever passed between them; that their conjugal union was indeed perfect.

But mark, imperfection always characterizes the children of discordant wedlock. They have glaring defects, or excesses, or both. They lack homogeneousness and consistency of character. If the father is dictatorial and mother submissive, or mother a shrew and father henpecked, their children may be merely good, like the subdued parent, but will lack force. And thus of other points. And the faults of both will be aggravated, but virtues diminished, in their children, who will show rather a marked resemblance to one than the blending and assimilation of both.

Thus, suppose a son of discordant wedlock to be a preacher. He must needs take after one parent *or* the other, for he can not after both. Their discord prevents. If after father, he is perhaps talented and powerful, but not emotional. Is rather gifted than good. May preach to the heads of his hearers, but will not reach their hearts. Or, if he takes more after his mother, he is all fervor, glow, emotion, and pathos, but lacks depth and power. He may indeed carry their hearts, but can not reach their heads.

But the son of *affectionate* wedlock will *unite* the talents of the male with the virtues of the female, and therefore be both intellectual *and* emotional, talented and good. And carry head along *with* heart. In other words, is the *perfect* man.

Love between the parents also entails a calm, quiet, even, harmonious character, which renders life smoother and happier, while parental discord engenders a harsh, rough, irritable, restless, feverish state, inimical to both virtue and enjoyment.

But the full power of this point can not be made apparent here. It will come up again from another stand-point, when both its extent and importance will be rendered far more emphatic than now. Indeed, this whole work will apply, and thereby reinforce both the

effect and necessity of perfect parental oneness as a means of progenal endowment. The point now especially under consideration is, that this love element, this power to attract and be attracted, this fusing, blending entity, are all one—are the product of this sexuality, and the instrumentality of that perfect oneness which combines the entire being of both parents in the characteristics of their children.

Now, this fusing principle is a hundred-fold stronger in some than others. Nor does it bear any proportion to the other faculties of the same individual. It may be weak or strong in combination with either weak or strong passions, moral sentiments, intellect, or any of the other faculties. Some seem naturally to blend and affiliate with, become one, amalgamate, interfuse, lose their identity, by merging it in with that of their loved one. In others, this welding of spirit is imperfect and difficult. They might aptly be compared to the welding of irons—those red-hot welding completely, but the cooler the less completely. To the melting together of different metals, as in German silver, all the particles of which flow and pack together in a perfect amalgam. Some maintain their identity almost as much after love as before; while others lose it completely. Some enjoy things—eating, walking, life's various pleasures—about as much alone as with the one they love. Others, again, can do nothing, enjoy nothing, except with their conjugal mate. Some can love heartily, even if the object is not to their liking; while the love of others is easily chilled by any dissimilarities. Some cling to their loved one, even though abused and deeply wronged, like the spaniel, who loves though beaten; while minor wrongs completely alienate the affections of others. And thus throughout the entire chapter of the blending influences of love.

Now, this difference is fundamental. Like differences in talents, music, figures, poetry, etc. And has its *cause*. And that cause the different degrees or proportions of this sexual element. It is the *sexuality* which loves, blends, and awakens love. Which both attracts and then is attracted by. And blends in order to transmit. And the fuller this sexuality, the more perfect this blending, and the progeny.

To sum up: Amativeness is adapted, and adapts man to nature's sexual institutes. It is that mental element in which gender inheres, and through which it expresses itself. It embodies the marrying and marriageable, as well as the parental entity. Amativeness, sexuality, parentage, conjugality, and the love element, therefore, are convertible terms, and but different expressions for the same common section of humanity, and hence will be used indiscriminately in this work. And the measure of either is also that of each, as well as of all the others.

SECTION II.

POWER OF THE LOVE ELEMENT OVER HUMAN HAPPINESS
AND DESTINY.

7. RATIONALE OF THE POWER OF LOVE.

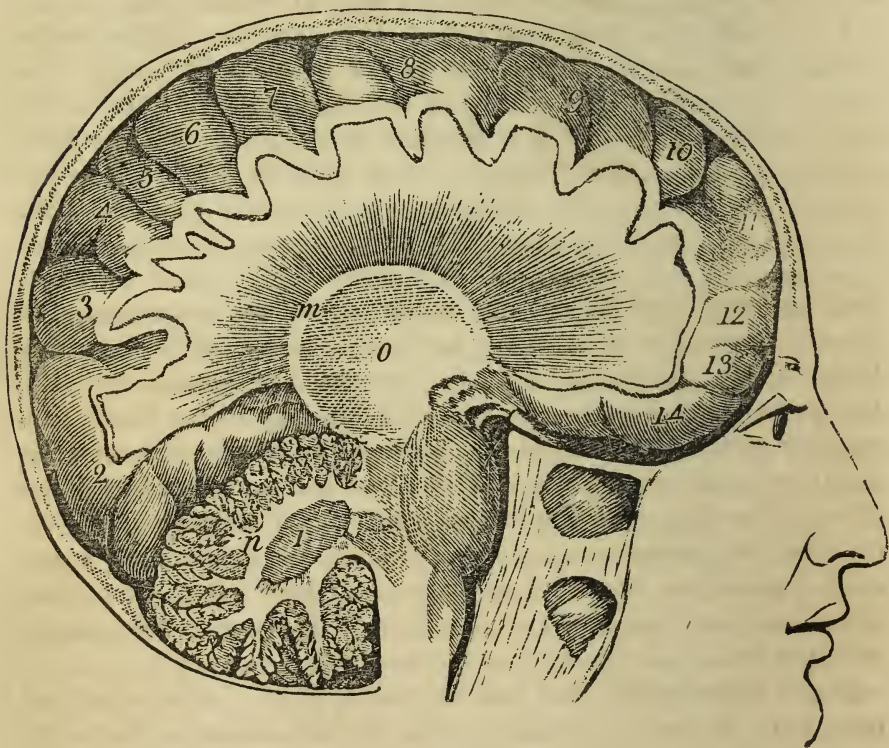
BUT, as every statue must needs have its pedestal, every structure its foundation, every natural creation its *end* or object, and every truth its rationale, so this love or blending element must likewise have *its* rationale. And that rationale must needs disclose its object. And this object its *first laws*. And these laws its *details*, *modus operandi*, and power. Then, what is the rationale of love? The creation, endowment, and perfection of human beings. The perpetuity, multiplication, and improvement of mankind. Nature must not only reproduce, but, likewise, "*each after its kind*." Else the various races and species would lose their distinctive characteristics. Apples would cease to be apples, wheat wheat, man man, and so on throughout all that reproduces. But this would render our whole earth one complete Babel. To prevent this, the resemblance of progeny to parents must needs be most minute. It is so. How minute, words can hardly describe. Of this in our second Volume. Suffice it here, that all who have any African or Indian blood running in their veins show its marks, physically and mentally, in walk, in color, in tone, in everything. Specialties can be traced in animals and man for thousands of years—as far as any accounts are given. Now, this wonderful minuteness of transfer must have its *cause*. Nature always works by *means*, never without them. By what *instrumentalities*, then, does she transmit the entire entity of parentage, down to its minutest shadings and phases, to her progeny?

In and by ramifying this love or transmitting element upon and throughout the entire entities of the parents, down even to the minutest shadings of character and manifestations of body and mind. To render this transfer complete, this permeation must needs be correspondingly complete. Else, how could it transmit? And its power over the entire being must needs be equally perfect and absolute. And so it is. It holds in its hands the destinies of all its possessors, to build up when in a right state, to break down when in a wrong. And the more so, the more potential this faculty. No one portion,

not even a single function, of human nature can ever escape its power. It has just been shown to be basilar in its position, and its influence must therefore be correspondingly eventful.

8. INFLUENCE OF LOVE OVER THE BODY, AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

The following engraving and explanation of a section made through the middle of the brain, from the nose over the median line to the spine, shows the position of the cerebellum, and also its structure, as seen in the "arbor vitæ," that branch-like formation in which Amative-ness resides. The name, "arbor vitæ," tree of life, was given it from its resemblance to a bough or tree with branches, and that long before Phrenology discovered it to be the tree or origin of life in very deed—that all life is originated in, and conferred by, its promptings. And

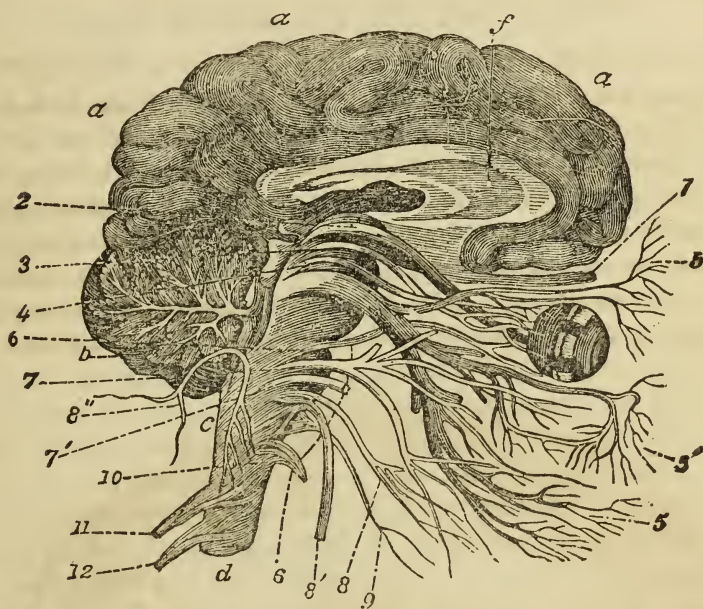


A PERPENDICULAR SECTION OF THE BRAIN AND SKULL.

how impressive the anatomical fact, that the structure of this very cerebellum, or phrenological organ of Amativeness, shows it to be the great human and animal sensorium!

The following engraving still further shows what a vast amount of nerves center in and ramify over this very cerebellum, and of

course, amatory organ. All portions of the body are connected with the brain—that great organ of life. And every bodily organ—heart,



THE NERVES OF THE BRAIN.

lungs, stomach—has its cerebral organs in the base of the brain; of which Alimentiveness and muscular motion furnish examples. And these cerebral organs are either in or right close around this cerebellum in which Amativeness is located. Now, since organs located together naturally act together, and react to quicken each other, we might naturally expect the state of Amativeness to modify all the physical functions, because it is located in such close proximity to all. Or thus: all portions of the body communicate with the brain, that great organ of all life and function, by means of the spinal column. The little finger nail lives by means of its nervous communication with the brain. Sever that, and it dies. So of all the other bodily organs. Nerve is the great instrumentality of life. Every part has, must have, its nerve, and that nerve must communicate with both its organ and the brain. And most of these nerves of the bodily organs connect with the brain through the spinal column, and terminate at the cerebellum. And are thus anatomically connected with Amativeness just as closely as possible. This engraving further shows that the nerves from the eye terminate, are ramified, just as near Amativeness as may be. Behold this concentration of the bodily nerves in this cerebellum! That is, at the cerebral organ of love.⁵ This shows

why and *how* all the states of love must necessarily modify and affect all the physical functions. And so they do.

POWER OF LOVE OVER THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM.

Love exercised normally redoubles muscular activity and power. Let a man pat a little girl's cheek pleasantly, and she bounds off as sprightly and as briskly as a lark. Those well-sexed walk with an elastic grace unattainable by others, every movement being full of snap, and peculiarly attractive. Hence the very walk of either sex does much to captivate the other. This is consequent on a peculiarity of movement given by Amativeness to the loins and hips by means of these nerves. This embodies the natural language of Amativeness, as will be shown hereafter, which proclaims itself unmistakably in not merely the walk, but in every single motion. It imparts something so beautiful, so taking, so queenly, to the motion of all well-sexed women—so dignified, noble, proud, and manly to that of man. And doubly so when they are heartily in love!

An illustrative anecdote. A letter of introduction from an intimate male friend to his betrothed in Bridgeport, gave me an excellent opportunity often to observe and admire her graceful manners and feminine motions. Meeting him at the wharf when he landed, I accompanied him to her father's house the day before their intended marriage, and though I had previously admired her beauty and grace of motion much, for she was both well sexed and in love, yet the moment she set eyes on him a new electric love-flash lightened up her entire being. Her countenance glowed with this seraphic emotion intensified. Her eyes sparkled, her lips quivered, her beauty of motion became re-enchancing, and every function of mind and body seemed electrified, re-inspired by awakened love. I walked behind them the next day to church on their way to the hymeneal altar, reading her walk, so queenly, and every motion so surpassingly perfect, as only intense love fully elicited could have perfected it. And how much, think you, of that poetic grace of manners, beauty of looks, perfection of walk, and all that we admire in the blushing bride, is due to awakened love?

By virtue of this law it is, that when two walk together that love each other there is no describing this perfecting influence of love on their motive organs. If they start out on a pic-nic or excursion, even if either or both are weakly, they walk on, on, on, for miles, so gayly, so lively, so easily, wholly unconscious of time, distance, fatigue, or weather. But let them come afterward to dislike each other, and though just as strong now as before, the road, distance, weather, all

the same, how great the contrast ! What was then so short has now become so long. What was then so charming is now so dull ; then so pleasant, now so irksome, that they return soured, fatigued, and utterly disappointed. Tiresome indeed is all muscular exertion when love is reversed.

This principle applies to work. Let men be employed in labor or muscular exertion of any kind, or trials of strength, whenever ladies stop to look on, how much spryer, stronger, smarter they become, more agile, less fatigued, more enduring, and less indolent. But when woman looks on with a disdainful or evil eye, how that look palsies !

And how irksome, how tiresome, how wearisome beyond measure that wife's toil for her family who finds that she is neither appreciated nor loved ! Perhaps weakly at best, or even sickly, and in pain, she toils on unrequited, unsustained by one approving smile, one cheering affectionate word, for months and years, trying her best to please and win, but in vain. Give me rather the treadmill than her jaded, spiritless berth. What task as great as hers ? What toil as toilsome ? Oh, I pity her from the bottom of my very soul. And there are many such. Ah ! how many ! Nor do even themselves realize all they suffer.

And how much affection would lighten their burden ! Would strengthen their muscles by strengthening their resolution. The same woman, sick or well at heart, can do or endure twice as much when loved as unloved. A weakly but loving and beloved woman can do, endure and accomplish more than a strong one unloving and unloved. What wonders that delicate wife nursing her sick husband can go through for love ! How much more do and endure from love than duty merely ! Would that husbands duly appreciated this principle. Their wives could and would do and endure twice the labor they now do, and with half the wear and tear of constitution.

And apply not these principles equally to masculine toil ?

THE MERRY DANCE

Furnishes the very best illustration of this point. Females dancing alone with only feminine spectators, dance with nothing like the grace or motive perfection they naturally assume when dancing with and before gentlemen. The more so when in love. This renders their motion peculiarly beautiful, almost angelic. To be appreciated it must be *seen* or *felt*. It can never be described. And irksome beyond expression this same dance to those whose love has been blasted. Does awakened love stimulate, disappointed deadens, the whole mus-

cular system. Few seem conscious of its power. Yet probably the memory of most readers will attest the fact, if not the extent, of this power.

CIRCULATION AS AFFECTED BY LOVE.

Does not the heart throb and leap, and the warm blood rush bounding and foaming through every artery and vein, bearing new life and animation into and throughout every organ and fiber of those that love, clear out to the very ends of their little finger-nails even? Indeed, knowing ones can tell, just by feeling the pulse, who are and are not in love. And who have been disappointed. The pulsations of love are hearty and vigorous; whereas those in disappointment are either few, faint, and languid, or else fast and fluttering but weak. Or both by turns, now so slow and weak, the inert life-current crawling snail-like through the relaxed veins, but anon crowding them almost to bursting with its excited palpitations.

In love, how warm and glowing hands, feet, flesh, entire person! But, in disappointment, how cold the hands! How cold the feet! How cold the flesh! How cold the heart! And hence those figurative expressions, broken-hearted, tender-hearted, etc., thus associating love so intimately with the heart.

Nor does anything occasion as many colds as disappointment. Nor as many diseases as colds. The painful excitement consequent on love withdraws the blood from the limbs and surface, and concentrates it in the head, induces colds, lung diseases, especially consumption, and occasions a world of disease and premature deaths, which a hearty state of love would have prevented. And a revival of love would rebuild dilapidated constitutions by untold thousands, which broken hearts have broken down.

Behold the cheek of that blushing maiden in the full tide of reciprocated love! How full of blood! And that how flush and warm! In disappointment, that same cheek how pale, bloodless, and flabby!

The full lips quiver in love, and are warm and expressive. In disappointment, are parched and bloodless, wrinkled and inexpressive!

And as of heart so of stomach, liver, viscera, all the other organs and functions of the body proper.

SLEEP AS AFFECTED BY LOVE.

And is not the sleep of affection so inexpressibly sweet and refreshing? But that of disappointment how restless, how tiresome even! And do not those disappointed lie awake hour after hour, rolling and tossing from side to side upon their heated couch, in a wild delirium of

painful, aggravating reminiscences and emotions, till perhaps just at dawn imperfect sleep, mingled with fitful dreams that render sleep more painful than wakefulness, supervenes to relieve, but not refresh.

The eye is peculiarly expressive of the state of love. In love it becomes so large, glowing, open, radiant, and brilliant, so full of soul, so luscious to behold ! As just seen, the optic nerve enters the brain close to Amativeness, and it is this anatomical relation which throws so much love into the eye. Lovers *look* their love more pathetically, more emphatically than talk it even. But how dead, leaden, down-cast, and shame-faced, how hardened, and defiant the look of disappointment ! The eye so vacant, so glaring, so bewildered, as if looking listless into space ! Or, maybe, fiendish !

THE LAUGH OF LOVE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

The laugh, too, is both sexed, and rendered inexpressibly delightful to laughter and hearer by a state of love. Awakened love renders it so full, so hearty, so merry, so ecstatic, as if the whole soul went with it ; both bursting right straight up from the full heart of the laughter, and going down deep into that of hearer. And those in love laugh so *much*, as well as joyously. Only just analyze the laugh of that well-sexed maiden in love. Well may it intoxicate her lover's heart, and even turn his head !

But the laugh of disappointed love is so tame, as well as rare, as if forced and affrighted at itself.

LOVE BEAUTIFIES ; DISAPPOINTMENT RENDERS HOMELY.

All beauty is but the vivid *expression* of human nature. Physical beauty consists in expressing the physical functions, and mental beauty in a normal expression of the mental faculties, but homeliness in their abnormal expression. We are now showing how wonderfully love heightens all the physical functions. Of course it thereby re-increases the beauty inherent in their hearty expression. We shall presently show that it likewise redoubles the action of all the mental faculties, and of course the beauty concomitant on their expression. It also augments beauty, partly by rendering those intrinsically beautiful the more so, in that it causes those who love to *look* upon those beloved as more charming and captivating than they really are. That is, it both beautifies all by redoubling all their functions, and by love becoming a magnifying glass to the *eye of the lover*. Those beloved are always good-looking in the eyes of their lovers, no matter how unmistakably homely to others. While those who are

hated are homely to the hater, no matter how handsome to others. How beautifully, how perfectly, our subject accounts for the workings of the human soul !

LOVE HEIGHTENS THE EXPRESSIONS OF THE COUNTENANCE.

In love the eye is lit up with a brilliant glow, the lips quiver with the playful smile, the mouth shows intense emotion, the cheeks are adorned with a flush more captivating than earthly pencilings can imitate. All the facial lines are drawn *upward*, and the whole soul—and that soul is rendered angelic by love—struggles for facial expression. But in disappointment, all the lines are drawn downward. A sad, melancholy look has superseded that animated smile, and rendered the face a comparative blank. All is now so ashy pale, so careworn, so leaden, so disconsolate, as if every friend were dead, and death a boon ! Look on this face, and then on that !

10. LOVE EQUALLY AFFECTS THE INTONATIONS.

Not only is every vocal utterance sexed,⁴ but inexpressibly improved by a state of love, and deteriorated by a state of disappointment. Each mental faculty has its special vocal expression. But love most of all. Thus, as if there were praying in a room on the right, and swearing in one on the left, it might be told which company swore and which worshiped, just from their intonations merely ; so let animated conversation be transpiring in another, so that I may hear their intonations plainly, though I may not hear one word said, I will predicate correctly the existing states of the affections of each. As Combativeness chops its words off short, and leaves them rough and ragged ; as Veneration prolongs and solemnizes, so Amativeness softens and sweetens the intonations, and renders them inexpressibly tender and touching, emotional and thrilling. As the love laugh is merry and most ecstatic, so the love tones are most charming and inviting. Nor is any speaker fit to address an audience till his voice has been attuned by love. Nor unless happy in that love. In an affectionate mood, his voice becomes so soothing and melodious that it wins its way at once to the hearts of his hearers, and thereby penetrates their heads. But in disappointment, it grates harshly, and repels both head and heart. His style and manner indicate hate. He seems as if pounding his ideas into his hearers, whang bang, as with a sledge-hammer. But the voice of those that break down under disappointment is most plaintive and woe-begone, as if it came from nowhere, and meant nothing, and the whole being were crushed. But that of those who fight against this crushing influence is sharp and

shrill, husky, grating, startling, and full of twang and bitterness—the twang of the scold—grating harshly on ears polite.

An anecdote: A gentleman in the cars one morning remarked, that day had dawned—a remark no way calculated to proclaim his disappointment. But catching the fact from his tones, I inquired—

“Pray, sir, will you allow a stranger to ask rather a strange question?”

“Oh, no harm in the asking, surely,” he politely replied.

“Then, sir, have you not recently been sadly *disappointed in love*?”

“Why, who told you, sir?” he answered, startled and surprised, “for here I am right through on the cars from the South, where, teaching, I formed a strong attachment to a young lady whose social position precludes all possibility of our marriage. But, who did tell you?—for I was not aware that any other live mortal knew it but her and myself.”

“Your vocal *intonations* told me,” I replied; and proceeded to show from his last tones, the softness and sweetness of elicited love, along with shadings of sadness, which signified its recent disappointment.

“Then can not *I* learn to read these love tones?”

“To be sure, you can.”

“Then *how*, pray?”

First go back to those halcyon days of your own ardent, tender love. Recall those thoughts that breathed and words that burned with love. Were they not low and soft? And how melting and tender! You listened, spell-bound. As love rises, the voice falls. Who talks loudly, does not love. For the more intense the love, the lower its vocal utterance. So that poets use the figure “whispering,” as expressive of the most intense affection. But as this sentiment rises still higher, words beggar description, and the voice falls so far below its full expression as to cease altogether, while lovers *breath* out their mutual affections by a peculiarity of exhalation better observed than described, so utterly insignificant is the voice to express the deepest, tenderest emotions of love.

But the voice of well-sexed woman—the highest terrestrial example of these love tones—was it not pitched on a key an octave higher than man’s for the very purpose of expressing this love the better? Her vocal expression is far more charming than that of man, because she is more loving than he. And if her affections were fully called out and perfected from the cradle onward, our whole air would reverberate with intonations, in conversation, in song, infinitely sweet and touching, and far above anything we now witness. Would that husbands and fathers but understood this point, and would develop this perfect-

ing feature in their wives and daughters, by rendering them perfectly happy in love. Let another anecdote both re-enforce this point, and add another.

11. FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS LOVING EACH OTHER.

A couple of ladies calling on me professionally, I observed in one of them just one of the very finest love intonations I had ever listened to—and my ear is quick to catch and analyze these notes. Finding Amativeness large, and all the indices of sexuality unusually apparent, I described her as passionately fond of her father, and, if married, of her husband, using those very strong expressions I sometimes employ. On receiving her description, she remarked with peculiar emphasis—

“In one part of your description you were singularly felicitous—my devotion to my father. For I do not believe daughter ever lived that loved father as I love mine. And always have. Nor would anything have tempted me to leave him, but that I love my husband still more. And now my whole soul is perfectly wrapped up in devoted affection for both.”

This affection was one cause of her fine feminine voice, and also form, manners, everything. The love element is born in us and with us, and forms as integral a part of our being as appetite or reason.⁴ And must therefore be exercised as much as they. Or else starve. All functions must either act or die. Nor is anything as fatal to any physical or mental function as inertia. Let a hand be slung up for a year, and how dwarfed and enfeebled it becomes! All for want of action. Much more if this inaction continues from the cradle. And perfectly illustrated in every unused limb. So the love element, unexercised, must die out of mere inanition. Action is a law of organism, of nature. And this love faculty being born in us, and forming an integral part and parcel of us,⁴ must either be exercised, or starve. And a practical unsexing ensue.

And exercised toward the other *sex*. As Alimentiveness can be exercised only in reference to food; Causality, to causes; Ideality, to beauty; and thus of all the other faculties, so Amativeness has its express object. And that object is the opposite sex. And nothing else. Of course every female in exercising it must love some *masculine*. And all masculines some feminine. And what masculine can a daughter love as appropriately as her *father*? Between them there is hardly a possibility of its wrong exercise. No matter how great its *right* exercise. She needs some one to love all the way along up from infancy, through childhood and womanhood, down to her grave.

Her father should be her first love—should awaken and nurture this love element till old enough to be transferred to a husband. Nor will any girl who loves and is beloved by her father elope, or form a premature attachment, or indiscreet marriage. Give this faculty no food, and it must either starve, or burst forth on some, any, object. Likely the first that offers. And hence such a daughter is far more exposed to both temptation, and to runaway matches, as well as to “fall in love” far younger, than if this element but had a permanent resting-place.

And is far more likely to be hearty when settled. A girl who loves her father, comes to love the masculine. She looks up to him, confides in him, idolizes him, considers him infallible, and hence comes to place the highest estimate on the male sex. And is therefore prepared to become thoroughly enamored, and completely devoted to husband. And this is a *right* exercise of the sexuality, which always, and in the very nature of things, improves.

We talk about mental discipline—the necessity of disciplining the intellect and memory, etc., while young. All right. But pray, does not the *love* element need discipline as much as Causality? And as the mind would become dull, memory blunt, and intellect obtuse, by their inert, undisciplined state during growth, why not the sexuality equally? As studying strengthens, improves the mind, so loving strengthens, improves this love element. And fits it for a higher grade of matrimonial action throughout life.⁵ Whereas its dormancy during girlhood induces still greater sluggishness through life. And this renders her a poor wife.⁵ The mistake is great, is even fatal—that this element must remain dormant till elicited by marriage. Could the body allow the heart to lie inert till twenty, or endure a like inertia of lungs or muscles? Is not *action* necessary to their strength? And that of *each* necessary to that of all? And does not this law apply equally to mind? It does. Leave Causality, Language, Conscience, unexercised up to twenty, and how much think you they would evince after? And does not this law apply equally to *all* the mental faculties? And, of course, to Amativeness? If not, *why* not? It does. Nor is any error in society greater than its attempted suppression in our girls. For it leaves them barren of this element—barren in the sexuality, and all the human virtues love enhances, all the powers it wields over human life. ³ ⁴ ⁵—Section II. And this accounts in a great degree for our having so many poor wives, and homely women. What but masculine character gives masculine form? And what but feminine soul occasions feminine configuration?⁴ And loving the opposite sex develops the figure peculiar

to each sex.⁴ The more a man exercises the masculine qualities, the more they mold and fashion him after the manly model. The mental obviously controls the physical, not the physical the mental—the sexuality included. Hence, in proportion as a female is well sexed, will she be beautiful as a female. Nothing but her sex confers this beauty. And so of mind. Of course, if a girl *grows up* in a hearty exercise of this sentiment, she becomes the more beautiful, because the more a woman. Stifle, starve this faculty by denying it its food, and you spoil the figure. But feeding this sentiment by its proper exercise, develops both it, and its corroborating signs, shape included, as well as the mental characteristics of the feminine. Or thus: Womanly character gives womanly form. This character, and therefore form, are increased by exercise. On what can it be exercised but in loving some masculine? In what else does it consist? Of course, the more it loves properly, the more it grows. And evinces this growth in feminine figure. The woman above described was a *beau ideal* of her sex in manners, vocality, form, and spirit. How *came* she thus? Doubtless well sexed by hereditary endowment—a most important prerequisite—she had added thereto by having loved her father all the way along up from girlhood to womanhood. And with passionate, doting fondness. Between the two the most perfect affection had existed uninterruptedly from the cradle. Loving him thus enthusiastically had developed her womanly sentiment. And this her physical form, and female charms. Nor can any girl grow up to beauty or loveliness without loving, and being beloved. Please, reader, duly consider the *principle* which underlies this doctrine, namely, that all masculine and feminine forms, and bodily and mental qualities, grow out of, are consequent on, consist in, this sexuality. That this element is born in, and forms an integral part of, every living soul.⁴ That it strong or weak, all these qualities—manners, voice, form, etc.—are correspondingly strong or weak. That increasing this element by exercise, increases all. That therefore every boy, in order to become a man, must have this faculty *fed* by its appropriate aliment all the way along up from boyhood to manhood—the grave. And thus of every girl. And that aliment is the other sex. And her father its best object. Her love for him is naturally pure and deep, inexpressibly so. And its exercise adorns her. And infinitely the most beautiful ornaments in which it is given to her to array herself, are these wreaths of love. And the jewels of affection shine how far more beautifully than burnished gold! How her eyes glow and sparkle, more brilliantly than diamonds, when lit up by affection! And how incongruous to attempt to array girls in gaudy or costly silks

or embroidery, as a means of rendering them taking, attractive, and yet at the same time deform them, by choking out their womanly affections. Less ribbons and more love would render them inexpressibly the more captivating and lovely. And *cost* far less. But *be* far better. Would that all fathers but adorned their daughters far more with love, and far less with dry-goods!

Once more. And almost appalling. Nearly all girls show more and more of these feminine charms, grow more and more beautiful, all along up to "sweet sixteen" or nineteen; when they begin to fail, fade in color and expression, lose their beauty of form, and especially winning motion and grace, and settle back into a sort of neuter gender state. They may indeed have enough femininity remaining to *gain* the love of a future companion, but not sufficient to *retain* it. Minor things, which would not shake their love if it were hearty, now come in to breed alienations. When this element is weak it is easily alienated. Not so when strong.⁵ Hence its exercise during girlhood renders them every way better wives, and promotes subsequent conjugal affection, besides forestalling those discords for which not loving their father now paves the way. I pity our girls. Kept at arm's-length from their father, shut up within heated boarding-school walls, denied masculine society and correspondence, unless supervised, their sexuality weakened by inertia, and their constitutions also impaired by fashionable usages, they become almost *things*. This feminine withering between sixteen and twenty is really appalling! And should be arrested, by ascertaining and obviating its *causes*. I have pointed out its chief cause—the starvation of the love element. And point out the remedy—its proper *exercise* in and by right attachment between father and daughter. Fathers, are you ever severe toward your daughters? Never allow another sharp word to pass from your henceforth hallowed lips to their sensitive ears. Let only tones, looks, and actions, as well as words of *affection*, be interchanged between you. Say to yourself: "I have scolded my daughters for the last time. God seal my lips if I ever utter another rebuke! Would to God I never had rebuked, chastised!" And surprising indeed, as most delightful, will be the change wrought by this change of tactics. Be it that they have faults, however many or great. Blaming them only and always necessarily hardens, aggravates, and renders worse. Never better. This is not the way to obviate their faults. But once try this love experiment. Just once enkindle within your *own* soul that doting fondness with which every father should regard his daughters as they grow along up from childhood, and especially blossom out into womanhood, and you will

“bless the Lord” for this book. So will your daughters. In durance vile, under orders, restive, with none to sympathize in their joys and sorrows, unloving, unloved, they grow up comparatively awkward, ungenteel, uninteresting, perhaps repulsive, because unsexed, instead of charming. And peevish, instead of lively. And unloving, because unloved. And comparatively neuter gender, instead of well-sexed women. Revolutionize your manners toward them. As soon as tall enough to reach your arm, gallant them wherever they wish to go. And do it up in real genteel masculine style. So tenderly, considerately, lovingly! And how their bright eyes will glisten! And warm hearts glow! And light steps lighten! And bounding pulse rebound! And enraptured souls literally leap for joy, by virtue of that vivifying power wielded by active love! Sec. II. Reciprocate the affectionate kiss when they or you retire or rise, go out or come in—from the cradle all the way up to marriage. After marriage, even. Think you this freedom improper? Then, *you* are improper. In nothing else consists its impropriety. If you *think* it improper, it is so to *you*. Yet not at all because of any *inherent* impropriety, but solely because *your feelings* are improper.

We occasionally see a little girl so very fond of father—waiting, watchful at the window, wistful for his return. How she dances and claps her hands, shouts even, when he appears in sight, exclaiming, “Oh, there comes my pa!” She springs to the door. It bursts open as by magic! She bounds to the gate. It flies back at the first quick touch. Up go her clasping hands. Arms outstretched. Face all in a glow. Eyes on fire. Burning kisses on her warm lips. He tosses her into his arms. Convulsively she clasps his willing neck. And kiss follows kiss in quick, sharp succession—so loud, so hearty, so free. Impurity there? Then are angels impure. He doffs his sedate business dignity, plays as child with child, as boy with girl, till he, well exhausted, she tired. They sit. She clambers on his lap, pats his cheek—real love-pats, too. Runs her fingers through his hair. Real love-touches these. Twists his whiskers, hair, into scores of fantastic forms. Look at the two as lovers, besides as parent and child, and you will see our meaning lived out. Would to God every father and daughter lived thus! How relaxing and healthful to him! And how much more business he can transact in consequence! How developing to her! For every exercise of love to “her pa” *develops the woman in her*. Paints her rosy cheek in more than rosy redness. Animates her muscles, and improves them. Promotes digestion, sleep—and she can sleep well only with her arms round his neck. Bedecks her with the natural language of love, that

is, with womanliness—both one. And perfects her female form. Beautifies her neck and arms. Expands her chest. In short, ripens her gradually but surely into perfect womanhood. Nor can she be ripened *except* by loving some masculine. Nor love any as well, as properly, as him. It is as necessary to womanly development as food to muscular, as study to intellectual—a *sine qua non*.

And shall these reciprocities diminish as she approaches, enters womanhood? Shall they not *increase*, rather? If not, why not? As she becomes the more attractive, why not also be the more admiring, doting? This sentiment is natural. Right. God-ordained. Then why not mutually *express* this true human instinct? It was *not* created to “waste its sweetness on the desert air,” but to be *manifested* between each other.

Instead, how many fathers draw the curb bit on the tender mouths of their daughters, and check, spoil all youthful exuberance! Long-faced and stern when they come in. Fault-finding all the time they are in. Every word harsh and grating. Every sentence an angry chide. Positive, authoritative, imperative edicts and continual blame make up their sum total of intercourse with each other. They rejoice at his exit. They dread his return. Their only peace in his absence! Poor, wretched girls! Almost better without a father! The cold charities of a heartless world and fierce struggles for self-support, were preferable! Their whole after-life so soured, so deadened, by this mode of family government. Poor wives at best. Their husbands unhappy, of course. Their uncultivated, and therefore weak, affections fasten but lightly, tamely, so that little things now alienate. And their life worse than a blank. Whereas, had he enlisted this love element, it would have fastened so much more heartily as to have precluded alienation.⁵ And every girl proclaims, always and everywhere, by her awkward or graceful manners, her inviting or repelling style, her gentility, or the want of it, whether thus brought up to love father or not.

Years ago, examining a really superior female head, *very* high and long on top, as well as large at Ideality, and describing her accordingly, she replied:

“I am conscious of possessing, *by nature*, all the excellences you ascribe to me. But why do not gentlemen discern them, and take to me? They do not. Instead, they soon tire in conversation, and neglect me for other ladies. Of beaux I have next to none. Nor any long. Other ladies, far less talented and educated than I, and with features far less classical than mine, awaken a real enthusiasm in gentlemen, whereas I seem to chill them. And often unconsciously

to disgust. And sometimes even to offend. But can not help it. I like gentlemen's society, and should like to marry. Why do I always unwittingly repel, but never attract? And fail most when I try hardest?"

"You were brought up, madam, at arm's-length from your father, and deprived of the society of gentlemen. Your love sentiment has thus become, from pure starvation, quite like a dyspeptic's stomach—craving, yet qualmish. It both sickens of, and is sickened by, what it hankers after. Sour itself, it turns its natural aliment into a sour state. You resemble a hungry child, fretful because hungry, yet, on sitting down to the table, finds fault with its food, not because not good enough, but because of its sickening mood."

"Then—and this is the most important—must I always remain thus? Is there any remedy?"

"There is. It was induced by the starved, and thereby inverted, state of the love element. And can be obviated by its proper exercise, just as the daintiness of the hungry child by eating. Your mode of approaching gentlemen, and your forlorn, woe-begone, sorrowful cast of manners to them, partly reproves them for not paying you more attention, and partly implies, and confesses practically, that you are not worthy of it; while you wither and pine under the hungerings of one of the human elements."

"Then what shall I do?"

"Sweeten up. Make love to your father. Turn coquette. Especially as there is little danger of your breaking any hearts."

12. MOTHERS LOVING THEIR SONS, AND SONS MOTHERS.

And apply not these principles equally between mother and son? Matrons, read over all thus far said about fathers and daughters, changing mother for father, and son for daughter, and you both have the principles involved, and are told how to comport yourselves toward your sons. This love element is born as much in sons as daughters.⁴ And requires exercise as much.¹¹ And exercise toward the female sex. And on what female as appropriately as his mother? Her love to him is naturally pure and deep. Inexpressibly so. What true mother can depict the intensity of her love for her son? And his being loved by a female naturally calls out his love in response. And this enhances his manliness of body, of mind. Nor can any boy become a fully developed man without love for his mother, or some female who fills her place. It is a first ordinance of nature that both mother and sons should love each other. And beneficial to both. Say, ye mature matrons, blessed with sons of different ages growing up to

manhood, how feel ye toward them? Do ye not exult in view of their developing manliness? Feel ye no love analogous to that you once felt toward their father, if you loved him truly, rising up and swelling within your maternal bosom? Besides loving them as your children, do ye not also love them as *masculines*? And with a cast of love very different from the love felt toward your daughters? Young men, old men, feel ye no sentiment of love toward your mother as a woman? And very different from that felt toward your father? Most powerful, even magical, the influence wielded by mothers, dead or alive, over sons. The religious world properly acknowledges, describes this maternal influence. Yet, understand they its base, namely, that he is a *male* and she a *female*, and that they *love* each other as such? Various conditions prevent its taking on a wrong form in either. It assumes that highly elevated tone which should actuate all males and females toward each other, and especially husbands and wives. But it has the sexuality, and of course Amativeness, for its base, as much as reason Causality. Else, only the same feeling could exist between mother and sons as between mother and daughters, namely, merely parental. Whereas not only does this parental feeling exist, but another is *superadded*—that of the *male and female* toward each other; both feeling toward each a cast of emotion which can exist *only* between those of opposite sexes. Say, ye mothers who love your sons, have I struck a chord which vibrates throughout your own souls? And away down deeper than all others? Would to God it were deeper yet! Nature implanted it. It is pure as the love of angels. It is an indispensable food of the human soul. No son without it can possibly become as complete a man as with it. He who has it, besides growing up the more manly in spirit and form, is thereby spell-bound from evil and to good. Especially if his mother is a good woman. She magnetizes him. Her spirit infuses itself through his, and sanctifies and controls it. Especially when he would do evil, her good spirit is ever present with him. Be he tossing on the briny deep, or cast on savage shores; be he even in Californian gambling-hells—the very most damnable pests on earth—be he exposed to temptations however enticing, the ever-present spirit of his mother—the more so if she is sainted, whispers to his heart, “No, my loved son,” and he refrains. And whoever yields himself to vice in any of its forms did not rightly love his mother when growing up. If mothers but wielded all the powers vested in them by this mother-and-son sentiment, not a youth would stray from the paths of virtue anywhere, or at any time. Nor a middle-aged man give himself up to iniquity. Nor a hoary-headed

reprobate disgrace humanity. It is for *woman*, by virtue of this love element, to win all masculine hearts to virtue and purity. The mother her boy and grown-up son, till he is old enough to transfer his love to wife, actual or prospective, who then becomes his guardian angel. Transfer, did I say? Never. If he had loved "seven wives," could he not love mother also? And the more wife because mother. And mother because wife. For loving her only develops this love element, so that he appreciates—the first stepping-stone of love—the female character. And loves wife the better for loving mother.

Hence, show me the son who loves or provides for mother, and I will show you the husband who loves and provides for wife and children. This sign is infallible. It has its cause, namely, loving mother develops that sexuality from which love of wife emanates.⁵ Such a man can and will live peaceably with almost any wife, however poor or cross-grained. Whereas, if he has not loved his mother, he will not have had his love sentiment, appetite, *relish*, for female characteristics developed, and be liable to make a poor husband. He will, too, grow up uncouth, distant, old-bachelorish, cold-hearted. And his love element *vulgarized*, sensualized. Not so he who loves his mother. In him it will be pure, because directed toward the female *mentality*. And this will restrain him from both sensuality, and all other forms of vice, by planting at the very rootlets of his being, and developing along *pari passu* with it, the sentiment of *love in purity*. The power mothers can thus wield over their sons is boundless, is absolute. And lasts till that of the wife is superadded to that of the mother. And both combined can be wielded so effectually as to resist, in any and every man, any and all forms of vice and grossness—drinking, swearing, gambling, licentiousness in all its forms, personal as well as conjugal—smoking and chewing included. And restrain, by putting them on a plane too pure, too high to descend to either vices or improprieties. That some mothers wield all this power, is a matter of experiment and observation. Then, could not all? And as those who wield even the most of it hardly begin to wield a tithe as much as this element is capable of; all mothers *could* wield more than any mothers now *do*. As a moral power, but a mere moiety of the amount possible to be wielded is actually exerted. If mothers but felt all the love for their sons of which their own souls are capable—and it is inexpressibly great—and then so manifested it as to take hold of and rouse this love sentiment in their sons, they could thereby sanctify every boy, youth, man, to virtue, purity, truth. And these virtues would grow with their growth, so that all men would become good.

Come, mothers, sons, consider, answer—am I overdrawing the power of this element, provided all its natural power were exercised? Is it not absolute, boundless?

But our mothers come infinitely short of this exalted standard. Let our fast American youth attest how far. We will not soil these pages by depicting the grossness, sensualities, and desperate wickedness of too many "Young Americas," especially in our cities. And how *very* fast a boy this "Young America" is! How many maternal hearts, blind to half their faults, and most of the others half concealed, yet sigh and break over even the moiety they do see! And how many others, treated contemptuously, called "old women," or names much worse, humbled, heart-broken, ashamed to own their own sons, are eking out a miserable existence, pining over their lost, ruined sons, *and glad to follow them to their graves!*

Yet deserved all. *Such* punishment—no punishment—is meted out, except when, and *to whom*, deserved. For nature is infinitely just. Yet infinitely retributory. *Who sins shall* suffer. And suffer in the direct *line* of the sin.² She who suffers in and on account of a son, does so only because she has *sinned* in and by that son. The *sufferer* is always the sinner. And sinner sufferer. Nature is not so unjust as to call those to suffer who have not sinned. Nor in any other form than that consequent *on* the sin. This truth is universal—is but a self-evident inference from nature's laws of cause and effect.²

"But, what have *I* done, or left undone, that this my son thus crushes his poor mother's heart?"

You have not duly *loved* him.

"But indeed I have. How I watched round his sick bed! How fervently I prayed for and with him by night, and chided him by day! How I punished him!"——

Ah! there it is. You "chided," and this alienated him, and broke the maternal spell. You "punished," and this embittered. His proud spirit revolted from the disgrace of chastisement. This steeled him against you and your prayers. He pants for the time to come when he can break away, at one tear, and rid himself forever of your eternal checking, chiding, whipping. No mother who ever chides, or scolds, or chastises a son, can ever expect to gain or retain his love. Blame is a fatal antidote to love.²⁰ No mother ought ever to breathe one word of censure or even blame to her son.

Nor any male to female. Nor female to male. This is not the way, the means, by which the sexes should influence each other. That way is by *love only*. Pure, simple, gushing love. This alone begets love in return. And this love gives you that power you

desire, require. And all chiding weakens it. Reproof is a fatal error of mothers. They love, yet chide. Often chastising. Indeed, chide, chastise *because* they love. Yet it hardens and snaps asunder those silken cords of affection by which alone it is given to the female to influence the male. He hates in place of loving. And rebels because he hates.

“Then, what *shall* I do?”

Love him *from the cradle*. And naught *but* love. And he will *grow up* in love with and for you. And this will render your power over him complete, ubiquitous, eternal. Every mother, at the birth of every son, should literally exult as did Eve: “Behold, I have gotten me a man-child from the Lord.” Her full soul should overflow with love every time she thinks of her boy babe. Every time she looks into his innocent face. Every time he draws life material from her lacteal fountains. Every time she bestows on him even the least care, kindness. Holy, angelic, should he be in her eyes. Soft should be her every touch, and winning every accent. And if she feels thus, he will draw from her along with his nutrition a *spiritual* lactation and a magnetic current which will bind him indissolubly to her with bonds which only maternal* unkindness can sever. And as, day by day, he grows up more and more a little man, she should exult more and more. Love more and more. Hold him in her lap, and fold him to her heaving bosom till he becomes a great, strapping boy. Should often run her fond fingers through his willing locks. Should smooth his hair, not pull it. Should pat his cheek, not box his ears. Should say soft and loving things, not reproach, much less scold. Should wait on him at table, so tenderly: “My son, dear, to what can your mother help you? Oh! here is a dainty bit of what I know you love. Let me give it you.” Should cook what she knows he likes. Should pamper his appetite.* And pursue the indulgent course, from the cradle upward.

“But this is in direct collision with my ideas of education and government. I thought children should be *restrained*, not indulged; *made to mind*, not encouraged to rule, especially *mothers*.”

We will not here discuss this question. It will take us from our direct subject—how a *mother* should treat her sons. Our third Book will treat thoroughly the true mode of governing children. And on *first principles*. This mother-and-son and father-and-daughter doc-

* This might seem to clash with dietetic rules and restraining Alimentiveness; but it does not. If appetite is unperverted—and it will be if she feeds them right—it will love best that which *is* best. But, if perverted, this pampering involves the true mode of cure. See Book III., the Section on the Feeding of Children.

trine strengthening that, and that this. Meanwhile, I appeal to the innermost recesses of your being if it is not the true maternal sentiment and treatment. I appeal whether the feelings between mothers and sons should not be on a plane infinitely above chastisement, or even chiding. Affection and chastisement are incompatible with, and fatal to, each other. Natural antagonisms. Only affection can ever beget affection. And thus secure obedience. Goodness can never be *beaten* into, nor badness out of, humanity. They must be *molded* in and out. Not driven. Mothers, just try this *pure* love principle.

"But Mrs. A. and B. *have* tried it to perfection. They indulged their children in every little whim, and thereby spoiled them. Indulgence has only made them still more impudent, imperious. They order her about as if their lackey. Facts, especially in high life, refute your argument."

Mark this difference: A son desires to eat, do, hear, what is manifestly injurious. Let his mother show him *that*, and *why* it is injurious, and thus *change his will*, so that he *won't want*-it. This is the mother's art of art, and son's great salvation. By showing him that it will sicken or injure him, she arrays his self-love against desire, and kills it. These indulgent mothers have loved and indulged *blindly*, without commingling intellect, justice, or firmness with love. Such indulgence curses both.

"My son, this, that will injure you; because of this, that. Your mother loves you dearly—too well to hurt you, or let you hurt yourself," is the true governmental spirit.

When son duly loves mother, he does all she wishes. She becomes his light, his gospel. She is infallible. "*She* always knows and does *just right*." Love gushes in his confiding eyes. He obeys from love mingled with confidence. "Mother knows, of course she does. What *she* says *must* be so." This feeling established, and it is easy to establish yourself perfectly in his confidence, and never one occasion for chiding, or even authority, will ever arise. Few mothers know how, or even try, to establish themselves thus in their sons' confidence. Yet this is the *very* art of all arts in governing children—especially sons by mother. This is the alpha and omega—the middle and both ends—the body and soul of all parental management of children—especially of mothers and sons, of fathers and daughters. *This alone* is what restrains tempted youth, as shown above. Yet how few mothers ever try it! First, because their nerves are disordered, or their love toward husband reversed, or a thousand other causes, they chide their innocent sons for things perfectly innocent, perfectly right, thereby hardening and alienating them. Compelled thus to see that mother

is wrong, they thereby become hardened and alienated. And now all power over them is lost. The rampant horse on the run, but the *lines broken*! Only love him as you once loved—should have loved—his father, and draw out his love on you. As a sweetheart mother wait on him. Tell him how to wait on you as your beau. Elicit his affections as the true female will involuntarily know how to awaken masculine affection, and all the molding power I have ascribed to mother, and even far more, is in your hands. Kiss and caress him often, when he retires and rises, goes out and comes in, and receive his affectionate embraces in return. And allow him to fondle you, and throw his convulsed arms around your willing neck. In his absence write real love-letters to him—you ought to know how—and thereby draw forth long, loving epistles in response. In short, follow your natural *instincts*. *They are right*. Or thus:

Mr. S. said to me: "Professor, you really must visit my family professionally before leaving town."

"Sir, I never leave my office. Then people know just where to find me."

"But you can leave half an hour before car time, the day of your departure."

"I can and will do that, sir."

While delineating his character, his wife, one of her eleven-year-old sons coming in, patted the sofa coquettishly, saying, in action:

"Come, my son, take this seat by your fond mother."

He gladly accepted the love proffer, and slipped, bashfully, yet smilingly, into the proffered seat.

Presently, another nine-year-old son coming in, she patted the sofa on the other side, winningly inviting him also to sit by his mother's side. He too accepted. Presently, she had thrown one arm around one son, and the other arm around the other son, and snuggled each by turns close to her, thus hugging them fondly. Presently, one hand had found its way to the golden locks of one son, and the other to the curly ringlets of the other, running her magnetic fingers through their silken hair. And now she bends her warm lips down to the one, then to the other, impressing the fond kiss of a mother's dotting love now on this, then on that, and in like ways courting up the affections of her boys by freely expressing her own. *These boys ever sin*? Never. Neither in this world, nor the next. *This mother impure, too free*? Then are angels' loves impure. The holiest emotions known on earth thus nurtured.

Of my own sainted mother I remember distinctly but two things—laying my head back in her open lap while she kissed, caressed, and

fondled me ; the other her death. Both indelible. And the magic power of that fondling remains with me to-day. It has acted as a spell all the way along up through life, growing with my growth, and strengthening by time. Thank God for that love play-spell ! Nor is there any telling what it did by way of molding and restraining me. Even now I feel its sacred spell.

And sons, write every week to your mother, as long as she lives. And if dead, consecrate one hour every week to contemplating her sainted memory, in reflecting on her virtues and counsels, and resolving to practice them. If you have not time week-days, take some evening now devoted to other pleasures or affections. No meeting, no society will be equally serviceable. Or if you really do not consecrate a particular hour of a particular day or evening, consecrate a given Sabbath hour, say after dinner, before breakfast or tea. To a holier work you can never devote even a Sabbath hour. And communicate freely. Tell her all about yourself. Ask her advice. And when you feel that you must have a wife as well as mother to love, consult *her first*. And ponder well all the advice she gives you. For her experience will be of inestimable service. Nor shun, but court the society of lady-like, matronly women—as it were aunts. Talk with them freely on all subjects. Elicit their counsels, and conform to them. Nor should they be too extra prudish, nor their husbands too jealous, to give these counsels or wield this influence.

But most matrons are too squeamish to *express* what they feel. Say, is to *experience* these maternal yearnings right ? What mother but feels them ? And those most who are best, purest, highest.

It is right. Is an eternal ordinance of nature. Then, is it not right to *express* what it is right to *feel* ? And express, not coyly, nor shamefacedly, nor half-suppressed—the very suppression implying self-rebuke—but right out, freely, fully, frankly, naturally, wholeheartedly. Imagine how the purest, highest order of mothers should feel and act toward their sons, and feel and act accordingly.

The plain fact is this : It is sheer prudery, squeamishness, which interdicts the expression of this maternal sentiment, as if it were improper. This suppresses the manifestation of maternal love, and thereby prevents the mother from drawing out this masculo-filial sentiment of her son. Hence, when old enough not to *fear* her, he is left absolutely unrestrained. And at the *very* time when he needs this restraint the most.

Fathers, parents, especially those above forty—and do the old or the young know most, feel truest, respecting these things ?—are these

things so? If so, are they not fundamental, and most momentous? Please consider, and act accordingly.

13. BROTHERS AND SISTERS, BOYS AND GIRLS, AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

These *principles* apply equally to brothers and sisters. Beautiful indeed is that hereditary law by which their number is about equal in most families. A blessing to both parents, because it gives fathers daughters to love, and mothers sons. A blessing also to their children, because it furnishes brothers sisters to love, and sisters brothers. And they need it, each for his, her, own sake. As every adult requires to love some female mate, every son his mother, and daughter father, etc., so every boy must needs have some girl-mate of about his own age. And every girl her boy. And who as proper as young brother and sister? Eating together at the same table, loving the same parents, engaged in the same sports and labors, sitting round the same fireside, and naturally coming in constant contact, they thus naturally come to love each other. The more so, because *hereditarily* so much alike—both resembling the same common parents. And that brother who grows up to love his sister is sure to become a good husband. So that sister who loves, cares for, her brother, will most assuredly make a good wife. Because the love element is strengthened by use. And every sister *needs* a brother to wait on her to church, singing-school, party, amusements—to protect and advise, to talk and sympathize with her. Every boy, too, needs a sister, with whom to practice gallantry, that he may know how to treat a prospective wife. To be pitied, that girl who has no brother, that boy who has no sister. They can never grow up to be as perfect men and women without mingling with the other sex of about their own age, as with. And brother and sister are so infinitely better adapted to companionship than others. If a boy grows up to love a girl as he may and should his sister, he comes to love too well for this love to be interrupted without injury. (Sec. II.) Yet he may continue to love this sister always and everywhere. And to see brother and sister growing up in affectionate fondness—gentle, considerate, each vying in kindness—what sight more lovely, more promising! How could he possibly become bad? Or could she fall? No. Neither. A sister's love, next to his mother's, is his salvation. And both united, guarantee his growing up virtuous and good.

And his influence over sister is quite as beneficial and necessary to her as hers to him. Both indispensable to each other. Both guardians over each other. Naturally mutual beneficiaries.

Sitting one day at dinner, as the waiter was passing some colored

confectionery along down the table on a flat glass server, the eye of a bright, happy, rosy-cheeked boy of four summers, sitting on my left, caught a glimpse of a colored candy heart. I saw his bright eye glisten, his whole frame wrought up by emotion, till, rising in his chair, with one hand balancing him on the table, and the other raised, no sooner did the confectionery come within reach, than grasping this colored heart, and holding it aloft, he exclaimed, in exulting triumph, "I am going to carry this to my little sister." Why, it seemed as if every drop of blood in my veins leaped for joy, to see this little boy so true to primeval human nature. And to so glowing an extent. And I had observed, the day before, as they were playing together lovingly in the hall, a great Newfoundland dog coming in, she caught up her brother, being two years older, and hurrying him into the corner, stood crouching between him and the dog, his protector, as well as nurse and playmate. Let but this spirit obtain between brothers and sisters, and they will grow up always virtuous, and perfectly happy in wedlock. Parents, will you not do your utmost to establish this true brotherly and sisterly feeling and treatment between your children?

To BOYS AND GIRLS in general these same principles apply with equal force. A boy brought up without the society of girls is so gruff and coarse, so gross and rude. And girls brought up without boys are so unbecoming, verdant. Girls polish boys. Boys beautify girls. Let them meet as perfect strangers, and how soon they involuntarily approach each other, bashfully, but wistfully, smile pleasantly, become acquainted, persuaded at once to play, and that so prettily, because lovingly—another phase of this sexuality. Not so boy with boys. The latter fall out, the former harmonize. And how many, indeed, do not all, boys prefer girl-playmates? And girls boys? This is their nature. And it is right. Is but the normal, proper manifestation of Amativeness. And how often, too, they talk of their sweet-hearts! And how bashfully, yet proudly, they appear, when joked about each other! A six-year-old boy, in Quincy, Illinois, when he meets a right pretty girl, steps directly in front of her, makes a pleasant, genteel bow, kisses her, and passes on.

But when boys and girls get to be about eight or ten years old, they are *laughed out* of this, the *natural* exercise of Amativeness. And this damming it up in its *right* flow, turns it into *wrong* channels, which causes all sensuality, personal and promiscuous, the overflowings of which do irreparable damage to humanity, carrying away the very land-marks and flood-gates of virtue and morality; whereas, if allowed to flow on in this, its normal channel, it

would irrigate, purify, and bless every function of humanity through life.

And since they should play together, should they not also *study* together? What says this law of mind and human nature to boys' schools, and colleges for young men alone, and to female seminaries? That all are wrong. That the sexes should not be separated in education any more than in the family. The presence of boys wonderfully inspirits girls to study and behave in their very best style. Nor can any other incentive supply its place. Away with these educational nunneries! They stifle and pervert. And their graduates—almost convicts—are awkward, rude, trifling, unfeminine; twitter and snicker when they see a young masculine, as if there were something wrong in the very fact of boys and girls. Incapable of behaving themselves properly to the other sex, and anything but ladies. And how proverbially mischievous, how full of all sorts of roguery, trickery, and practical falsification, as well as misdemeanors, are girls, especially smart ones, in schools of girls!

Equally so boys in a school of boys, and young men at college. And some habits, too, generally formed at school, and by college students, are infinitely more deleterious than their studies are beneficial. And this habit is propagated at these exclusive schools more than elsewhere, by virtue of the very principle now under consideration. And young males will study so much faster, behave so much better, in the presence of girls, and girls of boys, than either with their own sex alone. And the higher the institution of learning, the more should both sexes partake *together* of its benefits, as the best means of improving its educational facilities.

As I made this point in Springfield, Illinois, a large-bodied, large-headed, large-minded, elderly, eloquent divine arose, and begging pardon with a dignified yet courteous bow, inquired:

"Sir, will you not enforce these educational views more at length in a separate lecture?"

"I will, sir, cheerfully, effectually. You get up an audience, I will get up the lecture. Only begging to *enlarge* this subject, so as to embrace the *general* intercourse and relations of the sexes to each other. That is, I would simply enlarge the boy-and-girl view of this matter so as also to include the man and woman."

"I gladly accept the amendment."

The lecture announced. The largest place in town crowded, packed. A most enthusiastic lecture, for it seemed to touch the consciences of all. After which, rising in majesty, and proceeding with power, he said:

"I have long, and, I believe, successfully, presided over institutions of learning. Am the president of a Christian college. Have taught that college when admitting only males. Persuaded its trustees to change, so as to admit females. Have presided four years over the same institution, since its feminine enlargement. Have managed it with much less than half the trouble. Have seen the rowdyish, rampant spirit of Young America give place to manliness of deportment and expression among the masculines. Have found that the girls and young ladies progress much faster, and behave very much better, than those in a female seminary over which I long presided. Can hardly express the all-importance of the *principle* involved in Professor Fowler's lecture. Unwilling to let a lecturer who takes right ground on this important subject leave our city without a full hearing, therefore moved to appoint this meeting. And am delighted that my views, gleaned from experience, should be thus philosophically and ably expounded from a scientific stand-point."

And I believe all teachers, male or female, who have ever taught either sex exclusively, and both together, will most heartily second the doctrines here presented. They are true, and ought to be universally adopted. In this respect our common schools are superior to our higher.

The plain fact is, and this truth is universal, that the male sex is a necessity to the female, and the female to the male, from the very cradle to the grave—as much so as food; for both grow alike out of primitive faculties which absolutely must be fed, and which their mutual presence feeds, but absence starves. Why should the sexes be separated in education more than elsewhere? The presence of boys wonderfully inspirits girls to study, and behave their very best. Nor can any other incentive supply its place. A boy at school, a young man at college, studies all the faster, behaves all the better, if loved mother, sister, sweetheart, have an eye on his success, rejoice over his attainments and "appointments," and encourage his efforts. So of girls, and young ladies. Separate them, as in boys' schools, and how slow in progress in study, manners, everything good! Separated, as in most colleges, and how many college vices—one most fatal to manhood—supply their place with morbid cravings, alike destructive of health, moral purity, and intellectual progress! Unless, perchance, as in Amherst College, the students associate with the ladies of the village—a decided recommendation of that institution over most others. In this respect Methodist institutions far surpass most others; and Oberlin, and Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, and the University at Galesburg, Illinois, where young ladies and gentlemen re-

cite the same lessons in the same classes, and mutually emulate and stimulate each other in good manners as well as intellectual attainments, far surpass Yale and Cambridge, where students are proverbially rude.

And, in general, college students behave worse at public gatherings than any other class. Nor have I, in ten years' lecturing, been interrupted by as much rowdyism, or treated as rudely, as by students belonging to that one-horse, old-fogy college at C——, N. Y. And the worst of it was, that they *justified* their rowdyism. What have students, deprived of right female influence, to either restrain their rampant passions, or polish off their rude manners?

The fact is, no girl can ever learn good manners, or clothe herself with feminine politeness, except in and by contact with the other sex of her own age. And the same is true of boys and young men. To separate them makes them just so far old bachelors and old maids—loose stones in the great temple of society—unplaced, unfit to place.

That abuses sometimes creep into promiscuous schools—*billet-doux* are interchanged, etc.—is not denied. But it is denied that they are either inherent or unavoidable. Horace Mann, than whom no man of this age is better qualified, either by the largest educational views and experience, or by the highest order of moral purity, to pass an intelligent judgment, assured me, that at Antioch College the behavior of the young gentlemen and ladies to each other was almost unexceptionable, and that he found it easy to regulate their conduct toward each other, by putting it on their natural feelings of propriety, and their gentlemanly and lady-like pride of character, and natural good taste. And when these abuses do exist, they are due rather to *bad management* than any *inherent* difficulty.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN and LADIES, too, should be allowed to associate freely in each other's society. Parents should make parties to their children, and youth of different ages, and encourage sleigh-rides, picnics, and the like.

But, mark, the *old folks* should participate and preside. Not to restrain, but *direct*, youthful exuberance. Associating with the young improves, re-invigorates the old, while the old rightfully soften down and properly direct the sportiveness of youth. No young man will ever behave rudely in company when his mother forms one of the party. Nor will girls be too free or forward in the company of their elders. Would that a thousand to one of such parties were made, and attended no matter how extensively.

Instead of this, girls are often put under the most rigid surveillance, watched every hour, as if unfit for a moment to be trusted out of

sight. Thus hemmed in, they are far more liable to break away from all restraint, fall in love, or be ruined, than if allowed full liberty. And less to blame than those who, by imposing these restraints, starve this first natural element of humanity. One no more to be suppressed than appetite, or speech, but simply to be cultivated, and rightly *directed*. Is your girl indeed so very frail or ignorant, that she is kept virtuous only by being *watched*? And is watched virtue worth its sentinel? Only voluntary goodness is good, or virtue virtuous. I repel such a practical slander on young ladies. And those who err, do so more from kindness or novelty than natural frailty; whereas, proper instruction and judicious advice, superadded to this commingling in the society of young gentlemen, would soon put all on their guard, and enable them to repel with the utmost scorn and indignation any and all undue liberties. Unless a girl's virtue is safe in her *own* keeping, it will not long be kept.

I know that these doctrines differ fundamentally from the common doctrines and customs of society. But, for the life of me, I can look at this subject in no other light. And I have looked at it long and carefully, and withal, practically; and say, emphatically, if I had a thousand daughters to educate, and every one as dear as an only daughter of the highest womanly endowments could be, I would educate them all in accordance with these principles. Should say practically to all, "Choose your own society and correspondence. But I hold *you* responsible for their propriety. Write to, and receive letters from, whomever you please; but I trust to *you* not to allow any man to send you a second improper letter, and to repel the first impropriety. Nor ever expose yourself to a second. I hold you responsible for conducting yourself always and everywhere in true, high, womanly style. And further beg that you will never behave rudely to, or wrong, any young man in any respect whatever; but be the perfect lady in everything appertaining to gentlemen in general, and young gentlemen in particular." Nor are the young or single half as sensual as those older or married.

And I must shake the head at those young gentlemen who exclude themselves from female society. Many excellent young men go from their room to their business, and business to their room, without spending an hour a week in female society, living meanwhile in a boarding-house, so that none of their family feelings are cultivated. Perhaps, equally excluding themselves from masculine society also. Devoting their leisure hours to books. Now, all this seems very well. "What a proper, nice young man he must be!" is the general remark. Not so. He is starving a first element of the human soul—the sexual

and social. "And when one member suffers, *all* the members suffer with it; as when one member rejoices, all the other members also rejoice." Our Bible very properly says, it "is not *good* for man to be alone." He must live with woman. And woman with him. Doubtless, no female society at all is better than that of courtesans', to which many are often driven by want of associating with the virtuous. But how infinitely better that of the virtuous, than either practical emasculation, or else that of depraved females! for one of the three is a necessity.

On going home from the lecture above-mentioned, an elderly, matronly, lady-like, excellent woman, walking home with the reverend president above alluded to, who got up the lecture by way of confirming its views, that the sexes should associate freely together, narrated to him the case of a young man in that very city, who till lately had been one of the most promising youths in the city, was a clerk in a large business establishment, was their smartest, best young man, perfectly honest, unusually polite, and attentive to business, but had what his employers considered a grave fault, namely, after his day's work was done, he usually went to some previously-appointed party, spending his evenings in the society of young ladies and gentlemen. His character was above suspicion. Not one word of fault. On the contrary, the highest praise was bestowed on his fidelity, integrity, business capacities, everything. But his old-fogy employers said to him: "George, one of two things. You must give up your evening parties, or your prospects of becoming a member of our firm." George, quivering, replied: "Am I not honest, faithful, and attentive to business? Do I not do more than any other two in the store? What more do you want? What concern of yours how I spend my evenings, so that I do my duty *to you*?" Their very laconic reply was: "Admitted; but abandon either your parties, or your hopes of preferment. We give you till — to choose." Ambitious, acquisitive, he chose business before parties. But society he must have. Did have. Exchanging that of young ladies and gentlemen for that of his own sex, he fell, was thereby led into drinking, gambling, and other concomitant and nameless vices, which ruined his health, his character, his fitness for business, his integrity; and at the time of the narration he was an outcast! A noble youth spoiled by the interdicting of a right sexuality. And his story is but that of untold thousands. Indeed, these vices to which "Young America" is subject—and "Young America" is a *very* fast boy—are consequent more on this exclusion from the society of refined, genteel young ladies, than by any other cause whatsoever. Society in this respect is fundamentally

wrong. No young gentleman can now call or wait on a young lady more than twice, but every tattling old maid in town has them married. This, along with the watchfulness and exclusiveness of particular mamma and careful papa, literally banishes them from right female society. The place of which they supply by wrong. And the sensuality of our cities and towns is due mainly to this starvation of this natural element in this its *right* form, by which it is driven to take on the wrong.

The fact is, the society of the other sex is a necessary requisition to each. Is a first natural law. And whoever violates it is punished *in*, and *by*, and *for*, its infringement. While all who obey are blessed in and by means of that fulfillment.

These are plain truths, but truths for all. And *most appalling* in their import. Please give them mature reflection and extensive practical observation.

And every young man ought always to live in some family. Does not this absence of family influences show why nine in every ten of all the young men who go into business in our cities and villages lose their virtue and moral tone? And, in consequence, fail in business?

Or thus: It either *is* a natural institute law, that young gentlemen and ladies associate, intermingle with each other in the various walks of life, or it is *not*. That their association is a first natural law is attested by the universal instincts of both sexes, and all ages, as well as by every philosophical principle that bears on this subject. Then, obeying this law by each sex seeking the society of the other, brings its own legitimate reward to every obedient youth. Whereas, breaking it, as in exclusive schools, seminaries, and colleges, brings down its merited punishment upon the head of every delinquent. Nor will these natural laws receive any excuses. "Obey and be happy, violate and suffer," are fixed decrees. Then, be a little careful, boy, girl, young man, young woman, married, single, parents, and society, how you ignore or break this first natural law.

14. LOVE IMPROVES THE MANNERS; OR, SEXUAL ETIQUETTE.

Though all human beings, by virtue of our common humanity, owe to all a certain cast of deportment—savage to civilized, and civilized to savage, juniors to seniors, and adults to children (one parental and encouraging) and all to all, and that in which the mental and moral predominate—yet there is another, and that a far higher, due between the sexes. As that same treatment, proper enough from man to man, or boy to boy, would be rude from boy to man, or man to boy, so that style of manners proper enough from man to man or woman to woman,

would be highly improper, rude even, from male to female, or female to male. And the *very* highest style of human manners, and that most beautiful and perfect, is that due between the sexes, and prompted by love ; for it embraces all true human manners, with the sexual *super-added*.

Then, how *should* the most perfect man bear himself toward the most perfect woman ? And woman to man ? That is, in what does a perfect sexual etiquette consist ?

And since *preparation* is the first step in every great work, in what does that preparation consist ?

In proper *feelings*. Our manners are but the *natural language* of our mental faculties. As, to treat our fellow-men properly we must first *feel* rightly toward them, so he who would treat woman appropriately must first *feel* the true manly sentiment toward the sex in general, and the particular woman in whose company he may find himself. The quintessence of all good manners consists, not at all in having been to the dancing-school, or traveled in foreign lands, or studied books on good behavior, nor even in mingling in genteel society, but in possessing *right human sentiments*. Who *feels* right, will *behave* right, while a boor at heart will be boorish in all his manners, though all his life in polite circles. Nor is any rudeness as rude as that which ensconces itself behind fashionable usages. Enshroud the ass in the lion's skin, and his ears will stick out for all. And if he tries to roar, he can only bray. Begin, then, with the *interior*, ye men who would cultivate a right behavior toward females. Then alone can the *out-workings* be right. "First make the *tree* good. Then will its fruit be good also." A weak sexuality in man treats woman on the plane of our common humanity merely. But something *more* is due. He must treat her on that plane, to be sure, but *superadd* thereto that treatment due from the male to the female. And a hearty sexuality furnishes both this right estimation, *and* thereby right treatment.^{4 5}

But perverted sexuality perverts the manners. Weak Amativeness treats her with neglect merely, but perverted Amativeness always *mal-treats* her. The errors of the former are those of omission merely. Those of the latter, of *commission*. Sensual feeling in him *behaves* sensually toward her, and thereby virtually insults every woman he talks with, or even looks at, and this disgusts and repels her. Vulgar at heart, his entire natural language proclaims his sensuality, and implies her degradation, from which, if pure, she instinctively recoils, perhaps without knowing why. But reads and reciprocates, if impure. Hence, he who has debased his sensuality by impure practices, proclaims his own shame in and by his very tone of manners

to woman, which her purity naturally rebukes, and this causes him to shrink from her society. Nor can anything render the manners of a man as utterly odious as corrupt Amativeness. Show me one who considers woman faithless or devilish, and I will show you a faithless devil.

Of course, to *reform* their manners, such must reform their *spirit, feelings*—the great *fountain-head* of actions.

And, apply not these doctrines to females? Show me her who has come to regard all masculines as bad, and I will show you one, all of whose actions and looks toward men are hateful, and practically insulting to them. Let her wear whatever of silks and diamonds she may, let her attempt to say and do whatever agreeable things she pleases, all but proclaim her practical hypocrisy, and engender his hate instead of love. But, let her only *feel* the true sentiment of woman to man, and she *acts* the lady; so that true gentility—ladyism—is of the *heart*, not of dry-goods.)

Then, how *should* ladies and gentlemen *feel* toward each other?

Behold that boy and girl. In parlor, in play-ground, he edges wistfully toward her, and treats her, never rudely, but blandly and considerately. If they snow-ball, he tries to miss, not hit. Or hits softly, merely to show what he could do. If they scuffle, it is not as rude boy with equal, but with some delicate object he must be careful not to hurt. If they slide down hill, he volunteers to draw the sled up again. And on level ground, he draws her, not she him. And the older they grow, that is, the more highly sexed they become, the more considerately he treats her. And the more pleasantly she behaves toward him. This is nature, and the type of the way each sex should treat the other—the same, only more so.

As good manners between human beings depend on each manifesting toward the other true human *sentiments*, so all right treatment of the opposite sex springs from an exalted *regard* for it.

Man ought, by virtue of his masculinity, to regard woman as his choicest terrestrial treasure. She is specifically and every way adapted to render him happy. And should be held the more choice and precious by all the happiness it is possible for him to experience in her. That is precious which confers happiness. And the more happiness, the more precious. All preciousness consists in this means of happiness. Woman is adapted to render man happier—almost infinitely—than any other terrestrial creation. Man is adapted to derive pleasure from the luscious peach, the melting pear, the “almighty dollar,” and a thousand other natural productions; but, of all the possessions and commodities of this whole earth, it is ordained that the female shall

render the male almost infinitely the happiest. And that man knows little of happiness, is poverty-stricken indeed, be his social position however high or honorable, and his possession of lands, of dollars, of treasures, however great, who has little or no happiness in the female. Comparatively barren, indeed, is he of human ecstasy, of enjoyment. And that woman, be it that she spreads herself in silks and jewelry, be it that she is waited upon by scores of liveried attendants, and rolls in affluence, having all else that heart can wish, yet, notwithstanding all, in spite of all, is a poor, miserable wretch—none so poor but need to pity her—who is not happy in, is rendered miserable by, man in general, or her own husband in particular. And there are many such. But, superlatively happy beyond all conception—in heaven, though on earth—she whom man makes happy. And where a perfect sexual relation exists between the male and female, how inexpressibly, how exultingly, how even infinitely happy each is adapted to become in and by the other! Description utterly fails! Words are but mockery. Only experience, and that of very few, can ever attest either the variety or the extent of that happiness. And throughout the entire beings of both. And from the first dawning of this sexual relation, more and more, till they close their eyes in death. And even throughout eternity itself! All that even a *God could* do, *God has* done to adapt each sex to promote the happiness of the other. And this adaptation is surpassingly full and perfect. Of all the beautiful workmanship of the Divine hand, this is the most beautiful. Of all His perfections, this is the most perfect. Of all His benevolent devices, this is the most benevolent. All the Divine attributes, all the human enjoyments, seem to be concentrated in these adaptations and relations of each sex to the other.³

Then, shall not each be correspondingly *precious* in the eyes of the other? Man should esteem, prize, many things in this world. But *woman* is his pearl of *greatest* price. Man should preserve, cherish, husband many of life's acquisitions, possessions, but prize woman most of all. Man has many jewels in his crown of glory, but what at all compare with woman? She is his *gem* jewel, his *diadem*, even.

Then, shall he not *treat* her accordingly? Since she can contribute thus to his happiness, shall he not also to hers? Is it not meet and fit that he should? And what should give him more happiness than to promote hers? Indeed, what does? His highest earthly luxury, this contributing to female comfort. And the better sexed, the more a man he is, the more. But, in proportion as he is barren of the masculine element, does he fail to derive pleasure from woman, and she fail in being precious in his eyes.⁴ And also does his deportment

toward her become commonplace—merely human, but not sexed. Yet, exactly in proportion as he is more and more masculine, more highly sexed, will the feminine give him the more pleasure. And he seek her comfort.

And she his. This rule works both ways. In proportion as she is sexed, is feminine, does she seek to render the masculine happy, because it renders her so. But, if she is poorly sexed, she cares little for the masculine,⁵ and is tame—merely human, instead of womanly—in her treatment of man. And how infinitely beneficent and perfect this action and reaction of the sexes upon each other's happiness, manners, character, everything !

And what human perfection is as perfect as a right treatment of the other sex ? And what defects in behavior as defective, what vulgarities as vulgar, what wrong conduct as wrong, as improper treatment of woman by man, or man by woman ? Let my treatment of men be what it may—and I mean it shall be right—but O, give it to me, always and everywhere, to treat all *females*—in rags or velvets, in palace or hovel—with the utmost propriety and good-breeding ! Just as the most perfect male should always and everywhere treat the female. And that wholly irrespective of her social position, apparel, or accomplishments, but solely by virtue of her *sex*, which is infinitely above these external trappings. And let me be so treated by her !

“Then, how *should* the most exalted masculine treat the most perfect feminine, and the highest feminine the most perfect masculine ?”

In strict accordance with the *nature of the sex treated*, not those who treat. That is, the natural character of woman should dictate man's conduct toward her, while his natural character should prompt her treatment of him.

Then, since woman is most delicately organized, fine-grained, sensitive, and susceptible, his treatment of her should be, and in all whose sexuality is hearty and normal, *is* exceedingly tender, considerate, comforting, refined, and kind. As in handling cannon balls or pig-iron, we may pitch and pound, for, hard themselves, they can bear it ; but, in handling fine watches, we must handle them lightly ; so man may, if he likes, bang his fellow-men about as he would rough boxes—though, as those that use the sword must expect some time to perish by the sword, so those that bang must expect to be banged—so woman, being delicate of structure, must be treated delicately. Being exquisitely susceptible alike to pain *and* pleasure, shall not man avoid whatever can give her pain, and do whatever can contribute to her happiness ? Himself strong and hardy, able to endure rough

treatment and unkind remarks, he must not judge her by himself. Such treatment as his more hardened feelings would not mind, cuts her more tender soul to the very quick. Let exactly the same things be said against a man and woman, while he would rise above, or harden himself against them, and not feel hurt in the least, she would take them sorely to heart, and writhe in mental agony, and wither beneath them.

Speak gently, then, O man, to woman ! Speak to man in tones of sternness, if you will, but to woman let every tone be softer than that of the cooing dove to his love-mate. Your every harsh intonation grates so terribly on her delicate ear. Oh, never pain it thereby ! When you address the sex, let your voice fall upon a lower, gentler key than that employed to man, and be winning.¹⁰ Let your every look be one of consideration and regard, as though beholding a being highly organized and ethereal. As she is naturally refined, so let not one coarse look, or vulgar expression, or improper act, transpire in her presence. Instead, drink in her refinements, and incorporate them into your own character, rather than offend in word or deed her nice sense of propriety and good taste. And as cautiousness is due to whatever is delicate, so be careful of her. Stand sentry around her, to see that no evil overtakes her. Much less *inflict* evil on her. You are her natural protector. See that you ward off all harm, not induce it. The more so, as the true woman naturally looks to the masculine for protection. And the true man always delights to give it. And under the guardianship of the true male the female is just as safe, even if he can impose on her with impunity, as his strength and prowess can render her. And, when danger threatens, he looks out for *her* safety, even to the neglect of his own. Of this, Captain Herndon, at the wrecking of the Central America, furnished a true masculine example. He saves *every woman and child first*, even though in so doing he imperils and loses his own life. Eternal honor to his manly head and heart ! Let woman raise a worthy monument to his undying memory. He was the true man. Let every woman acknowledge and repay the debt of eternal gratitude and love she—the whole sex—owes to his memory ! And how proud, in the midst of her grief, his bereaved widow should be, that he was so nobly true to manliness ! Let it dry up her tears. She had the *very* best of husbands. A martyr to true sexuality ! Man, always, everywhere, pattern after his most noble example. In danger, save woman first. Nor ever in the least expose her to any possibility of evil. It is utterly unmanly, even despicable.

And keep a sharp eye ever on the alert to descry some new,

some other, and yet another, means of promoting her comfort. Not merely pick up her glove, and manifest Frenchified etiquette, but, in parlor, in omnibus, in crowded assembly, everywhere, yield her your comfortable seat, though obliged yourself to stand. And keep both eyes always wide open, to perceive her wants the moment they arise, and proffer their supply. And the more so, the more substantial these wants. Let her happiness be your constant care. In it consists your own.

And these gallant attentions to her comfort are so peculiarly beautiful in man—are worthy of all praise. A thousand times, in my crowded lecture-room or office, a lady entering, have I admired, felt proud that I was a man, to see half-a-score of gentlemen spring from and proffer their seats, each anxious to martyrize himself on the altar of her happiness. And this gallantry is both a sure sign and a correct measure of the refinement and human elevation of both individuals and communities. Nor is there any one point of the perfect gentleman as gentlemanly as these polite attentions to female comfort. In fact, they constitute the very heart's core of all gentlemanliness. To see a stalwart, brawny man, whose strength could command the lion's share, yield his seat to weaker woman in the crowded concourse, preferring to stand by the hour, in order to render her comfortable, whereas he would hardly yield it even to a king, is a beautiful trait so beautiful, a generous act so generous, an oasis on the barren desert of the human virtues so green, so refreshing, that it ought to be more prized and praised than it now is. All honor to him, in rags or broadcloths, in honor or shame, who manifests this first of masculine virtues—attention to woman's comforts. And that so cordially as not to oppress her with a feeling of obligation. As if, instead, she placed *him* under the obligation, by *allowing* him the favor of bestowing the favor.

And, gentlemen, ye who would perfect yourselves as men, in manners, in character, have here the very heart's core of all good-breeding. He is in very deed well-bred, and he alone, whether courtier or clod-hopper, who does behave thus to woman. Nor need he read Chesterfield, for his good-breeding is indigenous—is *felt*, not assumed. But this requires, and is prompted by, a high appreciation of female character.

Just how far a man should carry these gallant attentions depends on two things—how much of a man he who bestows, and how much of a woman she to whom they are tendered. If their sexuality is low, and they are accordingly indifferent to each other, they may, should, will, treat each other simply on the *human* plane, instead of the

sexual. Nor could they, if they would, treat each other on any other. He in whom Amativeness is weak or perverted will either not try, or else break down in the attempt. And his consciousness of awkwardness will hold him back.

Yet how many more are restrained by custom, by a fear that they may be thought unduly forward, and accused of taking unjustifiable liberties! Not at all. Nature should overrule custom. And she who thus misconstrues only shows what a suspicious *prude* she herself is. Those who see so much wrong in others do so because *themselves* in a like wrong. No true woman would think of implying such a charge. And her ideas must be very impure who does. She judges others by herself. An anecdote in point:

A Miss Nancy Nippy, of Hartford, Ct., all freshly primped up by and from the young ladies' seminary, went to Virginia in the capacity of a governess of a planter's family. Her room door had no lock, and her ladyship made a great ado because she could not lock out all attempted intruders. "It was so very *improper* for a young *lady* to occupy apartments that could not be *locked*."

Her employer reassured her that she was just as safe in his house, with door unlocked, as barred and bolted—that no one ever came there who would obtrude upon her retirement—that, proper or improper, she need give herself no more concern about the lock.

But, no, her fussy ladyship "could not, would not, stay, because it was so improper, out of all character, for a young lady to sleep with unlocked doors!"

Her generous host accordingly took her to Ballard's, in Richmond, and put her in his charge, to be escorted home by some, any gentleman of his acquaintance going North. Ballard said to a friend of mine: "As you are going on North, and I have a young lady bound North whom I am to furnish a gentleman escort, will you look after her baggage, and play the agreeable?"

"With all my heart. My handsomest attentions are at her service. And with the greatest pleasure."

Introduced. Took charge of her baggage. Paid her fare. Looked after her comfort in every possible way. Escorted to, waited upon at, from, table. And he was a natural gentleman. He knew just how to wait on woman. And his age, sixty, just fitted him to intermingle the fatherly with the gallant. And, after all, it takes *gray* hairs to wait on young women in the very *tip-top* style of true gallantry. Becoming late, when car passengers were composing themselves to rest as best they could, our fatherly beau, with a sort of nursing attention to her little wants, made her a pillow out of over-coat

and muff, when, seating himself by her side, all at once, cat-like, she squalled out :

"Mr. Conductor ! Mr. Conductor ! come here right off. This man is taking liberties with me !"

Of course, all eyes were now opened, and turned on our hero. Though conscious of his innocence, he felt streaked—white about the gills.

The conductor answered : "When I'm through examining the tickets, I will give you attention. Till then you are now safe."

As he reappeared, our Nancy Nippy squalled out again for immediate protection, reasserting that our hero was taking undue liberties with her. This brought him to his feet. All eyes staring at him, putting himself at the end of the slip, he said, with dignified emphasis :

"You cannot leave this slip, ma'am, until you tell these people, before whom you have accused me, exactly *what* liberties I have taken. Say definitely, have I touched your person anywhere ? If so, say where."

She answered : "I don't know as you have."

"Have I taken, even touched, your hand ?"

"I don't know as you have."

"Then, have I attempted to kiss you ? Have not all who chose to look seen all I have done or attempted ? Have I done any one thing that a gentleman should not do to a lady ? If so, say *exactly what*. Substantiate your charge, by stating to those before whom you have accused me just what *particular* things I have done."

"I don't know as you have done anything in particular, only I thought you made very free with me in a general way. But I don't know as you have done anything *in particular*."

"Humph ! Only a Miss Prude. She don't know what polite treatment is from gentlemen," roared out a gallant Southron, who saw that all the trouble lay in her prurient imagination.

"Miss N.," our hero continued, "Mr. Ballard put you under my escort, giving me special charge to promote your comfort. I have done my very best to redeem that charge—have done all, and omitted nothing in my power to promote your happiness. If I wanted to take liberties, I should surely not have selected *you*. But I have taken charge of your baggage, waited on you as handsomely as I knew how, made you the best pillow I could, and even paid your fare and supper, without thinking to ask you to reimburse even that ; and this false and utterly groundless accusation is the thanks I get. Fortunately, I am too well known to have this aspersion injure me. I attribute your

conduct more to inexperience and false notions, than wrong motives. I should be justified in returning your checks, and letting the 'conductor' protect you, and see to your baggage. But I will not. I will see you safely in Washington, and your baggage re-checked, and you re-seated, but no farther. Meanwhile, I will thank you to pay me your fare, as I have already paid for your ticket."

A fellow-passenger in the cars, buying a dozen apples, offered some to a lady sitting near. She accepted. This started the inquiry: "This is not customary, but *is it, per se, proper?*" Was his proffer manly? Was her acceptance womanly? He offered some also to me, and I accepted. Was it right or wrong to extend a like courtesy to her?

A gentleman seeing a lady in the cars with a child trying to find a resting-place for her weary head, proffered his shoulder, and amused her child. She accepted, and slept for hours. Were his proffer and her acceptance in accordance with true, right, high-toned manliness and womanliness? What says true human nature, irrespective of custom?

In the name of these facts, and of all candor and truthfulness, we repeat, do not the very customs and tone of society both often put evil constructions on purely gallant attentions, and choke down much of that bubbling gallantry which would otherwise manifest itself? Is not American society over-strict, even prudish, in this respect? This originates in jealousy, or, rather, in perverted Amativeness. Normal Amativeness, feeling no wrong, suspects none; whereas morbid Amativeness, itself unclean, is always accusing others of its own conscious pruriency. Who charge others with corruption, thereby proclaim their own. Gentlemen would be much more polite in car, in omnibus, in public, if they dared to—if they could calculate on their gallant proffers being received in the same spirit in which they are made. I do not believe the sun shines upon more or truer gallants than those over whose proud heads floats our star-spangled banner. Frenchmen may be more showy; but are they more cordial and sincere? I have been particularly struck with the polished gallantries of Southerners. And equally so with the truly lady-like manner of their reception. And with the polished and high-toned comportment of ladies and gentlemen toward each other. Much more freedom, much less restraint, than at the North. As if proffered and accepted in the true masculine and feminine spirit. And how much more beautiful it renders their manners!

But, men not a few—I opine the great majority of the industrious, young and old—while they *feel* all the gallant sentiments of a true,

hearty manliness, and even literally burn to express them, some from bashfulness, more from that exalted respect for the female sex which even oppresses, and suppresses instead of prompting courtesies, some from a consciousness of awkwardness, but most from want of practice, fail sadly in *expressing* to the other sex the gentlemanly considerations they feel. Let such remember two things: first, that "a *faint* heart never wins;" that woman is not superior to man—then why be abashed by her?—that woman infinitely prefers well-meant forwardness to shrinking diffidence. So, courage, for women love forwardness more than backwardness, in men. And, secondly, that first *feeling* right toward woman, *you act as you feel*. Actions follow feelings, and take their cast therefrom. Than right *sentiments* toward the female sex, no feature of character is more beautiful.³ And their natural *manifestations* are correspondingly so. If your heart's core is right, you need not fear to trust its out-workings. And remember that, to do nothing, is worse than to do poorly. Sins of omission often exceed those of commission. Neglect of woman is often worse than awkwardness. Just think how the perfect masculine *ought* to treat the perfect feminine, and treat all females as near this ideal standard as you well can.

Bashfulness is not manliness. Break the ice. Do the best you can, but do *something*, if only to learn the art, the "knack," for next time, and all times to come. Evince no hesitation. Diffidence never takes. Diffidence spoils. Try your pinions, if you would soar. And all true women will accept the proffered kindness, and overlook any accompanying imperfections. And help you through besides.

And why shall not gallantry be *taught*? Even form a constituent part of a boy's education? Why not as much as Latin, or chirography? Is it not quite as great an *accomplishment*? Greater, even?³ How much is a literary boor above a gentlemanly ignoramus? And, does not gallantry sharpen up the intellect, as well as improve the heart, and refine the soul? A talented clown would gain by exchanging some of his abundant talents for more of gentlemanly politeness to the other sex. Perhaps, if only one, better talent than gallantry, but how much better *both united*! Come, every young man of you, all ye men of all ages, study and practice the *art* of behaving properly to ladies. What human art or accomplishment equals it? You should make it as much an acquirement as grammar. Nothing taught at school, academy, or college even, is as important. As intimately concerns your well-being all through life. And really, to be skilled intuitively and practically in natural gallantry—to be able always and everywhere to wait upon the ladies, in

a real, finished, elegant, appropriate style—is a valuable gift, as ornamental, as self-perfecting, as any other manly gift, attainment, or capacity. My fellow-men, vie with me in its cultivation. Let us strive together as to who will do up the agreeable to the gentler sex in the most perfect masculine style.

Not that woman should be too dependent and helpless. Some women act as if too passive, too inert, almost to walk or breathe, without a man to lean on, and practically say all the time, “Do help me, sir.” Too much helplessness spoils. Both men and the gods love to help those that help themselves. True, a woman may be too independent to be lady-like, yet every woman should act as if able and willing to help herself, yet thankfully receive all needed attentions.

But how shall a lady receive these gallant attentions? Never as did Miss Nancy Nippy. Perfectly outrageous. But, *per contra*, always, and everywhere, with a cordial, grateful *acknowledgment*. The least she can any way do is to smile pleasantly on him, and thank him sweetly. Shall not every human being pay for all received from others? Why not? And what real *claim* has she on him? He is under no obligations to her further than those he chooses *voluntarily* to assume. She ought, therefore—it is but due from her to him—to *pay* him somehow. And her grateful acknowledgment is ample payment. Her sweet, feminine “Thank you, sir,” “This is very kind in you,” “I am much obliged,” far more than repays him. His heart bounds, it leaps to his throat, that he has been *privileged* to proffer the kindness and obtain the reward. A woman’s thanks are so very grateful to a true man. Nor is any woman entitled to any more attention from man than she, by her superior loveliness, can make it a free-will offering in him to bestow. And those who *deserve* the most will *receive* the most. And she who is neglected, is so because she ought to be. She should extort, rather prompt, them by her loveliness. Men have gallantry enough. All they require is that it be *elicited*. And female loveliness alone can elicit it. And this can. And always does. An uninteresting woman is, ought to be, neglected, because uninteresting—that is, poorly sexed—unwomanly. It is womanliness, sexuality,^{4 5} that calls out and bestows these gallantries. And they abound or decline in proportion to this sexuality. Cultivate that, and you increase them. Lose that, and you lose them.

“But, I am uninteresting. I was born so. I can not help myself. Then, what am *I* to do?”

Do without, or else cultivate loveliness. One or the other you *must* do. Take your choice. All women have enough to secure passable

attentions, if they will but "let their" sexual "light shine," instead of "hiding it under a bushel." (See Advice to Old Maids.) To call out more attentions, woman has only to be thankful for those she *does* receive.

But if she receives in cold, thankless indifference, he feels sorry that he made the proffer. Not for his loss of comfort, but her non-appreciation. His generous efforts fall back dead upon him, and this palls future attempts.

Another anecdote: A couple of—I will hardly say ladies—females entering a full car, between Columbus and Cincinnati, a Judge, comfortably seated, rose, beckoned out his friend, and politely seated them in his seat, into which they slid without acknowledgment. Still standing at the mouth of the slip, till his presence became oppressive, his friend said:

"Judge, what are you standing there for?"

"Waiting for these ladies to *thank* me," was the reply.

No point in female gentility at all compares with this pleasant "Thank you, sir." Talk about boarding-school accomplishments! They are as trash in comparison. Even music is its inferior. Nor is any want of it equal to its withholding. She is no lady who does, be she dressed in embroideries however rich, and accomplished in all the boarding-school simperings. While she who returns them handsomely is a true lady, though dressed in ragged calico, and scrubbing board floors.

Sometimes a bashful girl, perhaps confused, omits to say, but *looks*, her thanks. Yet this confusion is their highest expression. Her grateful recognition chokes its verbal, but not real expression.

And yet, are there no women, like a child spoiled by pampering, who act—and actions sometimes speak louder than words—

"Well, but you *ought* to take me to concert and saloon, and glad of the chance, because I'm a woman and you're a man. And no thanks to you either."

But, if there is anything perfectly hateful in female manners, it is this impertinent demand on men for service, along with their thankless reception.

Nor will any one thankless woman long be a recipient of these attentions from any one man. He will soon tire of them. And ought to. It is the thanks he gets which repays the service, and prompts a repetition.

But, are American women as particular to return thanks as they should be? Is not here a marked *defect* in the manners of American ladies? Another anecdote:

I usually fit myself for the lecture-room by a brisk run. On a run in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, winding my way one dark evening to the lecture-room, a lady said :

“Please, sir, stop that omnibus.”

I turned, hailed, helped in, when she said, “Thank you, sir,” in a manner *so* pleasant, so lady-like, that I doubted her being American. Not that I would thus disparage my countrywomen, or lower their estimate, but that I *would* put them upon the truest, highest etiquette of their sex. I would expose their faults only to obviate them. And because I would not that my countrywomen should be behind those of any other. Pray, my countrywomen, rely for praise less on ribbons and jewelry, and more on an appropriate, a true style of manners toward men.

But, shall man *bestow* all on woman, and receive none in return ? That man should look more after woman’s comfort than woman after man’s, has been already virtually proved by implication in the rationale of their attentions, namely, that she is so sensitive and dependent, and he so strong. But, shall she have no eye to *his* happiness ?

And when a woman who can sing or play is requested to entertain the company, what affected nonsense, how ungenteel, to decline and re-decline—all the time wanting to show her skill—till impatience annuls expectation ! When ladies *can* thus contribute to the pleasure of the company, gentlemen especially, is it lady-like to refuse till urging becomes unpleasant ? Does not true gentility require her to step right forward on the first asking, as if it were a pleasure, not a task ? As if it made her happy to render them so ? As if she would do the best she could cheerfully, instead of being or making believe ashamed that she can not do better ? And whenever, wherever she can contribute in any way to man’s comfort or enjoyment, ought she not to do so as gladly as man to hers ?

Or shall she in crowded omnibus receive seat after seat from his generous hand, till all are full—half with her crinoline—while she spreads herself over twice the space she needs to occupy, and *lets him stand* ? Shall she not, at least, crowd her hoops and dry-goods into the *smallest* compass, so as to compel him to stand just as *little* as possible ! Yet, *does* she always ? I will hardly say all I might, perhaps ought to, on this point. But do we not too often see a selfishness in her, a neglect of his comfort, an assumption of more than she really needs, thereby compelling him to go without, which betokens less regard in her for his comfort than he manifests for hers ? Is this just right ? Is it not unlady-like ? Is it not unjustifiable selfishness,

even? More. Is it not far more reprehensible than the same selfishness evinced toward her *own* sex? My countrywomen, please consider, and, if needs be, reform.

Nor should women always take all these kindly tenders of man. Not for Miss Nancy Nippy's reason, but because she should not always rob him. It is not womanly to refuse, yet not always lady-like to accept all. Thus, he offers her the only peach, or anything else there is. To refuse it is to reprove his offer. This will not do. She should presuppose he offers in good faith, desiring her to accept, and not refuse for fear she may rob him. She should presuppose that her acceptance will please him. But, accepting, may she not *return* a part? This is the highest point of true gentility. And he should accept the return. And they share it *together*.

Or if he yields her his seat, she should accept. But, after he has stood awhile, she should proffer its return. And he, if fatigued, accept, rest a bit, and re-proffer it.

Nor should a young woman receive the seat of an old man. Her practical language should be, "No, father, I am younger than you, and can stand better. Please, give me the pleasure of seeing *you* enjoy it." Nor is a middle-aged man required to yield his seat to girls, who are yet but little sexed. He may let them lean against his brawny chest; but their relations are now more those of the junior and senior than male and female. Or, if they sit, let them, let woman always, in the crowded assembly, stow herself and crinoline away in the smallest compass possible, in order to make all the room she can for him. And when she descends the stairway in a crowd, *take up her dress*—bring it forward, so that those behind need not step on it.

Still, no definite rules of universal applicability can ever be given her, because "circumstances alter cases." Yes, there is this one universal rule: Let men and women always *feel* and *express* toward each other that exalted *regard* ordained to obtain between the sexes. Let both put themselves on their masculine and feminine *intuitions*, and their mutual manners and treatment will be perfect. And let this chapter thus put all who read it on this exalted sexual platform. Let it teach every man just how to treat the female sex, and every woman just how to treat the masculine, and it will incomparably adorn the manners of both. Will make both happy in each other, and mutually develop each other's sexuality and humanity.

Now, since the mere fact of sex thus beautifies the manners of each sex toward the other, how much more love? Since men and women treat each other thus beautifully in the ordinary walks and thorough-

fares of life, how much more charming the mutual manners of those truly in love with each other ! If humanity is beautiful anywhere, or in anything, it is when in love. The sun shines out on nothing as perfect, or perfectly angelic, as on the proper comportment of lovers toward each other, excepting, of course, that of husbands and wives to each other, which is the most perfect of all, because prompted by the very highest phase of this sexual element. Of which, however, conjugal etiquette included, in subsequent pages—that of lovers, under “Courtship,” and of the married, under “Married Life.”

15. LOVE AS INFLUENCING THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

And does love thus re-quicken the action of all the physical functions, and shall it not also of each and all the mental faculties ? Does not the sexuality appertain quite as much to the mental as the physical of humanity ? As much ? Does it not as much more, as mind is a higher entity than body ? Its sacred mission is to transmit the *whole* being. Then, must it not *pervade* this whole ? And is not the transmission of the mental being even more important than that of the physical ? As much more as mind is superior to body ? Those who suppose this sexual institute is confined to body, fall infinitely short of a just appreciation of both this element itself and its breadth and scope. As mind is the *paramount* entity to be transmitted by love, therefore love must needs pervade, and its various states affect the mental faculties as much more than the physical functions as the mentality is superior to the physiology. And both the mind as a whole, and each of its faculties to build them up when love is happily placed, but to break them down when it suffers disappointment.

Does not love re-enkindle friendship ? Show me an unloving, unloved maid or bachelor, and I will show you one who is cold, cheerless, and unsocial. But a hearty love affair will throw them out, and render them far more warm, cosy, and genial than before.

And the first natural concomitant of love is friendship. Tell me, ye who have loved, if your loved one was not also your best and dearest *friend*, as well as lover ? Indeed, did you not mistake the dawnings of love for friendship merely ? And all who truly love each other are *friends* as well as lovers, and friends *because* lovers—because Adhesiveness co-operates so effectually with Amativeness.

LOVE OF CHILDREN is also enkindled by love of the sex. Mark that young man, when courting his lady-love, pat that rosy boy's cheek, and draw that girl to him, and play with all the younger children while waiting to see their elder sister.

And does not she, too, show more fondness for children since she

began to be courted, than before? And those parents who love each other at all, love all the better from loving their mutual children. And love their mutual children all the better on account of loving each other. Indeed, how many love each other quite well because they love and live in and for the same dear children, who would not love each other at all but for their children! All because Amative-ness elicits parental love.

Love of home, too, is intensified by conjugal love. As birds set about building their domicile immediately after they mate, but build none before, so home, with all its joys, all its virtues,¹ is due to Amativeness. A home, temporary or permanent, becomes a *necessity* immediately after marriage, and in consequence of it, and is rendered how much more cheerful, too, by children. And how cheerless that fireside not enlivened and adorned by some cherub child! But how happy that home full of them! For which thank the love element.

Love also prompts continuity to pore, think, muse, by day, by night, on those we love, as if nothing could ever divert the mind from the object ever present of our affections.

16. INFLUENCE OF LOVE ON COMBATIVENESS AND DESTRUCTIVENESS.

The love element, happily placed, incites Combativeness and Destructiveness to their highest possible pitch of normal action. Not in fierce conflict or ungovernable temper, but in determined energy and unflinching valor. Not only do the masculines of all pugnacious animals fight mainly, and in most deadly conflict, during their love seasons; but a man heartily in love will do and dare, endure and encounter, attempt and execute, to a degree which nothing else could prompt. While the hands of the unloving and unloved hang listlessly, inertly at their sides, those of the loving and loved are taxed to their utmost. No stone is left unturned, no efforts are too great, no obstacles too gigantic, for them not to attempt. While the former do nothing, care for nothing, but laxly let time hang heavily on their hands, and slide carelessly through them, living merely a vacuative, objectless, inane life, or if they essay to do at all, do it tamely, as if they neither expected nor desired success, the latter take right hold with both hands, rush right on, on, with might and main, defying dangers, grappling right in with difficulties, as if to do, dare, and suffer for love's sake were a real luxury, and throw a zest and power into effort which accomplish their ends. Nor can any man ever become a hero, morally or physically, except under the inspiration of love. Let those who would ever do or become anything in this world worthy the doing or becoming, learn this practical lesson from the records of chivalry,

that as no knight-errant ever did or could do any bold, heroic deed of valor or humanity, unless inspired thereto by love, and incited by desire to gain her affections in and for whom he lived, so no man, from the beginning of time to the end of it, ever has done, ever can do, anything great, noble, humane, or worthy, unless inspired by love, and to gain or re-awaken her affections. What stimulates the young Indian to his loftiest deeds of warlike valor, but to enkindle the tender passion in his idolized squaw? And is not this principle quite as applicable to intellectual attainments and moral excellence as to martial exploits? Applicable everywhere, and in everything? Ye men, then, who ever wish to attain or maintain any honorable position among men, must first *love*. And the more intensely and longer, the more a hero you will become in whatever sphere or pursuit you may enlist. All are but tame poltroons who do not. All heroes who do.

But, let this love be reversed, and nothing will sour the temper as effectually as disappointed love. It will render the most amiable irritable and cross-grained, and those naturally cross, actually hateful. Show me a coarse, rough, blustering, threatening churl, and I will show you one who does not duly love; for, if he did, he would look at everything through different glasses, make the best of what transpires, enjoy what he can, but bear patiently what he must, and always wear a smile. And let a woman, ever so sweet-tempered by nature, be disappointed in her affections, and she becomes soured in disposition, looks cross-grained at everybody and thing, and is both hating and hateful; while those not naturally the best tempered become real Zantippes—fretting at every little thing, and storming at every mishap, unless, perchance, disappointed love overcomes Combativeness, when they break down under it, and merely live out a mechanical, slipshod life, trying, indeed, to bless others, while desolate and collapsed within their own souls. Are not “old bachelors” proverbially notional and cross, hard to please, and peevish as a sick child, and old maids often real vixens? True, there are exceptions, consequent on another law, to be explained hereafter; but, have we misrepresented the majority of cases?

But this point will be the more fully seen if we give its reason—that the blasted state of the love organs throws all the surrounding organs into a like state, while their reversed action reverses all the other animal faculties. Let those men, then, who have cross wives, know that they have failed to satisfy their love, and try to obviate their crossness by re-awakening their love; and let women who have churlish husbands apply love as the great panacea for their irritability.

17. LOVE PROLONGS, BUT DISAPPOINTMENT SHORTENS, LIFE.

A happy state of love rekindles desire to live. Vitativeness, or determination to live on in spite of sickness and threatening death, is by far the most efficient of all means of prolonging life and reinvigorating all its functions. Testify, then, all ye who have ever loved, if this love did not intensify your desire to live, both for its own sake, and for the sake of him, her, beloved. This is its legitimate, its universal effect. But let this love be disappointed, and the poor sufferer cares little for life or its pleasures, perhaps even craves death or commits suicide, as a deliverance from the agonies of despair. And this state of mind both produces disease and hastens death; while satisfied love repels disease and lengthens life by mere force of will. And how many invalid women, so weakly that every day would seem to be their last, live on surprisingly and unaccountably, but that they cling to life that they may do and live for loved husbands and children! A happy state of the affections will add many years, while an unhappy state will detract many, from every human life, besides having a like effect on the states of health while they do live.

18. LOVE PROMOTES, DISAPPOINTMENT IMPAIRS, DIGESTION.

Of those unloving and unloved young gents who, having always boarded, have never eaten with a loved one, little need be said; for they are boys yet, to all practical intents and purposes. They may, indeed, relish food, as regards its quantity, but not flavor, and eat voraciously, like the gourmand, but not with the delightful relish of the epicure. Only those can fully know *how* good a good thing does taste who eat *along with* one beloved, and in the *spirit* of affection. And the more of that spirit, the better this flavor. Thus eaten, everything relishes. A dry crust shared in fondness with a loved one is delicious, whereas a stalled ox, eaten in contention, fails to relish. Affection is the best and cheapest—and is it not also the scarcest?—table-sauce on earth. And often renders the poor man's scanty fare more luxurious to him than their dainty dishes and viands to wealthy discordants, not thus seasoned. But, good food and appetite *intermingled* with love alone can give to food that *highest* zest and epicurean relish of which it is capable. Ye, then, who would regale Alimentiveness with the highest earthly dainties, go with him, her, you love into orchard or garden, pluck the choicest fruits, *share* every peach, pear, with each other, interchange looks, words, of mutual affection, and a sharpened appetite returns its finest, highest gratification, besides enabling you to eat twice as much with impunity as

if in a discordant state. And to be pitied he, she, who has no loved one with whom to share a choice dainty. Those men who board at the best hotels, or visit the ice-cream saloons without a woman, or with one they dislike, may call on their dainty and fine fruit and game, but can not begin to enjoy it as they would, if eaten in fondness with their sexual mate. And if a husband finds fault with or at his meals, ten chances to one but dissatisfied love causes this dissatisfaction at meals. How often do wives exemplify this law by waiting till their dinner is cold, and appetite reversed by hunger, instinctively preferring to wait for a loved husband to eat with them, because they take so much more pleasure in eating a cold dinner with him than a warm one without!

And this is reciprocal on his part. That man who gets his dinner "down town," besides forming a habit of getting other things there also, but feeds himself poorly. Let him hurry through his work, and postpone his dinner till after his labor is done. Then he can enjoy both labor and dinner. Then alone will his dinner *nourish* as well as relish. One may eat without injury twice as much in affection as in anger. Nothing is as promotive of dyspepsia as eating in anger, or as specific a panacea for dyspepsia as the pleasant chit-chat of a loving family. Most business men suffer more than they know for, by rushing from business to a restaurant, and guttling down, as with might and main, and rushing back to business, thereby soon becoming too enfeebled to manage their business well. Whereas, let them eat a good breakfast leisurely before business hours, and not eat again till in the bosom of their family, after they have dismissed all business care, all false excitement, they can eat quietly, as well as allow energy to go to the stomach afterward, while they relax in family amusements; and they will rarely contract dyspepsia, or if dyspeptics, this course will soon cure them. And those who get their meals down town soon come to care less for family, and to relish other down or up town repasts; while their families anxiously and painfully pine over the absence of both their husband's and father's presence and affection.

Nor is a table fit to sit down at, unless surrounded by a child or two. Children are as indispensable to a meal as bread itself. And instead of telling your children, "Let your victuals *stop* your mouths," I tell mine to let theirs *open* theirs. "Never a cross word or look at table," should be a family motto. And where families are discordant, each eats separately and by snatches. And if loved wife or child pluck and serve up a plate of delicious berries, or prepare some other choice palatial luxury, such as they know husband and father likes,

or he send home some favorite family dish and she serves it as only affection can serve, how doubly delicious !

19. ACQUISITIVENESS ENKINDLED BY LOVE.

Nor can any motive as effectually rouse love of money, to earn all it can, and keep all it gets, as conjugal love. Those who are happily married, or contemplate marriage, will work better than the unmarried, and command better wages, besides being more frugal, and laying up faster. Considered even as a pecuniary investment, a happy marriage is the best incentive to get a home, and facilitate personal comforts at a trifling cost ; while the bachelor must pay higher for poorer fare, and live from hand to mouth. And good enough for him.

Come, bachelors, own up handsomely. Tell us truly how much you spend per week for cigars and brandy, for "good cheer" with cronies, for bachelor's club bills of one kind and another, for wines, etc., at this meeting and that, and other like expenses you can not well avoid without appearing mean. Own up what *percentage* of your income. Less than half ? Is it not usually more ? Your being unmarried obliges you to have *some* society. This throws you among Romans, and obliges you to do about as your Roman associates do. They spend, and you must foot your part of the bill, or sponge. I speak not now of the bad *habits* there formed. And nothing is more promotive of bad habits and late hours than bachelorism ; or of good ones, and early hours, than a happy family. Nor will anything as effectually wean from bad ones. But I speak of the inherent *expensiveness* necessarily attendant on the unmarried state. It takes away all valid excuse for parsimony, whereas marriage furnishes that excuse as well as incentive. Nor can you well help escorting "the ladies" hither and yon ; and this costs nearly as much as to support an industrious wife.

And those not married are expected to pay threes here and fives there, twos for this ride, and tens for that ball, which is not expected of the married, because their families need their earnings. And how much more they enjoy it, too ! Hence it is far more difficult for a young man to lay up than for the married, both earning the same amounts.

And what holds the plow, swings the hammer, drives bargains, sails ships, works machinery, and does up the industry of civilization in all its ramifications, but the love sentiment, in common with the family relations. See that toiling laborer work from sun to sun, winter and summer, year in and year out, and throw every dollar as fast as earned into the family treasury, saying, "There, wife, get

something for yourself and the children." Let love be struck to-day from the soul of man, and to-morrow hardly a plow would disturb the overgrown earth, or tool or machinery manufacture comforts for the race, or store open, or hum of human industry break in on that universal stagnation, industrial and mental, which must infallibly ensue. We little realize how much of our national prosperity is promoted by love and its requirements.

Yet, he who loves will spend lavishly on his loved one—will work even his fingers' ends off to obviate the need of her doing. Hence, how many fond husbands support their wives in a style of living quite above their means, and of course fail. And how easily loved wife and daughters can *coax* indulgent husband and father to spend more on dresses, parties, and "style" than can be afforded? And how many work like slaves at counter in business, to indulge their families, yet keep from failing?

Woman, too, is rendered both industrious and frugal by love. How many extravagant girls become economical housekeepers? Before they love they refuse to do the least work; whereas, prompted and instructed by love, they easily learn to cook and sew, even to wash and bake, and do gladly ten thousand things which nothing but love could induce them to attempt; while industrious girls, by overwork and pinching economy, often gather together articles required for housekeeping. Yet let even an economical woman be unhappily married, and she cares not for her husband's property, except as far as it enables her to dress splendidly and live in style. Nor is there any accounting for the lavish, almost culpable, wastefulness of many women, but in and by their heartlessness. Their affections starved, their whole being must starve, unless, perchance, they can find a poor substitute in the gaudy trappings of fashionable life. Neither man nor woman "can serve two masters"—husband and fashion; "for either they will hate the one and neglect the other," or "cleave to the one and forsake the other." And rest assured that she who is devoted to fashion is not, can not be, to family. Her heart is not in the right place. Behold in this, in a thousand other ways, how much the love sentiment incites both Acquisitiveness and intellect to industry and material prosperity!

Said a woman, on deciding not to marry the man she loved: "I mean now just to set my cap for some rich fellow, merely to get the means of living in splendor. I must have some life-motive, or die. If I could live in love with the man I loved, I would not care how humble the style; but, denied that, I will captivate and marry the means of gayety and display."

Describing a woman who had large Acquisitiveness as economical and industrious, her husband responded: "Perfectly correct in all but her economy. Instead, she is really extravagant and wasteful." She did not love him. His money was nothing to her, except to spend. What incentive to economy had she? "Support me," is the practical language of discordant wedlock; whereas, "Let us lay up something to enjoy hereafter," is that of affection. The difference is amazing.

(Young men, one special word with you. Many think to work and save on, postponing marriage till they have acquired enough property to support a wife in style. This is a fatal error. In order to *enjoy* a fortune with a wife, it is absolutely necessary that *she help earn it*. It is not the ordinance of nature that young persons should start life rich, but that they *earn* what they have. And both husband and wife should share together any mutual plans and efforts to acquire their property. This alone can give full zest to the mutual luxuries purchased by their mutual earnings.)

20. LOVE ENHANCES OR DEADENS SECRETIVENESS AND CAUTIOUSNESS.

Does not love naturally render its subjects reserved? How reclusive young lovers? Struggling with intense emotion, they yet struggle to hide their passion. Especially does woman often conceal, sometimes even deny, her rising attachment, and say and do what would indicate aversion instead of preference. And how often is a bashful beau utterly unable to express or show what he feels? And, when lovers come to understand and begin to reciprocate love, do they not desire to be together alone in groves or by-paths? And, if they tell their love to outsiders, is it not always with an injunction of secrecy? Who ever "popped the question" before folks?)

Nor does or can anything awaken cautiousness to as high a pitch as love. How intensely anxious each loving party to please and gain the other's love? How fearful, even agonizingly so, lest they displease their loved one, and how intense the anxieties consequent on making a final choice? You, adult reader, have had many anxious thoughts and hours; but what solicitude as deep as that to awaken love in return, or decide whether you would choose this one or that as a life-partner? And if a young woman ever needs advice and wisdom, it is in deciding as to the best resting-place for her affections. Get it, damsel, from the lips of father and mother. Add parental wisdom and counsel to youthful affection. And, parents, see that you advise in wisdom, not in prejudice.

And how choice, precious, to be protected as our richest treasure,

the one we love? "Dear girl, you will get wet, and catch cold; let me throw my coat around you," says the young lover, as he, exposing himself to the pelting storm, would throw his coat around her delicate form. "No, dear; you need it more than I; your health is the most important," is her cautionary reply. How tender, careful, watchful, and solicitous are men of the female they love? And women of their idolized lord? Always giving him advice, counsel, cautionary suggestions, which should be received as marks of affection, not as distrusting his judgment. Caution is a natural concomitant of love. None can love without it.

And how most agonizing the fear that loved one may die, or is in danger of life or limb? How much more so the fear of disappointing affection once gained? And how many young wives, their own love most intense, literally quake with fear from day to day, and month to month, lest unintentionally they might do something to lessen his love or unconsciously offend—a fear which often even causes offenses which would not otherwise have transpired. Young wives, do not allow these fears. They only increase the danger.

21. APPROBATIVENESS QUICKENED BY LOVE.

Are not insect and bird, turkey and peacock, chattering goose and crowing rooster, arrayed in their most gorgeous robes when making love? And what is the whole floral process, so exquisitely beautiful, but a celebration of their nuptials? All floral beauty, then, is but the offspring of love.

So with man, only more so. Of all the things in all this world of which any human being can ever be proud, we are by far the most so on him or her beloved.

See that young miss, tickled to death that she has a beau, take him all round, introducing him to every acquaintance she has, and some she has not, so proud to show how praiseworthy a conquest she has made. And of all the things under the sun of which a woman can possibly be proud, she is by far the most so of gallant attentions bestowed on her by him she loves, because they are public testimonials of his esteem for her. They please her Approbativeness. Let that haughty fashionable be proud of her rich dress, her flowing robes, her brilliant diamonds, her handsome figure, or even her feminine graces and accomplishments, she hardly knows what pride means, in comparison with her who is proud of the man she loves, and who loves her—of his portly figure, his polished manners, his nobleness of spirit, his moral tone or unflinching integrity in times of trial, or of his commanding talents. Wife, have you such a hus-

band, you do not need gaudy attire to swell your approbative sentiment to its utmost proper bounds. Ye only need to flaunt in fashionable attire who have not such masculine object of pride. By as much as a noble man excels gaudy trappings, by so much does her pride who loves and is beloved excel hers who dresses genteelly, but is not beloved. Pitiab! woman, she who is proud only of her dress! Her pride is barrenness. She feeds only on husks. The peacock has more to be proud of, for his beauties are natural; hers only bought. And if women were but proud of affectionate consorts, would they thus run tandem after these foolish milliner fixings? Nor is there any greater sign that a woman is not proud of his love, than that she is proud of her dress. Dressy women little realize what a practical tale of affectional barrenness their devotion to dress proclaims, namely, that they have nothing else to be proud of.

In fact, the very end and object of this dress is to elicit the admiration and affection of men. What other do they, can they have? Every woman whose love is completely satisfied, is satisfied in her pride. Her loved husband praises her, and that suffices. She wants no other, no more. And if she dresses, it is to gratify his pride, not hers. But suspect that woman of unsatisfied love who is all devotion to fashion. The heart's core of her pride is dissatisfied, and hence her restless craving after praise from others, which she seeks to gain by gaudy furbelows. And this stuck-up aristocracy—this codfish, cotton, mushroom aristocracy—this Nippy, Miss Nancy, aristocracy—this dirty dollar aristocracy—this Miss Flora McFlimsy of Madison Square aristocracy, which is the great rage and ruin of society—is it not consequent mainly on unsatisfied love? Deprived of the higher, legitimate, pure objects of pride, they take up with sensuous, material objects. Or, reduced to syllogism, is stated thus: 1st. Woman is confessedly the chief center of aristocracy in all its forms, phases, and follies. 2d. Woman desires first and most to elicit the praise and admiration of men, as a means of gaining their affections. 3d. Therefore those who already have the masculine affection they desire, do not resort to fashionable dress in order to awaken more and other affections, because both pride and affection are already perfectly at rest. And we defy the world to invalidate this syllogism in fact or theory.

Man, too, is equally proud of the woman he loves. Walking arm in arm, her womanly face and figure, her charms, and the admiration they awaken, are but feathers in his cap—he practically saying, "Just see what a fine woman I have selected, and been able to win!" And how he exults when she commends him! Nothing can begin to feast a man's Approbativeness as can and do marks of regard, com-

pliments, commendations from the woman he loves. For nothing else will an ambitious man work as for this. And why do lovers, one and all, involuntarily compliment each other? Why beaux always praising, often actually flattering, the ladies, but because love naturally elicits Approbativeness—both praises and loves to be praised by? But, does love ever mention a fault to the one loved, or to others? She who loves is always hiding, extenuating, excusing foibles, even vices. And he who unmasks his wife's delinquencies, shortcomings, in company, does not love her. Nor does anything kill love stone dead as quickly, as effectually as blame. Approbativeness reversed by Combativeness, reverses love. No husband should ever try to obviate a wife's fault, or wife a husband's, by censure, for this always invariably, by virtue of the very constitution of the human mind, alienates. It is to love what frost is to the tender vine. It palsies, it wilts, it kills. Hence, all scolding, all fault-finding even, is absolutely incompatible with affection. As much so as cold with heat. Those who love instinctively avoid it as fire. This is not the way the sexes should obviate each other's faults. And ye alienated, go back to the first hard feeling engendered between you, the first thorn in your side. Was it not thrust in by some fault found by one or the other, or both? And ye who would re-ignite lost affection, seal your lips forever against censure. No blame administered by either sex ever made the other one iota better. But always only worse. Man and woman were ordained in the nature of things to improve each other by *praise*, not blame. And what is scolding but blame? Woman, anxious to secure your husband's love, never allow one sentence of censure to escape your lips. Praise where you can, but leave the rest unsaid. And blame in and by act is quite as deadening to love as by word. All conduct which implies censure necessarily and always alienates. Lead by praise, not drive by whip; coax as a shepherd his herd. But, more of this hereafter. Till then remember the mental law in which this advice is based.

And, of all the things which humble a man, render him downcast, spiritless, crestfallen, mortified, and unable to hold up his head among men at home or abroad, that inflicted by the disreputable conduct of his wife is the most intolerable. A man may indeed bear reproach for his own wrong-doings, but not on account of his wife's. Reproach his wife even justly, and if he has one remaining spark of love for her, his wrath will boil up and boil over. Nothing equally provokes. And a loving wife, too, becomes almost a maniac in view of any disgrace heaped on her husband. And, if she finds it deserved, she gives up more humbled than anything else could humble her.

A dentist near New Bedford, twenty years ago, wrote me thus: "You are now boarding where my wife also boards. I would give the world to regain her lost affection. Will you do me this greatest of favors—ascertain from her what I have done to alienate her love? And what I can do or suffer, for I will do and suffer anything, to regain it." On catechising her, she answered: "He lacks sense, yet is very forward in company, and says many ridiculous things, which raise a laugh at his expense, but which he ascribes to his smartness. And I never can or will appear in society, or live as a wife with a laughing-stock." I made no reconciliatory effort. It was a gone case. In short, all women seek, live in, live for, the approbation of man. And men in and for the favorable estimation of woman. And each does, becomes what awakens it. Its power is absolute—so powerfully does Amativeness elicit or wither Approbativeness—does a right state of the affections elate, a wrong, crush.

22. LOVE INCREASES SELF-ESTEEM.

So, too, self-respect, the natural product of Self-Esteem, is enhanced immeasurably by a right state of love. Let a man but feel that he is loved by a woman he loves, and he estimates himself the higher because she esteems him. She tells him he is adequate to begin undertakings, and he believes her. She values him—this makes him value himself. He offers his arm—she confidently accepts. Does he not step off with more masculine dignity and power after than before? And why? Because, has he not a valued woman under his protection, bearing practical testimony to his martial power by placing herself under his wing?

Nor is any man duly esteemed in society till he is married. At least, engaged. The "old bachelor" is deservedly a by-word, because it implies masculine inferiority or inertia. And most wonderfully, more than by anything else, is a man really and truly elevated in his manners, style, morals, everything, by the commendation of his sexual mate. Yet nothing will awake a feeling of self-degradation—as if he were good for nothing, and cared naught what became of himself, a willingness even to fairly throw himself away on any sensuous pleasures, and the more the better—equally with disappointed love. And the recklessness of many a disappointed youth and married man will be found consequent on blasted love blasting all self-valuation. A woman on whose favor he doted casts him off, and he now casts off himself. Woman, you little realize the absolute power you wield over man, to build up or break down his self-respect, that basis of all respect. And no small part of the low-lived sensuality, the self-

abasement of our men and women, married and single, is consequent on a prior blight to their affections. Nor would or could anything on earth do as much incalculably to elevate individuals and society, and raise humanity upon a higher, loftier ascending moral and intellectual plane, as a right state of the affections.

23. LOVE INCREASES OR DEADENS FIRMNESS.

To gain the affections of a woman he idolizes, a man will persevere more untiringly, surmount obstacles with more fortitude, and labor more assiduously than to attain any other end or object of life. Yet there is a point beyond which he may not properly press his suit—when Firmness must yield. Let those who have defied the difficulties and dangers of the briny deep, who have gone South to make their fortunes, in the face of all the diseases and prostrations of climate, who have dug California gold by the year, half starved, half clothed, bereft of most civilized comforts and all luxuries, who by a thousand like ways have attested their love in most superhuman determination and sacrifice, that they might marry and bless the object of their love, but attest how potent the stimulant Amativeness furnishes to Firmness.

But, love reversed, Firmness is unstrung. The broken-hearted can be led anywhere, tempted every way, with unresisting compliance.

24. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS ENLIVENED BY LOVE.

Reader, have you ever loved? Then bear this sacred witness, that in and by the very act and fact of loving, you were elevated morally, and your disposition to do right vastly increased thereby. Did not this sacred sentiment place you upon a higher moral platform than you occupied before? Did it not assuage your groveling passions, purify your desires, and enkindle aspirations for a higher moral life? And have you never seen even bad men reformed by its power, so as to become good, and good made better? We will not attempt to compare the moralizing power of love with religion—to say which is most efficient in rendering the bad good, and good better; but this we do say, that no bad man can be found who is in a happy state of the affections, for that state would render the very worst of men good, and the very brigand an excellent citizen. It will reform and moralize one and all. I never knew but one criminal who loved his wife, and he robbed the post-office that he might gratify her love of display. Most criminals are badly married, or not married at all. If all were happily mated, to the full satisfaction of the love element, not one criminal lawyer, judge, jury, jailer, State's prison, or gallows would

ever be required, for scarcely a crime would be perpetrated. And what cause of drinking as potent as unsettled love? For it throws all the faculties into a craving, hankering, voracious, half-crazed state, of which alcohol is the expression and natural food. Those who love trip lightly homeward the moment their day's task is done; and their tempter—hideous monster—if he dare look in, dares not enter. But, let ever so good men and women be unhappy in their affections, and even if they do not stray, they are desperately tempted. And all honor if they resist. To be pitied more than blamed for their sins those whose love is suffering a blight, for that fact deteriorates this moral tone and rekindles their animal passions, besides irritating the nervous system, and thus begets passion's cravings. Behold the mighty moral influence of the family over the morals of both parents and children! Is it not all due to the love element? Has it not sexuality as its base? For how could we have the family without sex, any more than sight without eyes? And the stronger this sexuality, the more potent the moral power it wields. Blot it out, and little would remain of the power even of religion as a moralizing agent. While this doctrine does not underrate religion, it does not, can not, overrate the virtue-promoting powers of love. Would that even the religious minister appreciated it as a moral lever, and taught its promotion in order to promote righteousness.

25. INFLUENCE OF LOVE ON HOPE AND DESPAIR.

“Man never *is*, but always *to be* blessed.”—POPE.

To the youthful mind, just opening out upon life, and quaffing its variegated pleasures, what one surpasses, at all equals, that of hope! But hope of *what* renders the expectant youth as really ecstatic, what literally *transports* as does the expectation of gaining the heart and hand of one beloved? And to what other kind of future pleasure does humanity look forward with a tithe as much anticipation as to the joys expected in their prospective union? “Now, if I can only succeed in winning the affections of that dear girl, my fortune is made in very deed,” thinks a tender-hearted swain. “How blissful! Our future union will render me so inexpressibly happy!” And so it does, till love is chilled. Said a young lady, talking of a former lover: “I can not help hoping I shall yet marry my George; and if I should, oh how superlatively happy I shall be!—so happy, that I shall not want even to go to heaven, because happy enough on earth, but want to live always.” Hope of neither property nor fame, of neither attainments nor possessions, of nothing else whatever elates the human soul as does an anticipated marriage with

one beloved. Testify, ye who have loved, was not this description more than verified in your own delightful experience?

And ye who have been disappointed as to speculations, property, or any other cherished hopes, and likewise in love, did not your love disappointment fall on you with a far more crushing weight than all others united? Would you not prefer success here with disappointment *everywhere* else, to disappointment here with success everywhere else? Let loss follow loss in quick succession, till all other hopes are stricken down, and lovers will console each other with, "Well, since our love remains, since we are spared to each other, and can love on, struggle on together, what matters it?" Adversity with love is better than prosperity with hatred.

But let the love hopes perish, and what else remains? Let a woman live in every assurance of a prospective fortune, with all its honors and luxuries—of anything, of everything else whatsoever—but let the frosts of disappointment nip the opening buds of her affections, and she yields to unmitigated despair. This gone, all is gone. And oh, how cheerless and hopeless, how utterly crushed out, that wife who, married unhappily, looks forward only to a life of unrequited love! She feels as if the last bud were plucked from the rose-bush of her future anticipation, there remaining only the sere and yellow leaf of autumn, and the leaflessness and dreariness of winter.

A man of splendid natural talents, having a magnificent head, one of nature's noblemen, said: "Let me accompany you to the cars. Ride there with me." We started. Opening his large but moist eyes, he began: "You have just described myself, wife, and children phrenologically. You touched off graphically those traits which rendered it impossible for me to live affectionately with her. I married in the highest hopes and utmost assurance of a happy life. Ten days after, I woke as from a dream—to the terrible consciousness that there existed between us no mutual affinity, only mutual disgust.* My life was spoiled. I have been good for nothing ever since. Before, I was rising in the world; since, I have been sinking. Before, life was all buoyancy; since, it has been all one sullen calm. Before, I longed to live; since, I have craved to die. I am undone!" And fear and despair blurred his vision as he continued: "Before, my hopes, plans, prospects were bright, exhilarating. This blight blasted all. I had no heart even to try. Could not go into company, because I could neither play the hypocrite nor bear to expose my misfortune

* She was miserably sexed. Amativeness was small, and that assimilating, blending element it creates, weak. She could neither love nor elicit love, because barren in the love element.^{4 5} He had married a cold, heartless *thing*

to others. I had labored with might and main for house, furniture, and creature-comforts before marriage, in the highest expectations of domestic happiness. All now suddenly fled. A cold chill and mental numb-palsy supervened. I have since done barely business enough to live along. I care to do no more. Ambition fled with hope. My most burning intensity for this, that, the other, was suddenly quenched. Intensely desirous of having a growing group of happy children I could call mine, yet religiously believing the great majority of human souls were pre-ordained to suffer eternal torment, I could neither run so great a risk, nor call children mine by so poor a mother. Thus perished ten tedious years of life's parental heyday. My Calvinistic doctrines changed. But I could hope for only poor, miserable children by such a mother. You have examined all three. Your examination did not encourage me. It could not. You said they were inferior. They *are* so. I own it. Such a *dis*-union could produce nothing better. They promise hardly mediocrity.* Conscious of superior natural endowments, I have let my hands hang down in listless indifference, merely drifting with the current. I have tried my best, but all in vain, to awaken in her something, if only a straw, to save my drowning hopes. For instance: Lately my children had been fired up with the idea of taking part in a public exhibition of their school. They teased pa to go. I said, 'Yes, we will take mother, and have a happy jubilee.' I proposed it in my handsomest manner to her. Children, delighted, chimed in with their persuasions. Wife consented, and seemed pleased. "Now," said I to myself, 'we will have at least *one* happy family amusement.' But she soon began to object. At last, refused to go. This broke the spell. I went with children. They enjoyed it, but kept saying, 'Wish mother was here. Pa, why didn't she come too?' Thus far, since marriage, my life has been a perfect blank. I expect nothing in the future. You ascribed to me great energy, ambition, and power to plan and think. I am conscious of possessing all that you ascribed to me by nature, but not in practice. Now, what shall I, can I do? Try on, or give up, and lie down and wait to die? I would commit suicide to-day—would throw myself on the railroad track, just before that rushing engine, but that I will not entail on my children and friends the disgrace that their father and relative committed suicide."

Poor man! A noble ship without her masts! A soaring eagle with clipped wings! And lead tied to his claws! A proud stag without antlers or feet! A noble man wrecked! In very deed,

* During the examination I had expressed astonishment that they fell so far below their potentialities—especially father, ascribing the cause to maternal inanity and depression.

"good for nothing" to himself or the world! Are there no others? Has he no brothers and sisters in sorrow and disappointment? The woe-begone facial expression of oh! how many, perhaps of your own, too, and especially of married women, proclaim a life blighting of hope, of spirit—a vacuity, an inanity, such only as blighted love can induce. Few realize from what fountain run their own, much less others', crushing discouragement. It is from disappointed love.

"But why tantalize us by depicting our hopeless wretchedness?" say some.

Wait a little. A brighter page will soon unfold. Fortunately, however, the majority at least of men drown their connubial disappointments in business, which accounts for that incessant drive, drive, drive, early and late, year in and year out, which many men evince. If happy at home, they would spend fewer hours in the counting-house—would not have so much business out evenings. Yet, better business than nothing. But they must do something, or die of sheer inanity. And better business than nothing. Or vicious amusements. And this social desperation rouses Combativeness, and renders them all the more indomitable and grasping—anything to fill the vacuity of disappointment. But it also renders them stern, rough, obstinate, cold, and selfish, and, while it increases their power, it diminishes that softness necessary to sanctify it.

And are there no women who, desolate at heart, attempt to supply the place of blighted love-hopes by the frivolities and splendors of fashion? But, how futile the effort! Still, better this than despairing inanity.

But, if business or fashion were all, the evil would be slight as compared with what it now is. How many, oh! how many masculine vices and feminine frailties result from this very social despair! Finding no heart-rest at home, they seek in grog-shop and gambling-saloon, and other haunts of infamy, carnal gratifications they would never crave, would even shrink from, if happy in love.

26. SPIRITUALITY ENKINDLED BY LOVE.

Does not love create a certain ethereal, elated, ecstatic feeling—a feeling not of this world, but of another? As if we hardly knew whether we were in the body or out of the body. Testify, ye who have ever loved, whether it did not spiritualize every exercise of all your faculties? A very highly organized woman becomes, as it were, a prophetess to him she loves. Is any course likely to prove disastrous, she foresees the disaster by, as it were, a spiritual intuition, and sounds her note of alarm. Or, if she, guided by internal presentiments, feels that a given course is best, best it is. So that he

who has a fine-grained and loving wife has a sure guide in all the little, in all the great affairs of life. A sort of guardian-angel, to forewarn of danger, and point out the path of safety—a possession truly invaluable. But those who hate, never experience either these ecstatic feelings or internal premonitions. This same spirituality is also a natural guide in making a right selection—of which in its place. And that union of spirit, though separated in body, already described, is due mainly to spirituality being re-increased by love.

27. VENERATION ENKINDLED OR DEADENED BY LOVE.

Even the atheist who truly loves will involuntarily invoke Divine guardianship in behalf of her he loves. And it is when the devout worshiper bows before the *family* altar, thanking God for past blessings, and supplicating their continuance, that his veneration raises its highest orisons of gratitude, of prayer, of praise. Phrenology sanctions family worship. It is but the confluent action of Veneration and the loves. And no small part of the church-going of mankind is due to the family. Men would not contribute a tithe as much to religion as now, but that they would fain provide a place where they can go to meeting with their families. Ye who have ever loved, testify, did not love infinitely intensify worship? And despair in love breed infidel feelings? Make you almost feel to “curse God and die?”

28. BENEVOLENCE ENHANCED BY LOVE, BUT HARDENED BY DISAPPOINTMENT.

Are not those who love each other ever and forever offering themselves up upon the altar of each other's happiness? And so far from feeling it a task to do for each other, it is but their highest *pleasure*. Nothing yields the human soul greater happiness than contributing to the happiness of one beloved. All mating animals are one round of mutual kindness. And what superhuman endurance of fatigue, of sleeplessness, of privation and suffering, such as human nature could not possibly endure but for the inspirations of love, do fond wives evince around the sick beds of their husbands! It is but love's natural free-will offering. Does his loved one express a want, cost it what it may in exertion, in dollars, is he not but too happy to procure it? Is not indulgence but the natural language of love? And that churl who begrudges his wife this or that luxury, be it even a white, does not love, for love would say, “Wife, I am so glad that you wish this. And that it is in my power to gratify that wish. Tell me more I can do for you.” If she must bake or wash, does he begrudge her good and water? “Wife, you have been con-

fined all day—come, let me mind our child while you recreate a bit at concert or lecture.” Next day, will she not say, in return, “Husband, can I provide any little table luxury for you to-day?” Is not kindness the natural offering of affection? Can love exist unattended by sympathy? Especially how natural for man to supply every possible little comfort to woman! How much he enjoys bringing home some dainty luxury for her palate! Some nice acquisition to her wardrobe! Some article needed about the house! Thus continually pouring forth his benevolence at her feet. And he who does not, does not love. And she who loves will reciprocate.¹³ Will strive to give *more* than receive. And each be so very careful not to wound the other’s feelings. Nor does true love ever tease or hector.

Yet there are husbands who furnish plenty of money and every possible creature-comfort, but omit affection. Are kind, but not fond. And there are also many wives who work early and late, and are the kindest possible, who endeavour to do their whole duty, yet omit that *greatest* right and kindness of all—affection. Kindness is the smallest half. They do, yet hate. Far better to love more, even though you do less.

And what a world of unkindness obtains between discordant husbands and wives! Husbands will often see their wives struggle to their very utmost, and slowly sink as they struggle, under burdens which benevolence could and would lighten or wholly relieve. And the most cold-blooded cruelties ever inflicted by human being on humanity, torturing out their very life by slow but agonizing inches, are often inflicted by hating husbands on hated wives, or hating wives on hated husbands.

“Earth hath no fiend like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.”

When hatred supervenes on love, a calloused spirit supervenes on tenderness. Ye married, were ye not somewhat more obliging and tender before marriage than since? *Love* has declined. And with it tenderness. Rebuild it, and you restore kindness. While kindness, in like manner, rekindles love. And, *per contra*, the best way to rekindle love is by kindness; for, by a law of mind we come to love both those on whom we bestow, and from whom we receive, kindly offices.

And does not neglect of those we pretend to love both prove our hypocrisy and kill their love? Said a stricken woman: “I loved my husband with my whole soul. All my interests were to promote his. To him I consecrated every particle of my strength, my youth. He fell sick. I nursed him till he began to recover.”

sick, consequent on over-devotion to him. But, how great the change ! I could not tear myself from his sick-bed night or day. He could not stay an hour by mine. His *work* must needs be done, though I suffered of neglect. Now flashed the truth across my mind, that he did not love me. Could not, or he would not thus sacrifice my relief to his work. My love perished. My heart became hardened. Desolate, all alone in the world, another man, who was kind to me, involuntarily re-awakened my love. I tried to reinstate my love, but in vain. I told my—to me—dead husband all, and confessed, but could not return. And here I am, estranged by unkindness. I would help myself, but can not. Is he, or am I, most to blame ?”

29. CONSTRUCTIVENESS, IDEALITY, AND SUBLIMITY ENHANCED BY
LOVE

And is not Constructiveness enkindled by love ? Do not mated birds build their pretty nests during their honeymoon ? Or, could they build thus beautifully or artistically unless inspired by love ? Or how many domicils do old bachelors or old maids build ? Blot out love, and only rookeries would be built at all. Nor many even of these. But, no sooner do two settle their love, than, if any way able, they together plan and build their future home, which they consecrate by love. And often spend on it more than they can well afford. And does not love incite as well as increase his mechanical skill ? And does not her hand, prompted and guided by love, execute many articles of ornament or use which only love would have conceived or attempted ? Unloving, unloved, she will not work. Will neither make nor repair garments. Whereas, loving, beloved, she becomes both able and willing to cut and make, to work and mend, to draw and paint—anything to help along.

And are not lovers proverbially sentimental ? Is not love always poetical ? And poetry the most natural expression of love ? Whenever a youth attempts to versify, rest assured he is beginning to love. Nor can gifted minds write poetry fit to read, unless inspired by love. Are not Byron's love effusions his most poetic ? And Burns' even more ? And Sappho's most ?

And does not love polish the manners ? That awkward country lass, as long as she remains unloving, unloved, cares little how she looks, and is the same in her hair, in her hair in appearance. But

becomes. If naturally attractive, love renders her far more so. Every action seems inspired. Every motion becomes classical, elegant,⁸ and everything about her the personification of neatness.

But in disappointment, her finest attire lacks a certain finish, style, which nothing but love can give it. More so at home in *dishabille*. Her hair, combed perhaps, but not neat. Her dress, perhaps not ragged or filthy, but evincing neglect, as if she did not care to look tidy. Her room in glorious confusion. A disheveled aspect throughout. What else renders so many tidy girls such slatternly housekeepers?

See, too, that disappointed swain. Hat slouched. Boots old. Stockings and linen unwashed. Pins and sticks instead of buttons. Beard long, if he pretends to shave at all; disheveled, if he does not. Hair uncombed. Clothes seedy. Shabby-looking throughout. Only love, or the hope of it, can ever keep a man neat in person.

And the fond wife makes and mends, washes and irons, combs and brushes, till she keeps her loved one *looking* nicely.

Further: Does not female society polish men? What would even genteel men be without it! Coarse boors. Every man proclaims, in and by his manners and appearance, how much he has, or has not, mingled in female society. And the same men are much more cleanly and mannerly in female society than out of it. And woman's manners are equally refined by mingling with men.¹³ How wonderfully the sexes are refined and polished in feeling, in manners, in spirit, by each other! All by the working of this law—Amativeness as enkindling Ideality.

And do not lovers likewise love dearly to hold sweet communion together by rippling stream and in fairy pathways? In shady grove and by silvery moonlight? By admiring together beautiful landscape and sunset? By plucking together pretty flowers, and weaving them into ornamental bouquets? Does not love render them even too dreamy and unreal for this gross earth and its material relations?

And the very best way to live in affection, and to re-enlist drooping love, is thus to adore God in the beautiful, in nature and art. If the married would but establish a habit of mutually enjoying together the pure and beautiful, they would thereby both assimilate and intensify their love. Try the experiment, ye dissatisfied.

If you can and will admire bird, tree, flower, nature, and art to-

formities. Her flowers now seem dingy. Her charming prospects have lost their charm. Her gayly-plushed songsters have lost their thrilling notes. The plumage of her gay warblers is unheeded, or retrovert the dissatisfied eye. Her very sun rises and sets in odium.

“Thou glorious orb, supremely bright,
Just rising from the sea,
To cheer all nature with thy light,
What are thy beams to me?

“In vain thy glories bid me rise
To hail the new-born day;
But ah! my morning sacrifice
Is but to weep and pray.

“But what hath nature’s charms combined,
To one whose weary breast
Can neither peace nor comfort find,
Nor friend whereon to rest?

“Oh! never, never, while I live,
Shall my heart’s anguish cease!
Come, friendly Death, thy mandate give,
And let me be at peace.”

And those who write and love sad poetry and minor moods thereby proclaim their affectional disappointment. And also reincrease it. Nor should that class of literature be encouraged. Its entire effect is injurious on health, mind, energy, happiness, humanity.

Love eclipsed, all beauty suffers a like eclipse. Nature loses her wonted loveliness. Her bloom is effaced. Her glory departed. And even life itself has lost its young zest, its sparkling freshness, and fallen back in mere vegetative monotony upon those disappointed in love.

30. IMITATION AND MIRTH INCREASED BY LOVE.

By a first law of mind we pattern after, make examples of, those we like, but absolutely refuse to conform to those we dislike. Children never mimic, except in ridicule, those they hate. But that boy that likes his pa, or uncle, or teacher, is forever doing what they do. Now, is, or is not this a natural human instinct? Animal, even? And how forcibly it appertains to love! How involuntarily those that love fall in with each other’s habits, idiosyncrasies even! And how naturally, how perfectly they conform to and assimilate with each other! The reason for this conformity has already been given.⁶ And a most beautiful provision it is, too. Nor should any dispute arise as to which shall set and which follow the example for that loves most will *thence*

MIRTH AWAKENED BY LOVE.

Was not Cupid called the laughing god? Does not love bedeck the countenance with its sweetest, loveliest smiles? How natural to joke those just beginning to love! And they love to be joked. And what starts the risibles of all, coarse and refined, as quickly as allusions to love-matters? How merry, how light-hearted, how sportive and gay, how lively and frolicsome all who are in love!

But, disappointed, how very sad! How solemn, serious, woe-begone, and loth to smile, as though bereft of every friend on earth, every dollar, every terrestrial good! How spiritless and deadened, like fallen dough, those whose love has failed to find congeniality or gratification! How strangely, sadly, that once lovely woman has altered since her marriage! Before, so blithe and full of fun. Before, the fiddle of the company. After, how chopfallen! A smile rarely enlivens her sunken cheek. Only a bastard laugh—a half grin, half glare. And when occasion forces a laugh, she chokes it down, as if it were out of place. At least incongruous. And so it is. Incongruous, because disappointment has stereotyped sadness upon her entire being, till mirth has become sacrilegious. Melancholy is the rule, joy the exception. “Gambol on, merry lamb. Sing away, lively bird. Laugh on, sportive child. *You* can be happy, I never. But must remain forever bowed down with sadness,” is her response to all life and cheerfulness. Why are children and youth universally so much more vivacious than their elders? Disappointment in love furnishes the main answer.

Amusements, too, participated in along with the family, are much more beneficial than solitary recreation. And how much more gross and sensual those amusements in which men participate without than with their families! And how foolish and frivolous, too, female conversation and sports unattended by children and husband! Not so when love sanctifies them and their pleasures.

31. LOVE PROMOTES OBSERVATION, FORM, SIZE, WEIGHT, AND COLOR.

Does not love sharpen the eye of every lover to scan every motion, every look of the opposite sex in general, and loved one in particular? Do not women observe men much more closely than women? And men, women than men? And those in love doubly sharply? Does it not quicken the eye of the lover, and quicken the eye of the loved one? Does it not incite size

bouquet, the ornamental dress, the handwriting of the *billet-doux*—everything? Does it not improve weight, by increasing the sprightliness, briskness, of the walk, dance, every movement of the lover and the loved?^s ° And is not color heightened by love? Behold that beautiful glow on the maiden's cheek, that modest blush, that ruby lip! And all painted as none but love can paint. But an ashy pallor supervenes when love dies. And are not all lovers, even the plain clodhopper, passionately fond of flowers when in love?

Love also paints all objects in most glowing colors. Landscape is more rich and varied in hue. Peach more finely painted. Flowers tinted with more gorgeous hues. And green all the greener. Yellow all the yellower. And everything more beautifully colored when viewed through eyes of love. The reverse when love is reversed.

32. ORDER, TIME, AND TUNE REINCREASED BY LOVE.

Let even a sloven come to love a methodical woman, and he soon becomes spruce and painstaking. Let a slattern become enamored, and she naturally learns to keep her house, clothes, etc., in perfect order. How many women marry without the first idea of method or housekeeping, whom no motive but to please those they love could induce to touch household matters, become first-rate housekeepers! But what disorder and confusion worse confounded—no time, no place for anything, meals out of season, everything out of joint—is the natural consequence of discord! Love and order naturally enkindle each other.

Still, disappointment sometimes increases order. A married woman, unloving, unloved, sometimes turns to method and neatness as a diversion or hobby, because she has nothing else on which to expend her energies, and as a relief from the *ennui* of disappointment. And such become excessively particular. And are not unmarried ladies of questionable age proverbially old-maidish as to order? And advancing bachelors bachelorish as to the fit and cleanliness of their apparel? And how many husbands, disappointed in their wives, perhaps dissatisfied with their marriage, make up in extra devotion to business what they lack in devotion to wife? And that we do sometimes find excellent bachelor scholars is undeniable—better, possibly, than if in imperfect love. And it is further admitted that conjugal discord often so irritates them, as to cause a pushing out into more energetic efforts than if in a passable state of love. But to a life-long application of either or all the mental faculties a love mood is an indispensability of fact and philosophy.

Time, too, is promoted by love. Does not the dance owe its chief

attraction to perfection in time? But does it not require both sexes to dance well?⁹ How spiritless, inappropriate, the dance of either sex alone! And does not that brisk, lively, genteel, gallant style of manners, promoted by Amativeness,¹⁴ also promote the merry dance? And those who have lost their love care little for the merry ball. Their dancing days are over. Love begets, crushed love crushes, both desire and ability to shake gayly the light, fantastic toe. And do not those who have loved each other keep step in walking, while those who do not love can not, will not step together?

That family regularity in our every-day habits, eating, retiring, rising, everything, both prolongs life and renders it by far happier, Phrenology demonstrates. As also that irregularity is practical suicide. Now, love promotes the former, disappointed love, the latter. And those who truly love will be at home in good time, keep good hours, and be regular in all the duties of life. In short, what one thing promotes health, longevity, scholarship, morals, happiness, and progress as effectually as periodicity, or periodicity as conjugal affection?

And does not love naturally promote song? And do not all singing birds sing most, and most sweetly, in their mating season? And is not the human voice rendered far more sweet and soft, more melodious and impassioned by love?¹⁰ Does not love beget that exhilaration of spirit which naturally expresses itself in lively music? Nor is a girl's music worth the hearing. It lacks richness and sexuality. Only the music of those that love is music. All else is trash. None can sing or play charmingly till they have loved. None in disappointment. And why is so much pains taken to render girls accomplished in music, but because it awakens love, and expresses love? Because Amativeness and Tune are twins? Not only does sexuality give that deep bass voice to the man, and fine tenor voice to the woman, but the love state softens, sweetens, and enriches the faculties of both.¹⁰ How superlatively enchanting the music of fully-matured women would be, if brought up and kept in an affectionate mood from childhood, can not be imagined! Yet, alas! very rarely indeed is the love of woman completely developed, while the great majority of females have either that mongrel voice, or that tameness and goneness, which disappointment always causes.¹⁰

33. MEMORY INTENSIFIED BY LOVE.

Memory, too, is intensified by love. Cast the optics of memory, mature reader, over the vista of your own past. Some scenes strike on your retrospective vision in bolder prominence, in clearer outline, than other reminiscences, like mountain peaks along a day's journey.

How bounds, how throbs the old heart as memory lights on this, that, the other young love season ! Age remembers nothing as vividly as its young love. Nor does middle age, any age.

How vividly Locality recalls the winding pathway, the rippling stream, the little mound, the green-leaved tree, the exact place and looks of every object associated with love ! Lovers remember even the very conversation, words, which passed between them. Every look and act is written imperishably, as with the point of a diamond, upon the tablet of memory. And if husbands and wives, through life, but duly loved each other, that love would consecrate every walk and ride they take together. Every peach they pluck and share. Every delicious morsel eaten in common. Every kind office, however trifling, throughout their entire lives. In short, love hallows, sanctifies, consecrates, and embalms whatever scenes transpire in its sphere. Especially that proudest of all seasons, proposal and acceptance.

But, upon what dwells memory with as painful pangs as on love *broken* ? The first love-spat never is, never can be forgotten. Contention hardens, frenzies even, and all the incidents with which they are connected sink right into the very disc of memory with an imperishable brand, there to stand, hideous, glaring, painful to behold, yet forever before the eye of memory, undying, though dying to die.

34. LOVE AWAKENS LANGUAGE AND REASON.

Lovers always have a world to say to each other. And say it always eloquently. On beginning their evening's chit-chat, they know not what they can find to talk about, hour after hour. But love furnishes both matter *and* manner. It talks, talks, talks, on, on, on, incessantly. And beautifully. It chooses acceptable words. It even waxes eloquent. It furnishes classical matter and manner to those whom nothing else could raise above mediocrity. They tell each other all. They magnify all. And when separate, they must write. Can not live without it. Write every week. And attentive husbands, away from home, often daily. And write *long* letters. And beautifully composed. Sheet after sheet, margins included. And written criss-cross at that. Indeed, they never know when to stop ; but the more they love and write, the more they want to. And such " words that breathe, and thoughts that burn ! " And so much *meaning* condensed into such intense expressions. Compliments so feelingly, delicately, touchingly expressed. Descriptions how descriptive ! Sentiments how sentimentally expressed ! And all so full of thought ! Nothing awakens reflection. forethought, ratiocination,

contemplation, discrimination, and sense, as does love. It also quickens Causality to advise the very best ways and means of accomplishing ends or escaping danger in emergencies. How much richer, deeper, the flow of ideas in those who love than in the same person unloving and unloved ! Let those who love and have been loved but recall to mind how full of something to say they were when in love. Are not love-letters, besides being so long, so beautifully composed and written, so glowing, so descriptive, so full of elevated sentiments, better in every single characteristic of fine composition than writings prompted by any other mental stimulus ? And would not a volume of the love-letters of gifted minds be the most readable, instructive, poetical, philosophical, and really brilliant book ever penned ? See "Loves of the Poets." Reader, re-read your own love-letters. Was not every sentence literally inspired ? Could you ever have thought it in you to write thus well ? Yet, if you had continued to love, you would have continued to write better and better.

The conjugal correspondence of both the Adamsses illustrates our point. And the love-letters written to Aaron Burr are said to surpass anything ever written for intensity and beauty of expression. And what imparts to novels their chief attraction but the love-mood in which they are generally composed ?

But, let love be blasted, and oh, what dull stupor comes over intellect ! A numbness, a palsy of thought and expression ! So unsocial. Answers few. And monosyllables mainly. Averse to conversation on any subject. Face turned *from*, not to, at table, walking, riding. Those married who do not love say nothing, have nothing to say, think nothing. A vacuity of intellect, of expression. An absent-mindedness as if the entire intellect were deadened. And if there is any weariness most weary, any monotony most monotonous, any repugnance most repugnant, it is being tied for life to one loathed, not loved. The tread-mill, the dungeon, *anything* rather. Most pitiable such. Yet are there not many such ? Do not these doctrines agree with the observation, experience of all who have had either ?

And are not, also,

35. AGREEABLENESS AND HUMAN NATURE ENHANCED BY LOVE ?

See how much more complimentary, taking, charming, more courteous and bland those become who are in love. And the more in love, the more pleasing and winning. And if all were in a love-mood, none would ever be in a cross, repellant one, but always only in a fascinating one.

Those in love have a peculiarly attractive way of saying and

doing things which invariably draw others around them ; while those in disappointment involuntarily repel. The former are lovely, the latter hateful, to all. One feels, as it were, drawn to the former, but driven from the latter. Love throws its votaries into the *honey mood*, from its first dawn, as long as it continues. Indeed, what but this very principle gives to the coquette her coquettishness ? And to young women their loveliness ? All the faculties seem to take on an insinuating action, which throws an indescribable charm, a sacred halo around whatever emanates from them.

This being thus as to its outside observers, how much more so to its *participants* ? How spell-bound, fascinated, each lover by the one beloved ! But words only mock our subject. Let the actions of lovers, let the memories of those who have loved, bear witness, not merely to the truthfulness of this principle, but to the *extent* of that truthfulness.

Yet, in disappointment, how changed all ! The whole cast of action, then so attractive, has now become so repulsive. Those very faculties which then took on a complexion so lovely, now take on one so hateful. Those fascinating little sayings and doings then so smooth, now so rough. Then so soft, now so harsh. Then so sweet, now so sour and bitter. Not to each other merely, but to all—the very cat and dog included. What demon has plucked that wheat, and sown these tares ? *Disappointment.*

Many a time, while describing character phrenologically, have I felt the need of two charts and descriptions for the very same persons, faculties, and combinations—the one for those in love, the other for those in disappointment, so effectually does reversed love reverse the entire tone, cast, and practical workings of the phrenological faculties, throughout all their every-day manifestations.

And doubly hateful to the other party. Both being in a hateful mood in general, they become doubly repugnant to each other. While those in disappointment repel all, they doubly repel the party in and by whom they have been disappointed. Indeed, actions tolerably agreeable to others, now become most odious to those offended ; partly because of the disagreeable mood of the acting party, but more so because of the jaundiced eyes of the hating observer. Ye who are unhappily married, please recall the heaven-wide difference between your feelings then and now, and appreciate the double cause ; first, the different *moods* of each, and especially the *optics* through which each looks, and try to restore your former charms by restoring your former affectional, and therefore captivating mood. Those in disappointment little realize how perfectly repugnant that mood renders them. Nor those in love how inexpressibly fascinating.

HUMAN NATURE, or perception of character, is also quickened by love. Do not men instinctively discern the beauties and deformities of female character, and women those of men, sooner than either sex those of its own? Can not knowing women read men through and through much quicker and better than women women, or men men? And do not men scrutinize, as it were *feel*, or scent out the characteristics of women with more instinctive correctness than those of men?

Hence, when a wife, loving and beloved, warns husband against certain masculine acquaintances or customers, he had better heed her warning; and wife those of husband. A beautiful and useful fact in the natural history of love. Yet disappointment blinds this discernment, at least of the excellences of the opposite sex, while it sees only their deformities.

36. LOVE BUILDS UP OR BREAKS DOWN THE ENTIRE BEING.

In fine, nature has placed the destinies of the entire being on the altar of love. Its normal exercise enkindles a new flame throughout the whole being, to light, warm, intensify, exhilarate, and intoxicate, almost to delirium, not only each individual faculty separately, but also all combined. Beyond all computation does a right state of the affections exalt, ennoble, and electrify the *entire* man. And doubly so, woman. Words are powerless to portray its beneficial influences. Imagination, even, can not measure them. No condition, no stimulant, no other faculty, no other motive whatever, at all begins to wield over human life and destiny, over the entire being, as a whole, and every integral part and parcel of it, down throughout all its minutest organs and functions, anything like the quickening, elating, even ecstatic influence wielded by reciprocated affection. It even effects a complete physical and mental regeneration. Its subjects seem to themselves as though new beings. As though a new world had opened upon their enlarged vision, so wonderfully does it quicken and intensify every life-function. Hence, since by a well-known law, exercise strengthens and develops every physical, every mental faculty, and since love warms, elicits, excites every mental, every physical function, of course love *cultivates*, expands, improves each singly, and all collectively. And the more and longer one loves, the more does this sentiment discipline and develop the whole being: physical, social, passionate, aspiring, intellectual, and moral. Nothing improves our entire humanity in comparison with love.

It moreover evolves a thousand virtues and powers, which otherwise must lie dormant. It does for humanity what good farming does for rich lands—crowns it with magnificent crops of grains and fruits.

Of course it improves those most who are best sexed, but the less, the weaker this element. And our description pre-supposes not mere spiritless things, but love subjects, fully endowed with this element. And, likewise, its bestowment upon one calculated to call out its latent powers.

But does not disappointment exactly *reverse* this glowing picture? Does it not *depress* all the human functions as far *below* their natural plane, as a perfect love-state rises them? Testify, ye who have experienced both. Bear faithful witness, even though against your own selves, ye who to-day lie prostrate, withering in its scorching rays, or seething in its boiling cauldron. Go back—shrink not from the painful reminiscence, it may yet save you—first to those boyish or girlish light-hearted seasons you experienced before you loved. Compare what you then *were* with what you now *are*. Then re-read, in memory's hallowed page, that delightful bloom your first young love spread throughout your entire being. How beautiful, how glowing the lambient flame and new life it created! This sacred life-spell, this new sanctification of your being, re-increased with and by love.

But, alas! your bright love-morning became first clouded, then darkened. Then passion's winds began to blow. Then arose the billows of sensuality.⁴⁵ Then first raged the tempest of carnality. The roaring waves rose mountain high. The tempest blew a perfect hurricane. The pouring deluge soiled and drenched your before spotless moral habiliments. Did you walk as proudly, or feel as purely, or care as much for yourself, after, as before? Well done if you so steered your shattered bark before the howling winds as to escape a complete wreck, physical and moral. But was not every seam in that noble vessel—and God, who built it, only knows *how* noble—strained? And has she not sailed poorly, and leaked badly, ever since, and been in imminent danger of foundering? Possibly a patched-up love saved you from a final wreck; stopped some of the largest leaks of passion; re-set some of the flapping sails of good resolutions; supplied a temporary mast of determination—better this than nothing—and saved the rag ends of the rudder of will. But, after all, just compare yourself before with since. The ideal bloom of life effaced; its glowing colors faded; its exalted aims lowered; your entire being partly benumbed, partly corrupted. Nothing like the same person. Your life, if not a failure, effectually crippled throughout.

But I leave the details of this painful picture to your own reminiscences and consciousness, ye men now living a slipshod, so-so, driftwood kind of life, doing just tolerably well, whereas you once aspired so high. Then your ambition was boundless, now it is inert.²¹ Then

you aspired to do great things ; now you are content with mediocrity.²² Then you were all strung up for herculean effort ; now you barely jog on. Then you were for stemming wind and tide ; now you paddle along just enough to keep from sinking.²⁵ Then you loved, and aspired to moral purity and excellence of character, and shrank from vulgarity and sensuality ; now, though you mean to live a medium kind of life, you experience nothing like your former abhorrence of the very appearance of evil.²⁴ And your intellect, your love of knowledge, and your capacity to acquire it, have correspondingly declined.^{31 32 33 34} A marked deterioration throughout !

But what has *caused* this mental and physical declension ? *Declining love*. You may not fully realize this decline, much less either its extent or cause. But there it is for all. While those who have never loved are yet in a chrysalis state of humanity—are apples in June, green yet, not even grown, are but as the worm compared with the butterfly, are on a low human plane—those in disappointment have been lifted above, only to be dashed below, their normal state. And the longer and deeper their love, the more destructive their fall—bones broken, spirits crushed, mind benumbed, moral tone blunted, and the whole being almost a wreck.

I have long been scanning humanity through the optics of Phrenology. By its truthful lenses I am doubtless enabled to see more of its pristine beauties and capacities than strike the visions of most of its inspectors. But these same optics disclose everywhere, and in all its aspects, a most lamentable *deterioration*. How great, only the phrenologist can begin to measure. Nor he only begin. Through these same man-discerning optics I likewise discover its greatest single cause. That cause is not alcoholic. Not that alcohol does not waste, pervert, and even ravage the entire texture of humanity. Nor is that cause narcotic. Not but that tobacco is even a greater deteriorator and often destroyer of this humanity than alcohol. Nor is it in many of those other causes easily named and unquestionably destructive to humanity. But it is in *disappointed, deteriorated love*.⁴⁵ Even that physical degeneracy, so universal and appalling, is due more to disappointed love than to any other single cause. And I proclaim it deliberately—I would be heard throughout Christendom and Heathendom, by philosopher and poet, by the learned and the laborer, especially by the ordained moralist—as a conclusion forced upon me by the largest, most varied, most scrutinizing observation, aided by the best of all faculties for examination, that a large proportion of human misery and deterioration, of enfeebled bodies and wrecked minds, of depressed morals and palsied intellects, in short, of the fallen state of man in

every aspect of his being, is consequent on disappointed love. Few escape shipwreck on this deadly shoal.

Occasionally a happy pair—angels' visits—evinced perfect love. The woman, how lady-like? Not the ladyism of yon fashionable Miss Flora McFlimsy school, but the outgushings of high, perfect humanity, beautifully, even angelically, expressed. Every word fitly spoken. Every action and motion classical. Every intonation the music of the spheres. Every sentence, every emanation of her moral and social being, angelic. Thus perfect, not because so highly constituted by nature, but because inspired and perfected by love.

And that ripe old man, whose life of conjugal affection has eliminated every virtuous, and smothered every vicious proclivity—whose wisdom and goodness shine throughout every act, every look, every expression, but shows how almost superhuman one and all might and would become if, from the first dawning of childhood,^{11 12} all the loves were perfect, and all acting and reacting, from the first smile to the last breath—if the course of true love had begun smoothly, and run more and more smoothly down the stream of life until it emptied into the ocean of eternity.

To love a little, a little while, improves a little. To love intensely a little while, improves proportionably. And the more, the more and longer. Nor is it possible for human beings to attain the full stature of humanity, to reach the full human standard, except in and by loving long and heartily. Behold that venerable man! Mature in judgment. Every motion and expression appropriate. A saint in goodness. A perfect man! You admire as you behold. But how *became* he thus perfect? In and by love mainly. What rounded off his natural asperities? Love mainly. It has permeated every pore and fiber of his very being, and seasoned and perfected all. And as nothing else could have done.

Behold, again, that matronly woman! A queen among her sons and daughters. A goddess in the family! How self-sacrificing! Every word, look, and action the expression of one and all of the human virtues! The outgushing of disinterested goodness! To know her is to love. She did not become thus perfect in a day; but by a long continued *series* of instrumentalities. Then by what? In and by love. For is it not adapted to effect this maturity? What but love could attain it? Then go thou and do likewise. Apply it, gentle reader, to thine own self-perfection, by cultivating a perfect love-state.

But disappointed love sours all, as well as curses all. And all women, no matter how good their heads, hearts, or temperaments, are repellant when, and because, their love is reversed. They feel awfully, and this diffuses this awful feeling over all around. They dislike, and

this renders them disliked.³⁵ Those who hate are hateful. Those who love, always lovely. Those who fight off the crushing effects of this disappointment, become Xantippes; repulsive to, and repulsed by all. Some break down under it. Such take on the air and natural language of "injured innocence," and become so melancholy as to throw all around them into mourning. They speak sadly, as if heart-broken and abused, thereby practically telling observers how shamefully they have been imposed upon. And this implied and therefore the deepest of all condemnation to husband, of course provokes him, and sours his temper. Nothing is the matter in reality, save that both have been thrown into a hateful mood by the reversed state of Amativeness. And this reverses every other faculty, and renders their every action and expression toward each other repellant. Give me purgatory rather.

Our proposition, stated phrenologically, then amounts to this: Disappointed love throws Amativeness into a reversed or *abnormal* state. Indeed, it is *in* this state that disappointment consists. And this thereby throws all the other faculties—especially the surrounding propensities—into a like reversed, perverted state, which withers all, spoils all. It renders the lovely, hateful; the lively, sad; the bright, dull; the smart, inert; the careful, careless; the good, good for nothing, even bad; and the virtuous, wicked. Or thus: All virtue, happiness, morality, goodness consist in the normal or right exercise, and all badness in the reverse or abnormal exercise of the human faculties. And the right state of love both intensifies and normalizes every other human function. While its wrong state both withers, sours, perverts, abnormalizes, and vitiates one and all the other functions.

And now, ye human beings, are these things so? Wields love this power over human nature? Are these delineations too intensified or sweeping? No, verily. Even half has not been, can not be told. Only the largest observation and experience can duly impress these truths. And the more one observes and experiences, the more powerfully will these things sink down into the innermost recesses of the soul, as the deepest, most eventful realities of human life. And the more perceive than ten thousand virtues and vices, beauties and deformities, talents and inanities, are traceable directly back to the states of the affections. How great the number of those naturally excellent and lovely, now rendered bad and hateful by a desolate heart! And easily restorable. Their good qualities yet there, though eclipsed. They need only a true love conversion.

These things being thus, how incalculably would a right state of love change the entire aspect of human life, individually and collect-

tively ! It would re-convert our now arid moral desert into one great garden of Eden, inexpressibly beautiful and perfect !

The plain fact is, humanity would be but little lower than the angels if their affections were but perfectly developed from the first to the last. All criminals were conceived in hate and born in hate, live in hate, and die hating and hateful. And are fitted by a hateful life for a hateful eternity. Do devils ever love ? Could they even ? Or would they, if they could ? But if they did, would they be devils still ? Would not perfect love convert even them ? Love is the perfection of the law of humanity, of goodness and happiness, as disappointment is of sin and misery.

And that great "social evil," in all its forms and phases, public and private, of which the Sickles tragedy is but one of millions, has disappointed, and therefore perverted, love for its main cause. This inflames Amativeness, and thereby its surrounding organs, which provokes those drinking, swearing, gambling, rowdy habits which naturally affiliate with the amatory vices. Nor can they be materially lessened, except by going to their rootlets—disappointed love. Who, in a right state of their affections, perpetrates any of these vices ? But of this, more fully in its proper place.^{45 46}

LOVE CONTROLS THE DESTINIES OF THE RACE.

But does not love do for the entire *race* what it has just been shown to do for the individual ? Since true love thus moralizes, and discord vitiates, the discordant, does not this love element build up or break down the human family *as a whole* ? If, commissioned from the court of Heaven to accomplish for man the greatest possible good, even to usher in the latter-day glory, I were allowed to choose but one single instrumentality, that one would be perfect conjugal love. Give to man but one generation of happy marriages, and you give him a millenium, and in greater glory and perfection than king or prophet ever dreamed. You take off the raw edge from all his passions, and, besides forestalling all public crimes and vices, so purify the individual that all will flee from sin, besides peopling the earth with a race far superior to those who now inhabit it. For the fact is unmistakable, that the children of affectionate wedlock are higher, purer, more amiable and affectionate, more intellectual and moral, than those of discordant wedlock.⁶

The rationale of this law is more fully set forth in Volume II., and is measurably disclosed in "Love and Parentage," and "Maternity." Perfect love and a right physical state will usher in and constitute a millennium. Nor can this long-expected, this glorious era transpire

without both. Hence, whatever is calculated to promote conjugal love, therein and thereby ushers in this long-looked-for glory of glories. God works by means. Even the millennium is to be brought about by instrumentalities. And they must be proportionate and adapted to the work to be accomplished. And what as perfectly adapted as love? In fact, are not those in love actually *in* a millennium? and those in disappointment equally in purgatory? Is not love commensurate with, as well as adapted to, that greatest of all works, human perfection?

To the promotion, then, of this love sentiment, this volume now addresses itself. Scan its truths well, and especially practice its principles, and then say whether it is not a veritable specific. Having re-read and scanned what has already been written touching the all-powerful influence of love over human destiny, and compared it with your own experience, you will be better prepared to enter upon the proposed inquiry with both earnestness and confidence:—

Then how can *so great* a human good be *promoted*? The answer is, BY FULFILLING THE LAWS AND CONDITIONS of love.² As fulfilling the LAWS of vegetation promotes its growth, but violating them stints it, so of love. To secure great love-crops, it requires only to have a right love *husbandry*. To this most eventful subject we therefore next address ourselves.

SECTION III.

THE LAWS AND CONDITIONS OF LOVE

37. LOVE UNIVERSAL AND IMPERIOUS.

THAT love constitutes an integral part and parcel of humanity itself, has already been demonstrated.^{4 5}

Every human being in the past, present, and future of the entire race—even every animal, fish, fowl, vegetable, and thing—has, must have, more or less of this element. It forms as necessary a portion of humanity as bones and reason. As air can not be air without oxygen, or man without lungs, so the human mind can not be, without having this love element. All are born sexed. “Male and female created he them.” And mental sexuality always accompanies physical. And their action constitute quite as necessary a function of humanity as breathing or eating.^{4 5}

And whatever exists, must be *exercised*. *Action* is the end of being. As well not be as remain inert. Why were eye, stomach, Ideality, Reason, created but to be *used*? Every department of humanity was created solely to be exercised. *And for nothing else*.

And this exercise should be *coequal* with their creation. Then, since *all* are *born* with this love element, all are therefore bound, by the very tenor of their being, to *exercise* it. From this exercise no man, woman, child, or even animal or vegetable, is, can be exempt. If Nature had intended to excuse any therefrom, she would have created them neuter genders; whereas, in and by creating one and all male or female, she renders it imperious, obligatory on all to love the opposite sex. As all are solemnly bound to exercise Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Reason, etc., so, and for precisely the same reasons, all are placed under the bonds of their primitive constitution to exercise Amativeness. If not, why not? In this war, as in that with death, “there is no discharge.” All are impelled and compelled thereto. And by the very tenor of their existence.

Nor merely for its own sake, but on account also of its influence over all the other human functions.⁸ For here, as elsewhere, “whether one member suffers or rejoices, all suffer or rejoice with it.” Its dormancy, besides leaving the entire system a barren heath—like leather

as compared with skin, the texture there to be sure, but bereft of its life-forces—also benumbs the whole being, while its right exercise most wonderfully warms and tones up the entire system.^{15 36}

Nor is anything so promotive of disease as inaction—disease of lungs and stomach, as their dormancy. Hence love's dormancy also breeds its disease; and disease spreads. So that dormancy here breeds and spreads disease throughout the entire body and mind. Whereas its right exercise builds up both. Is it not the sacred, paramount duty of all human beings to carry their personal perfection clear up to just as high a point as lies in their power? Then, since perfect love is the great developer of the human being, and depraved love its great deteriorator,³⁶ therefore, by the duty of self-development, is the prior duty of a right love, as its greatest means. There is, can be, no full human development without it.³⁶ Nor, if there could be, would it be worth having; for what is life without love? A barren sand-bank—an arid desert—a stupendous failure. And ye who can look back upon but a single short love-season, can see only a sandy desert, relieved by but one single smiling oasis. While ye who have loved long and fully, can look back upon a life-long pathway, strewn with variegated flowers and fruits; the richer and more abundant in proportion to the completeness of love. None can have any perfect exercise of their other faculties without that of love; nor can any build themselves up into complete manhood or womanhood without basing the temple of self-culture in a perfect love. None can discipline their minds, rectify or intensify their feelings, bring out their moral virtues,²⁴ develop intellect,³⁴ improve memory³³ or reason, or perfect by culture those Godlike faculties conferred upon them by nature as effectually as by love. As, in the language of Demosthenes, oratory consists in “action, *action*, ACTION,” and as love promotes, even compels this action, and in its most intense and prolonged form,³⁶ therefore, a perfect love constitutes the highest known instrumentality of self-improvement. Whereas, not to love is gradual but virtual suicide, and renders one like a hybernating animal, barely alive.

Nature's wants are few but loud. To love, is the first requisition of nature;³ and he who breaks her requirements she will punish. And her chastisements are indeed terrible. None can at all afford to incur them.^{2 3} To starve this element is virtually to emasculate one's whole nature.

But her rewards are glorious. And she rewards the exercise of this faculty more liberally than that of any other.³ None can afford to deprive themselves of these rewards. To cultivate this faculty by exercise is quite as important as to cultivate memory, or reason, or poetry,

or painting, or any of the other human capacities or virtues. And exercise is its great cultivator.

Nor is it enough that it be exercised merely; but, instead, it requires to be exercised *vigorously*. Though a tame action is better than none—a crumb better than starvation—yet it becomes the better in proportion as it is exercised the more. Its hearty life-long exercise can alone fulfill nature's love requirements.³⁵ To love a little a little while, is to superinduce a few of its benefits; whereas, to love thoroughly and throughout one's whole life, can alone crown humanity with its choicest flowers and richest fruits. No portion of life not lighted up by this sun of the human soul, but is shrouded in more than Egyptian darkness—and on a sandy desert—a darkness *felt*, even. Whereas, its perpetual and vigorous exercise is perennial spring, summer, and autumn intercommingled. Then, O man, woman, *cultivate love*, and as assiduously as intellect, devotion, or any other human endowment. As not a day should pass without exercising reason, language, etc., so let no sun set on love unexercised. And that exercise should be *hearty*, and perfectly satisfactory. Nor a tame, listless love, but *whole-souled*—all you are capable of bestowing and receiving. Nor a few days of courtship and honeymoon love, but one *life-long*, and perpetually reincreasing with age. And hereafter as well as here.

38. LOVE AND MARRIAGE OBLIGATORY ON ALL.

Then, since to love is a first human *duty*, of course to *provide* a love *object* is equally incumbent on each and all. Every human being is sacredly bound to supply all their natural wants. Self-protection is universally acknowledged to be the first law of nature. Why? Because those are poorly protected who do not protect themselves. And is not self-provision quite as imperious a duty? If not, why not? The fact is, each and every human being, animal, thing even, is a kingdom to *self*. By the sacredness of being even, is the sacredness of our own selfhood. To nothing else do we owe allegiance as obligatory as to *our own* sacred selves, because all our other relations grow out of this tap-root of *self*. God in nature looks to us not merely to protect, but to *care for our ourselves*, and to furnish ourselves with whatever is necessary for our development and perfection. She furnishes abundant material for supplying all the wants of all her creatures, but they must *search* for and *partake* thereof. She furnishes material for building houses, making garments, manufacturing useful implements, keeping ourselves warm, etc., but requires that we *find* and appropriate these materials. Wood grows, but we must *convert* it into the articles desired. Ores and coal abound, but must be

mined, smelted, and fashioned. Nature supplies only the *raw material*, leaving us to do the balance.

Therefore, since love is a natural institute,⁴⁵ want, we might infer, *à priori*, that nature would supply ample *material* for this love requisition. And she has supplied it by creating just about an equal number of males and females throughout all her domains. And how inexpressibly beautiful this equality! Suppose either sex greatly predominated over the other—males over females—what mighty efforts would the destitute put forth—what bloodshed, what desperation, even—to obtain by force, by stratagem, by persuasion, by any and every device and exertion, some, even any female, to love, and by whom to be loved! And *vice versa*, if females predominated. Then, as when Benjamin's men were nearly all slaughtered, would ten women lay hold of the skirts of one man's coat, crying, "We will eat our own bread, but only let us be called by thy name."

Indeed, what feeds Mormonism but a local disproportion of females to males? And better two loving one, than one wholly bereft. Nor do any duly realize how infinitely precious to each sex a congenial spirit of the opposite.¹⁴ Gold is indeed precious, because it supplies wants. But a true lover, how much more so, because it supplies a want still more imperious.³⁷ However precious to a woman is a choice wardrobe, costly jewelry, or sparkling diamonds, how infinitely more so a right resting-place for her love? And how infinitely thankful one and all should be that our bountiful heavenly Father has created both these sexual demands *and* supplies? And about an equal number of each sex? That each can find a lover?

Then shall we not *improve* this provision? God provides food by causing it to grow when we fulfill the requisite conditions. Then is it not our duty thus to fulfill them? And is it not equally our duty to provide a supply for our sexual nature as for our alimentary?

How wrong to make no provision for raiment, for shelter, for intellectual culture! Then is it not equally so to provide a right *love* object? And those who do not, do deep, palpable injustice to their own sacred entity. As deep as to rob any of their other faculties of their natural aliment.

MARRIAGE THE NATURAL SPHERE OF LOVE.

And marriage alone furnishes this supply. And that supply is complete. Is every way perfectly satisfactory. Is all that can be desired. All that is required. Is perfection perfected. Is an ordinance of nature. And, like all of nature's other ordinances, absolutely perfect in and of itself, and perfectly adapted, in every con-

ceivable aspect, to fill this love element. And this matrimonial aliment is as perfect as the love element it was created to fill. Is nature's infinitely perfect supply of love's imperious requisition. Is the natural home and ultimate of human sexuality. And absolutely obligatory on all who are sexed. As much so as eating, on all who have stomachs.

Not that a partial supply of this sexual element can not be had outside of wedlock. It can. But that supply is of necessity both partial and fitful, and utterly inadequate to fulfill nature's love requisitions. It is irregular; whereas nature requires a "day-by-day" supply. Is crude and irritating; whereas nature requires that it shall be what a true marriage really is, soothing and balmy. Is like feeding on husks. Is more sensualizing than moralizing. Is like feeding on hard, sour, bitter crab-apples, when one can have luscious Baldwin and noble King apples instead, just for the asking. Is like feeding on shucks, every way unsatisfactory and void. And those who rely on it know little of either the sweets or the advantages of love. While a right marriage fills its participants clear up to the brim, throughout every part of their whole being, with just the most healthful aliment and delicious viands it is permitted to mortals to enjoy.

It is not for us to pronounce a eulogy on marriage. As well eulogize the god of day, or the fruitfulness of the earth, or the benefits conferred by air. It is enough to declare, what will be demonstrated in our next Section, that it is an *ordinance of nature*, and therefore both absolutely perfect in and of itself, and absolutely obligatory on every one of her children—as much so as participancy in any of her other provisions for the happiness and perfection of her children.³⁷

And those who will not, do not marry, are like those who live from hand to mouth, eating roots to-day and bark to-morrow, and but little ever; while those who marry right are like those who fill their store-houses in due season with all the best eatables and fruits needed throughout the year. Those unmarried, are like those who build no habitation—have no shelter from the burning sun or freezing blasts—no place whereon to lay their doomed head, but sleep in storm, in mud, in summer, in winter, just where night overtakes them. And are naked and destitute besides. Whereas those who marry well, are like those who build themselves perfect homes, supply themselves with needed food and raiment, and fulfill the other demands of their nature. Come, say, one and all, is not marriage a natural institute? The legitimate food of love? And is it not absolutely complete? Then is it not the sacred, bounden duty of one and all to marry?

And because, to love? Those who do not, starve and maltreat their own sacred selves. As self-protection is a first duty, and so of self-provision, therefore love provision, and therefore marriage, is equally so. And for precisely the same reasons.

Yet it is not enough to marry merely, any more than merely to love. The mere act of marrying amounts to nothing. To marry without loving is but the solemn mockery of love, along with its barrenness. Only that marriage which fully meets the natural wants of love can suffice. And those who marry but do not love, are just as guilty of self-starvation as those who do not marry at all. Guilty, because they do not *love*. For love is the *main* thing, and marriage only its instrumentality.

Indeed, better neither love nor marry, than marry to hate; on the principle that starvation is better than poison. For this is both starvation *and* poisoning. Few things can do humanity equal damage. Like stoning the wasp's nest, it gives only stings instead of honey. It reverses all, corrupts all, more than anything else can do. To all the evils of disappointments³⁶ it superadds those of the most vitiated perversion. As nothing promotes virtue equally with a right marriage, so nothing breeds vice equally with a wrong.³⁶ Such perversion is not an absolute necessity, yet it is a general accompaniment.⁴⁵ The marriage of hands with a reversion of hearts is a living death. Is being chained to a putrefying carcass. From its loathsome sight and stench, the Lord deliver us. Like hugging a viper. From its deadly folds and fangs run for dear life. If there is any one human catastrophe to be watched against, striven against, provided against, by every possible means, it is an uncongenial marriage. But if there is any one good to be prayed for, labored for, planned for—if there is any one *highest* human good, it is a right marriage.³ If allowed to approach the Dispenser of all good with but one single petition, assured that it would be granted, that one would be for a perfect conjugal mate. And those who give thanks at all should offer up their highest, holiest orisons of thanksgiving and praise for the institution of this divine ordinance of love and marriage. That it has been engrafted on human nature. And those who pray at all should pray most fervently for its bestowment. And whoever curses at all, may most justly curse their stars, their blindness, or whatever else has been instrumental in causing a union of hands along with aversion of hearts. But since such wrong alliance is never necessary, and since nature has provided that all can contract a *perfect* love, one every way exactly adapted to their especial case, therefore all are solemnly bound not only to contract this sacred alliance, but a *right*,

true, genuine, heart-union. And blest throughout their entire being those who do. But punished without mercy those who do not.

39. NATURE'S TRUE TIME TO LOVE, AND MARRY.

Periodicity is a universal institute of nature. It controls every function, every operation of the whole universe. It governs all the motions of all the heavenly bodies, and all the functions of all that lives on earth. Sun, moon, stars, seasons, days, nights come, go, at their appointed periods. There it a natural "*time* for everything under the sun." All plants, animals, human beings, have their infancy, adolescence, maturity, decline, and death. These periods are inherent in the very constitution of all things, and inwrought throughout all their respective functions.

Nor is there merely a time to sow and reap, be born and die, grow and decay; but what is planted, done in its natural season, *prosper* far better than out.

Of course love, being one of nature's operations, must also needs have its own natural period, and prosper better when it is observed. Nor but *one right* time. And that one *just exactly* right. And because appointed by nature. She is perfect. And so are all her works; her love-works included. And to a complete love this observance of her natural times and seasons is indispensable. True, though one may make an excellent crop of cotton or corn, even if planted out of time, yet how much better that same crop planted when nature ordains? Then when is nature's period for planting the seeds of love?

Some physical organs and mental faculties develop earlier, some later than others. Thus the vital organs establish themselves earlier and faster than the muscular and cerebral, memory than reason, and the propensities than moral faculties. Just as the stalk before the ear. And love is the last to develop of all the human functions. Amativeness at birth is smaller, as compared with its adult size, than any other organ.

True, boys and girls do, should have a sort of love for each other, yet how insignificant as compared with appetite or hunger! And especially with this same love passion after they become grown! Childhood's love is ephemeral: formed, forgotten, and re-formed in a day—is like ante-natal exercise, useless in itself, but instituted only to strengthen those muscles for post-natal activity and power.

And thus it slumbers on, gaining giant strength by its merely partial action, till puberty gives it additional stimulus and force. But even yet it fails to assert its full power, taking on barely sufficient action to develop itself. And that action more personal than mental, till the

entire body, now formed and consolidated—bones dense, joints perfect, muscles full sized and tort, the whole being aching with strength, and the mind, even reason fairly established, in short, the whole system formed, the brain full, even overflowing in all its functions—now comes, last and most powerful of all, the period of love. Reference is now had, not to boy-and-girl love, nor to puppet love, not even to the fancies of youth, but to that perfect meeting and inter-commingling of two congenial spirits, which electrifies all, improves all. That which after the building has been framed, raises, incloses, furnishes, and inhabits it. That which establishes a new era throughout the entire being—which constitutes the first great life-motive, and now becomes the helm of that life.

But the true period of love can be inferred only from its natural end. That end is offspring. And as children inherit the conditions of their parents, those born during parental immaturity are of necessity but poorly constituted. Nature, therefore, wisely postpones this fullness of love until after the constitution has attained both its growth and solidity.

This occurs about the twentieth year in human life. Earlier in those shorter lived; latest in those who mature late, and hence live the longer; but a year or two later in the male than female, because it takes him longer to mature than her. Later in country than in city; north than south; on mountains than in valleys; latterly than formerly; in the uncultivated than in our fast, hot-house prematures of fashionable life. And the earlier, the more nervous and excitable the subject. But twenty is about the average natural period in females; and twenty-one or two for males. Yet, observe, it is the maturity of *constitution* that determines this point, rather than the age by years. Hence, we say twenty or twenty-two as signifying that stage in human life reached at about this age, or when the human constitution becomes fairly developed.

But as society now is, this period usually arrives long before twenty. Not that they are matured; but that bad physical habits, a sedentary life, tea, coffee, condiments, tobacco, and spirituous liquors, excessive cerebral as compared to muscular exercise, our hot-house school system—which usually kills while it educates, and kills to educate, and educates to kill—our accursed fashionable usages, novel reading included, thus making our youth *petit* men and women while only yet boys and girls, have prematurely lighted and fanned the fires of false excitement throughout their whole beings, and produced a half wild delirium, a feverish hankering, a craving for something new, something more, expressly calculated to fire up all the impulses, love included,

to a fever heat, thereby not only inducing that premature and perverted action which "marries in haste only to repent at leisure," but both perverts and burns out this very love element itself, rendering it ever afterward well-nigh impotent, yet ever craving in its weakness.⁴⁷ And many a discordant marriage has eventuated in this premature, and therefore perverted action. When will our youth learn wisdom?

On account of this prematurity it may be, probably is, the least evil, that at least a majority of our city and village youth form their love-alliances before twenty. Especially girls. The more so because these hygienic errors diminish, and often obliterate, their charms before twenty. "Sweet sixteen" means that the female loveliness begins then to fade, which is generally the case. But never need to, never should. A girl at sixteen, as far as her charms are concerned, is what the bud just beginning to open is to the full-blown rose. She might, ought to, would, if she lived a true physiological life, grow more and more charming, until at least twenty-three, and retain her bloom until past forty. And if there is any one evil over which parents and patriots, philanthropists, and even stoics, should mourn, it is over this premature feminine development and decline. And our mammas aggravate this evil by hurrying their daughters into and through schools and society, and into and through love, and marriage even, in order that they may make their matches before the beauties of "sweet sixteen" have wilted in faded eighteen, or died out in old-maidish twenty. Senseless girls! Idiotic mothers! Why not rather, by right health-habits, prolong, only to re-increase, the budding attractions of sixteen into the full-bloom beauties of twenty, and the prolonged glories of twenty-four? It is the world-wide reproach of American females that they fade before twenty, and become shriveled, withered grannies before thirty. Come, my countrywomen, wipe out this stigma by so obeying the laws of life as to protract your captivating period, and re-increase your charms until at least twenty-four, so as to give you ample time to plant the seeds of love aright.

One of the evils of premature parentage is its exhausting overdraft on the constitution. And this is doubly great in young *mothers*. They often, by bestowing more energy upon their children than they have to spare, break themselves down for life. Too often perish from among mortals. Whereas, had they waited until nature gave them a surplus of vitality, these maternal relations would have *built them up* and saved their children too, instead of, as now, breaking them down. No female is at all fit to marry until past eighteen; nor any young man to fulfill the dignified relation of father until past twenty. Wait till nature's period arrives, and reap your reward. And the more because

Miss Young America is so *very* small, slim, poor, delicate, fragile, and nervous. If she were a great, strong, robust romp, it might do better.

Besides, the tastes of a man do not mature till at least nineteen, nor of a girl till seventeen. They may have their *fancies* before, but not genuine love tastes. Yet these tastes mature in her about nineteen, in him about twenty, so that a girl that might tickle his fancy at eighteen, might not at all suit his more mature tastes after twenty; whereas one that truly harmonizes with them at twenty, is almost certain to do so ever afterwards, because the *base* of their likes is now established for life, but were not before. And the same as to girls before eighteen.

Besides, hearken to this *plea for girls*. Let them *remain* girls till nature makes them women. Girlhood is quite as essential a priority to womanhood as the growth of fruits is to their ripening. Spoil that colt if you will by premature overwork, but be persuaded to let that girl live out her girlhood, before imposing on her all the cares, responsibilities, and exhaustions of the wife and mother. Nature *matures* her seeds before requiring them to germinate. And all *great* men are from meridian mothers, not one from mothers under twenty-three.

“But, what is everything, girls are at least innocent and virtuous.”

If you could postpone marriage till she became full grown, this might answer. But the trouble lies in waiting. Love is impatient.

And above all remember that her love sentiment is much more easily *reversed* while so young than it will be after more age has strengthened it; and hence those very same discordant conditions, which at sixteen would first disgust, then alienate, would be tolerated, perhaps even liked, by the ripened instincts of twenty. And much more liable to contract ailments, if married too young than when full grown. There are also some other weighty reasons of a physiological bearing, too important to be ignored. She is also much more shy and bashful than when older, and this feeling much more liable to be abraded.

Our young men, too, must needs become gentlemen the day they cease to be babes. Must hurry into and through college. Must smoke, chew, drink, swear, and carouse before puberty. Must make and lose a fortune while yet in their teens. Must have a love affair, and practice at least all the masculine vices, while yet only boys. They know more of vice now at thirteen than their fathers at thirty. “Early ripe,” in *báhoys*’ habits, they may require to marry too young, in order to save them from “early rotten.” Indeed, mushroom precocity is *par excellence* an American commodity, and superabounds. And applies to the love sentiments more than to any other; and most fatal, too, are its consequences.

Moreover, a true marriage implies a right *selection*. And this requires mature *judgment*. Human life never needs the guidance of reason more than when scanning prospective matrimonial results, weighing the consequences of this, that course, before making a matrimonial selection. Thoughtlessness, a want of forecast, is one great means of ill-assorted marriages. Many married, but disappointed, might, on looking back, say to themselves:—"Thoughtless! I might have known better. Why did I not see this and that sooner? It was just as plainly perceptible as the nose on a man's face. If I had only stopped to think, how differently I should have done and been!"

By a first law of mind, *intellect* is required to guide all our actions. And in nothing more than marriage. Giddy youth should not take so eventful a step. Females just begin to "come to their senses" about sixteen; males, at seventeen or eighteen. Yet it even then takes a couple of years before reason becomes sufficiently developed to be trusted in matters thus important.

And then what silly, awkward work boys and girls do make of love and courtship! Why should they not? This sentiment is green yet: how can its manifestations be otherwise? And those who wish merely to enjoy—to derive the most happiness practicable from courtship—must wait nature's season.

If all of nature's laws were fully observed, she would doubtlessly extend her love-establishing period till twenty-three or four in a woman, and twenty-four or five in a man. *But no longer*. She is a great economist. She provides that nothing be lost. Every plant, tree, animal, has its particular age during its lifetime dedicated expressly to its reproduction. This is equally true of man. It is permitted to nothing to "multiply" during either juvenility or old age. This great work is assigned exclusively to the most vigorous period of life, in order that the utmost of parental vigor may be conferred on their issue. Hence, just as fast as she matures any of her works, she sets them to executing her greatest work—reproduction.⁸ She wastes no time after the growth of corn-stalk before commanding it to "multiply" its kind, and *obliges* it to obey. So of all that grows. So of humanity in general, and every individual in particular. So of you, O young man and woman. And you neglect her work only at your cost. You both forego her reward of labor, and incur her penalties of inertia. And they are great, indeed. Then, form your love alliance just as soon as you find yourself fully, fairly matured.

Not that one must needs *marry* at these seasons, but select, mate, and cherish affection. This selection requires time to deliberate.

Girls well constituted are always too bashful to decide wisely off-hand. One may decide to *reject* sooner, but not to accept.

Courtship should also occupy some time. Love rarely springs up in a day. Of sudden love we shall speak elsewhere. Suffice it here to advise—

First. That you be mated by twenty-one.

Secondly. That you court a full year.

Thirdly. That being now fully matured, you marry within two years after mating. Only extra circumstances should postpone it longer. Still, those who postpone their *decision* later, may consummate their union the sooner.

But as nature curbs, and with double check, those who *precede* her order of march, so she lashes up, and that with terrible severity, those who lag far behind. *On time*, is her universal motto. Her true parental period fairly commences about twenty, but begins to wind off soon after forty. Especially the maternal. During that hey-day of female life, her system furnishes a much greater supply of life-material and spirit-force than can be consumed upon itself. This surplus must be worked off somehow, or plethora, false excitement, inertia, necessarily supervene. Her own self-preservation and protection require maternity for this consumption. And her whole being craves, pines, and wastes if she neglects this mandate of nature. "Old maid"-ishness becomes both her inevitable doom and punishment if she declines. An aching void, a practical starvation of her entire sexuality, mental and physical, together with the negation of love and all its rewards,¹¹ a void nothing else can fill, now supervenes. This element either wanes or becomes perverted. Must.

She may, indeed, partially save herself by loving, without marriage or maternity—better, possibly, than no love at all—but is feeding this element only on the husks, instead of on the bread and fruits of true love. It is written by the hand of nature into the feminine constitution, that from maturity to decrepitude, she must live in and for her lover and their young. Every feminine is constituted to live in and for, not herself, nor other human ends, but for some *masculine*, and their mutual children; and she who declines, ignores Heaven's highest, most sacred² mandate, and thereby incurs the penalties of disobedience. Not the penalties of an ordinary law broken, but one *superlative*.³ And suffers proportionately.

Scarcely less a sinner, sufferer, man. What is God's *first* command to plant, tree, river, animal, man, as an individual, a race? *Develop thyself*. Excelsior. Make of thyself just as complete a sample of thy kind as it lies in thy power to make.

But what next? "Connect thyself parentally with posterity, as thou thyself hast been connected with thy ancestry." And Nature *will have* her laws fulfilled, or refractories punished. And the mandate of Nature is the will of God. To ignore her love mandate, then, is to disobey and offend Divinity: whereas, *obedience is worship*, and "better than sacrifice."

God in nature never takes excuses. Never grants furloughs. "Obey and enjoy. Violate and suffer," is her laconic edict, her only alternative.

And in refusing, you not only rob your *own* soul, curse your own self, but rob and curse another. And that a *female*. The last being a *man* ever should, ought to, will wrong.¹⁴ If nature produced more males than females, the surplus would be excused, provided pairing is a natural institute—a problem soon to be discussed. But since their number is about equal, every man who omits to take some woman, thereby does the female sex in general, and some one in particular, the greatest wrong she can suffer. And *vice versa* of those women who refuse to love and be loved.

So does he who emigrates before he chooses his loved one. And Mormonism is fed by this local disproportion of females to males, of which it is a partial relief. Nor is any man old enough to emigrate unless old enough to mate. If he is loth to expose her to all the privations he himself proposes to encounter, let him vow or wed first, and go indeed, but stay only just long enough to cut down, rough-hew, and prepare the way for her advent. Look at Nantucket and New Bedford—at most of New England, for that matter, on the one hand, and the great South and West, California included, on the other: the former superabounds with highly educated females, rich in all the wealth of a superior woman's love, literally starving to death by slow but agonizing inches, in vain efforts to find some one to live for. One on whom to bestow that most precious of all treasures, a woman's whole-souled affection. But seeking in vain. And perishing in the search.

But, *per contra*, throughout the great South and West, most on the Rocky Mountain vesper slope, are men of all ages and nations, perishing without a feminine companion in their labors and acquisitions, becoming more and more corrupt simply for want of that female influence which a true wife alone can exert over man—and as necessary to every masculine as food or money—seeking in the lower forms of vice what a true woman would supply in the higher forms of virtue. Rich perhaps in dollars, yet valueless unless shared with, showered on, woman. Talented indeed, but their talent, like Cali-

ifornia gold twenty years ago, there, but imbedded in dirt and stones—undiscovered yet, of course uncultivated. Full by nature of noble masculine traits, but they are either perverted or lie dormant, just for want of that stimulant to self-improvement which the feminine alone can supply, yet as necessary to every masculine as bread to body. And so eager is this demand, that any respectable young woman who goes there to teach, or even to scw, is snatched right up. And so speedily, that the school committees of New Orleans, and other Southern and Western towns, require every unmarried female teacher—those quite advanced included—to sign a contract not to marry for a year after opening their schools. And even then lose many of their teachers. And how many rich old bachelors come North in summer merely to find wives? And ladies go South or West mainly to find husbands? And ought to. And such prospectors are worth having, too. They recognize this natural want, and have the energy to attempt its supply. Bravo! “More!” is still the cry, and “yet they come,” should be the answer.

But, young man, remember your true course is not to hurry into the world till you have planted your affections. This gives you a sheet-anchor to prevent your surging and lurching hither and yon. A pole-star to guide your journeying, and invite your return. A life-motive to work to. A sweet remembrance in privation, in place of luxurious dissatisfaction. An object to live for in place of an objectless drift-wood kind of life. And if suffer or die you must, the greatest consolation earth can afford in trials. And you make a loved one happy besides.

The fact is, this help-meet institute is one of nature's requisitions, binding upon every man, from at least twenty-four, if not earlier. And woman from and after twenty-three. And those who ignore it do so at their peril.

“Then how shall I know when my time to love has come?”

By these two infallible signs: First, that you have become a fully and fairly developed man or woman. Secondly, the monitions of your own being. Nature proclaims her wants by her *appetites*. Her need of food by hunger. Of sleep, by weariness. Of warmth, by chilliness. Of intellectual culture, by desire for it. And so of love. Its monitions lag behind all nature's other cravings in order that, once developed, it may surpass them all. But come it must, come it does, to each and all who are sexed. Nor can it any more be postponed or ignored than birth, or death. No one can say, “I will neither love nor care for the other sex,” any more than say, “I will neither eat nor hunger.” But as all must either eat or crave food unless their

stomachs are destroyed, so all must either love, or endure the longings, pinings, gnawings of unplaced love, unless and until their sexuality has become obsolete, and they thereby rendered neuter gender things. This is nature's fiat.

Of course, these cravings are the more passive in some and vigorous in others, in proportion as their sexuality is stronger or weaker. But as all are sexed, therefore all must love, do love, more or less, sooner or later. And to deny it after maturity is either thereby to proclaim impoverished sexuality, or falsify their own experience. Proclaim that they are girls and boys yet. For it is this very love alone which converts the boy into the man, and the girl into the woman. Be it that a given masculine is even forty, and weighs two hundred, he is nevertheless, to all *practical* intents and purposes, a mere boy yet, until love comes to render him a man. And the more and longer he loves, the more and still more he becomes masculinized. The simple, sole office of the male, *per se*, is to love the female. It is in this very love that manhood consists. And the two are in proportion to each other. Nor, till he loves, does or can any masculine feel his manly spirit awakened within him. Loving but a little will render a man, even superior by nature, practically deficient in masculinity. While loving long, truly, and much will render even a poorly sexed masculine very much of a man, because it naturally develops his manliness.^{11 12} Nor is there any telling how great, how almost universal this decline of the very heart's core of masculine character consequent on imperfect or reversed love. Such emasculated wrecks stare the practiced eye everywhere full in its orbit. They have disobeyed nature's love-summons, and this impaired masculinity is their consequent doom. And just.

And *vice versa* woman. Love alone changes, can change, her from the girl to the woman. Be she however learned, good, intelligent, even pious, till she loves, she is, can be, "only a girl." Her actions, conversations, feelings, objects, interests, spirit, everything, are "green," girlish yet. Nor can anything but love remove the garments of girlhood, or array her in the magnificent robes of the woman. And the more, the more she loves. A little love works a great change. A great deal, one how marvelous! She is anything but the same being. The fountain-head of all her actions and feelings has become feminine, and this imparts a true feminine touch to whatever emanates from her. Reader, this is more true than appears at first sight. Reflect. Observe not merely that it is true, but *how* true it is. And behold untold feminine skeletons wrecked simply by the starvation of their love. When nature ushered in their love season, they thoughtlessly sported

with it or else neglected it. Or allowed one or many of a thousand causes to give it the go-by. Or perhaps the fault lay partly on the other side. At all events, it failed. Their love-season passes, and love-summer ends; but their love is not planted. Perhaps married, even, yet unloving, unloved, unlovely, unwomanly. Because sapped at the very core of their feminine constitution.^{6 35} Yet how many, and oh! how wretched, too, these mongrel specimens of humanity. Accustomed to their fate, they little realize *how* much they suffer—and ignorance here is bliss—much less the cause. Their God, in the mandate of their nature, called them to the banquet of love, but they disobeyed. And a life-long famine of love is their consequent dreadful doom. Nor is their punishment greater than their sin. For the very power of these monitions should have taught them the corresponding importance of giving heed thereto.

This love season is *sacred*. It forms an *epoch* in every human life. It causes old things to pass away, and renders all things new. It opens up a bright, a glorious life-sun. It thoroughly revolutionizes the entire being. Boys and girls before, they have now become fully developed men or women. Go back, ye who have ever loved, to your own experiences. Let your own halcyon consciousness attest—and its attestation is true, only that it does not, can not, attest the half—*how* fundamentally the transformation. And let this duly impress the practical importance of this sacred life-period. It is no trifling era; but big with tremendous consequences.

It is not a "mountain laboring to bring forth a mouse," but to life's entire garner what seed-time is to harvest. It strikes upon your inner consciousness as *the* eventful period of your being.

Then heed, ye who would perfect, would not even spoil, that life. No sacrilege is, can be, greater than trifling therewith. God forbid that any reader should thus sin, thus suffer. Instead, God grant that ye all may hearken to these demands of love.

Yet this sacred season too often opens out on its unconscious subject *all at once*. It takes them by surprise, and all unprepared. They neither know what it is, or what it means. How should they? What little they have ever heard of love was said in jest. Never one solitary word respecting even the period itself. Much less either a preparation for it, or a right management of it. We send our children to school to learn arithmetic in order to prepare them against occasions requiring its use. Then why not *also* prepare them for the advent of this *love-season*, by teaching them both its prospective coming and requisitions, and the evil consequences of its abuse? Modern schooling is indeed important, but teaches things that bear no comparison in

practical importance with those remaining untaught. Of which the philosophy and right management of this love element furnishes a striking example. *And which must yet be taught.* Only once let Phrenology come to be introduced into our schools—and I mean to live and labor till this is done—and it will effectually inculcate these now overlooked, but vitally important lessons.

One other reason why this love-season creeps, cat-like, slowly, only to spring suddenly upon its victims, is found in the previous *starvation* of this element. If boys were fondled by their mothers and aunts,¹² and girls by their fathers and uncles;¹¹ if children and youth exercised this faculty aright,¹³ it would never, as now, open upon them almost instantly. As the river, dammed up in its natural channel, rises and keeps rising, flooding above, until, finally bursting through all obstructions, it sweeps all before it; so the undue juvenile restraint and starvation of love, when they do not dry up its waters by unsexing them, renders this sudden love almost a necessity, and so violent as to defy reason, parental counsel, often moral sentiment even, rendering them actually mad and blind; whereas its natural and therefore proper juvenile exercise would have brought it on much later and more gradually, and likewise so disciplined it that it would have been held in reserve until it found a proper object. But its starvation renders it so ravenous that it greedily devours whatever food offers. Parents and guardians, please duly consider this point, and ye who have experience, compare it therewith.

Moreover, a full understanding of this matter, its demands and laws, would naturally both prepare its subjects for its advent, put them on the watch-tower of observation for a suitable object, and enable them to hold it in abeyance for years, if needs be, till they have found a congenial spirit; whereas, not being thus on the *qui vive*, they are seized unawares and doomed.

Then, O thoughtless youth, "get thy house in order" by or before twenty-two—yet hold love back till at least eighteen—that you may welcome this sacred guest of thy nature, and treat it hospitably, and in accordance with nature's requisitions. And this you will certainly do, if and as far as you fulfill nature's instincts. It is an advent too important to be either unduly hastened or postponed, much less treated rudely—as O how many do treat it, and spoil themselves thereby. When it raps at the door of your affections, when it speaks, here, answer and obey. And let every young man and woman see to it that they provide this sacred demand of their being its life-home, its other self, by or before its twenty-fourth year. Not that they must necessarily marry, but locate their affections. That done, the period of

their legal consummation is less important, and may be postponed a short time with comparative impunity. Up to twenty-four, or even longer, young persons may content themselves with knocking or being knocked about ; seeing the world, and sowing wild oats—the less the better. But after twenty-six at farthest, they require settled homes, domestic comforts, and those dignities conferred by the family relations. Indeed, a *family* to nurse, and to be nursed by. Need those little helps which a companion and children can render, and the incentives to effort they furnish, as well as that position in society they help to confer. Nor can any human being be fairly developed or matured without this discipline and incentive.³⁵ They warm the heart and awaken and keep up glowing sympathies. Provoke gratitude to God, and love to man. Try the patience, even, and tax the intellect quite as effectually as does any other human motive.

The plain fact is, children are a *necessity* to a complete human life, and doubly so to feminine. They mature it. Nor can it be fully developed without them. They elicit its virtues, inspire its efforts, sweeten all its pleasures, tax and sustain its intellectual powers to devise and execute, furnish its great central motive to effort, and rouse, electrify, and perfect the whole being.

This is especially true of the female. Her life becomes tame and objectless indeed, without children to live for and love. And those her *own*. But most spirited and self-improving with. I said to a friend of mine, advancing in years—

“Come, it is high time you were married.”

“But you don’t catch this child.”

“Yet you will feel the need of a family at forty.”

“Then I will marry at forty.”

“But that will be like planting corn in *August*.”

The fact is—and is a universal natural institute—that those who would *reap*, must *sow*. That *seed-time* must *precede* harvest. That he who will not *plant*, shall not gather. A truth pre-eminently applicable to each and all the family relations. To be pitied those who, during their palmy days, have made no provision for a family to love and live for. And the more pitiable the older they grow. Yet is pitied just the word? Should not *blamed* be added? Their sin of omission “has found them out,” and summoned them to judgment. And that judgment reincreases as life advances.

Nor ends with this life. God has conferred immortality on humanity. And relates this life to that to come. So that the childless *here* must remain childless *there*. No *own* children there to call them blessed. No legitimate food or resting-place for that large organ,

Parental Love. Let those who choose, thus neglect nature's family requirements; but let me *fulfill* them. Let me have wife and children, here and hereafter, to love and live for, and by whom to be beloved and lived for. Even if they must die at birth, yet they *exist*, which is everything. And I can "go to them," even if they can not come to me.

40. OLD-BACHELORISM AND OLD-MAIDISM.

This principle naturally, necessarily arrays old bachelors and old maids before this tribunal of love for adjudication, seeming condemnation, on the charge of delinquency. Not that we array them, as is too often done, just to raise a laugh at their expense. Nor yet to sympathize with, or stigmatize them. Still, we would kindly scan their excuses. Nor yet be personal, and hence array old bachelor and old maid-ism as an *institution*, and aver, in the broadest, most unqualified terms, *let it be abolished*. Let not one old bachelor or old maid be found in all our borders. All are sexed; therefore all are created to marry, as much as to eat. And those who refuse are just as guilty as those who will not talk or think. And the more any are masculinized or feminized, the more they are cursed in and by celibacy, but blessed in a true marriage. Those but poorly sexed are less "drafted" into the matrimonial service than those well sexed. Nor as much pre-inclined. Such enjoy less in marriage, suffer less in celibacy. And are perhaps the more excusable. Yet as swinging up a weak hand only renders it the weaker; so the dormancy of the love element both diminishes desire to marry, and forestalls its beneficent influences.^{35 38} If he who has deficient conscientiousness, or worship, or memory, etc., is therefore excusable for rendering them still weaker by disuse, then are those poorly sexed and disinclined to love excusable for not loving. But as it is their undoubted duty to cultivate all the more assiduously what little remains, so a weak matrimonial inclination should be a *stimulant* to its exercise, instead of excuse for additional dormancy and decline. As those endowed by nature with but little sense are not to blame for not *having* it, but only for not exercising what little they do have, so those little inclined to woo, be wooed, or wed, are therefore the more blamable and punishable for not occupying the single matrimonial talent they do have. Hence they who desire to marry least, usually need to most.

Yet there are undoubtedly cases of justifiable nominal celibacy. The following anecdote will indicate such: My wife had a dear maiden friend of fifty, to whom I one day said—

"Eliza, why did you not marry when young? Being so well cal-

culated to be and to make happy in the family, you should have had a family of your own."

"Mr. Fowler," she said, "the real reason never yet passed my sealed lips. But I will tell *you*. At twenty, I loved with my whole being. But my lover was bashful. He never told his love. Nor I mine. I thought it not my place. But both looked and acted it. Our love was ardent but taciturn. His looks, by implication, said, 'I long to propose, but am poor, and would not place you upon a lower plane in society than you now occupy.' But he was educated, and I thought his education more than made up for my dollars. He went South to teach—I know it was in order to make a competence that he might marry me—but died of yellow fever. And for thirty years I have felt myself just as much his wife as if married by law. And intend to keep myself pure and holy to him alone, in order to our reunion beyond the grave, where I know he awaits me."

Were not these wedded "in spirit and in truth?" As much married as if E. H. Chapin had eloquently and legally pronounced them husband and wife? They were married in *spirit*, if not in letter. And her cherishing his memory, yielded her all the advantages of love.⁸⁵ And was as virtually marriage as if she had been married to him by law, borne children by him, and been left a widow. Those thus spiritually married, are anything but old bachelors or old maids. Nor had Eliza the least taint of old-maidishness about her. All her actions, her very spirit, were those of the fully developed woman, not the shriveled up, cross-grained old maid. And she was an angel of mercy wherever she went. Motherly to children, a nurse of the sick, most benevolent, and a pattern-sample to her sex. There are doubtless many such. Horace Mann describes one. Indeed, I incline to class many under this head.

Still, celibacy affects the majority very differently. Their having been crossed in love, has rendered them sour in temper, and cross-grained throughout.⁸⁶ When in love, they allowed some minor matter to breed alienation, and have taken things the wrong way. Have turned misanthrope. Become literally man-haters. Find perpetual fault with the masculine gender. Especially with *young* men. Blow all their little faults into a blaze of scandal. Attribute the worst of motives to young people. Half crazed with wrath, and shocked with mock-modesty(?), if they see any signs of love between young people, and create and spread scandal about both. Make mischief between man and wife. Generally side with their own, against the opposite sex. Let a blighting sirocco sweep over a neighborhood—let a terrific hurricane spread devastation and death—but in mercy deliver it from

such a pest. A poison tree to any young man whose path she may cross. Be he even immaculate, she makes him out a sensualist. "Her tongue is the tongue of a serpent. The poison of asps is under her lips." And let that neighborhood cursed with such a nuisance abate it by "*severely letting her alone.*" Not to heed her, renders her powerless.

And many naturally very excellent women, who have good heads, hearts, and temperaments, and are well intentioned, and who, if happily married, would have made excellent wives, mothers, and citizens, have become thus perverted by disappointment. And after all, are more to be pitied than blamed. It is more their *misfortune* than fault. They neglected to sow in the *spring-time* of love,³⁸ and must now famish on through a cold, dreary fall, and perish in the winter of discontent. Both hateful and pitiable. A just reward for neglecting that first duty of all—to make due *provision* at nature's appointed time for this love element. This punishment for this sin of omission is indeed terrible. And inereases with age. One may, indeed, stifle a love affair at eighteen, survive, and pass on tolerably comfortably till toward thirty, but by this time Nature begins to rebel and chastise. Life becomes either objectless or distracted. Patient endurance begins to crush out, or becomes like a perpetually irritating corn—most painful. And the hiatus widens, and gulf yawns as old age advances. None to love as such, nor be loved by. Only friends, and they married, or dying off, so that she may not express even friendship. Especially to the other sex. Possibly an occasional matrimonial offer, but she is so difficult to please. Nor particularly pleasing, withal. Years pass. Youthful attire and appearances are kept up, but both *put on*. All allusions to age avoided. Would make believe much younger than is. The marriageable period passing. Finally past. No children to inherit her affections or fortune. A withering sense of loneliness and desolation gathers apace. A settled decline supervenes. No fond partner with whom to while away life's passing hours. None with whom to walk or talk, ride or visit. On whom to lean, with whom to be. No children with ruddy cheek to gladden her heart, do a thousand little errands, or on whom parental fondness can dote and cling. A vine trailing on the ground, neglected and friendless, instead of encircling some branching oak. No link to bind to posterity. A dreary, spiritless life indeed. And a death still more dreary. But more to be pitied and forgotten than remembered. "Verily they that sleep in seed-time shall want in harvest, and perish in winter."

"But, however deserving old bachelors may be of these strictures—

give 'em fits: they deserve it—we old maids are certainly excusable, on the ground that, forbidden by society to make selections, we are not to blame for not being selected.”

“Yes you are, though. *Make yourselves selectable*. If you have not had offers, it is because you deserve none. For if you had but deserved, you would have had.¹⁴ You have retired, turtle like, head and feet included, within your shell. Whereas, you should have *manifested* your attractions. The glow-worm *exhibits* her glow, else she too would remain undiscovered in the dark. When woman renders herself *lovely*, she will be courted and loved. And it is the *loving who are loved*. The unloving only who are neglected, because neglecting. Like attracts like. And the indifferent woman receives but indifference. And deserves it. Because she either hides her light under a bushel, or else has no light to hide. Which? If you are womanly you will show it, and man is not so blind as not to discern female charms.”

“But I have no beauty to plead for me, yet age against me.”

Do, then, the charms of women necessarily vanish with age? I tell you nay. Let any woman live up to the true womanly spirit, and she will grow more lovely and loved as age advances.³⁹

No, elderly maiden, the trouble is, your love element is either sickly or dormant. Probably sickly. As, by a law of eating, hunger often turns the stomach, so as to beget nausea and daintiness, so love suppressed often becomes reversed. It looks upon marriage and the other sex as a poor affair—sour grapes—and hence repels, instead of attracting. And this causes charm after charm to wane. And chance after chance—at least a chance to make a chance—to pass unimproved. Themselves wholly to blame, they yet pine on over their supposed misfortune, yet deserve their fate. And this pining diminishes their charms by mildewing the sexual element, and reincreasing their daintiness. That is, it mars their sexuality.^{4 5 6}

“But should a maiden lady of forty marry?”

“‘Better late than never.’ That you have postponed thus long, only renders it re-important that you delay no longer. Now, if ever. Really, you have wasted your precious time, and more precious *self*, long enough already.”

“But how shall I *begin*?”

By cultivating a warm, cordial, conjugal *spirit*, or cast of *feeling*, that is, the domestic *qualities*, you will elicit proposals. There are plenty of men of all ages dying for want of good wives. All the promptings they require to induce them to select you, is to perceive that you possess the love element requisite for rendering you a good wife.

But many old maids too often deserve little sympathy. Many of them have brought on their fate by excessive modesty—even prudery. Perhaps for not having courted when they should have done. Perhaps by allowing themselves to fall back into a moody, or misanthropic, or cold, or distant state of feeling, they are too extra particular or modest to allow any man to place himself upon a base sufficiently friendly or familiar to even judge of their merits or fitness for companionship. As the pent-up spring bursts out and bubbles up *somewhere*; as the beautiful flower *opens out* its young petals to admiration, and *gives off* its fragrance; as the ripening fruit proclaims its ripeness by its color and odor; as all the human faculties ought ever to be *on exhibition*, so you too must *show* your excellences. Else how can you expect them to be appreciated? And appreciated, in order to be selected. Come, no more of this downcast, sober-sided, extra-particular, feezy, fussy, nippy, prudish, old-maidism. Take lessons of girls. Be more girlish and *spark-ling*. And surely a woman may be more frank and free than a girl. Smile often, and sweetly. Laugh, and provoke laughter. And note and admire the excellences of gentlemen. Even compliment them. This will bring return compliments. Talk. This will excite conversation, and exhibit your own character, besides ascertaining that of gentlemen. Rely less on dress and ceremonious appearances, but more on your *womanly nature*.

Nor reject an offer because not just *exactly* in accordance with your fastidious taste. But calculate first upon the *main* chances; and secondly, on *molding* the balance after marriage—of which, hereafter. Nor do I object to

FEMALES LEADING OFF IN COURTSHIP.

Up to twenty, it may be more proper for girls to *be* courted than to court; but after that, certainly at twenty-five, it is no more improper for woman to make the first advances than man, so that she makes them properly. And she certainly knows just how to express love preferences with quite as much propriety as man. More. And there are plenty of men unmarried just because uncourted—plenty who need a wife more forward than themselves,⁷⁵ and of course one who will both begin, and take the lead in, courtship. But as custom prevents this, they live on unmarried.

Many other, especially youngerly men, are too modest, backward, bashful to express the preference they feel, lest they be declined. They underrate themselves, yet overrate the female they prefer; and hence, though dying with pent-up love, yet its very intensity silences its expression.¹⁹ They only require that the ice be broken by some lady-

like compliment from her—some leading off, courteous, kindly, friendly expression, sufficient at least to signify that their affection would be reciprocated, to express their love frankly, and become most excellent conjugal partners. Their worshipful adoration of the sex—the very element best calculated to make them good companions, prevents their taking the first step.

But after all, is not woman in reality the very one to initiate love? The principle which underlies this subject will be found in Vol. II. That woman is the angel of love on earth, is unquestionable. Therefore, having more of this love element, appetite, intuition, she can judge better than man whom she can love, and who can love her. And those matches initiated by the female, always eventuate happily; except where she courts for a home, or from rivalry, or some other motive than that of genuine love. But show me a match where a true woman was the first to feel and express love, and I will show you parties that have been happy together, because adapted to each other; and still are, unless drink, or some other varying cause, comes in to prevent.

Leap Year should be practically observed, or, rather, reversed. Three years for the ladies to make advances, to one for gentlemen.

This view, indeed, differs from the practice of Anglo-Saxon society, yet is practiced by many other portions of the human family. And it is correct, because scientific.

OLD BACHELORS.

But if old maids are not excusable, much less old bachelors? If woman should make sure of marriage, how much more so man? If unmarried females past twenty-four are without excuse, old bachelors must surely be most reprehensible. And they are so. Nor has any one of them a single valid excuse. Scarcely a shadow even. Let us canvass some of their objections.

“But I would discipline my mind. Attain this or that intellectual end. Go to college, etc., from which marriage will divert me.”

But would not this be like starving the stomach, in order to improve the muscles? Like dwarfing feet, to render hands over-grown? This you do not want. Proportion is nature's universal law.

Besides, in the mental as physical man, observing the law of any *one* portion, promotes the vigor of all portions. The noblest, highest advancement in intellect can be secured only in and by all the other faculties. And starving the social in order to develop the intellectual, is like stifling the heart in order to improve the head.

“But our author forgets that the loss of one sense sharpens up all

the other senses; as, blindness, touch. The palpable inference from which is, that the dormancy of the social faculties would increase the intellectual."

Your *fact* is admitted, but not your reasoning. Blindness does increase feeling, but because it compels its increased *action*. Yet what prevents touch from being increased as much *with* sight as without? Does sight hinder touch? Why can not touch be exercised even better with sight than without, provided the same pains were taken? It is the increased *exercise* of the one, not the loss of the other, which confers this increased power. And this wonderful increase of the others but shows to what an extraordinary extent *all* might be carried, if all were fully *cultivated*.

So of the exercise of the intellectual faculties as regards the social. Intellect can be exercised all the more in *combination* with active social than dormant affections.^{35 39} By a law of mind, all exercise of any one faculty naturally promotes that of all the others.

Admitted, that an *unhappy* marriage hinders literary pursuits—though no marriage ever need be unhappy²—yet love *helps*, not hinders, intellectual culture.^{25 to 39}

Nature's help-meet law is a universal institute. True, a literary man should have a literary wife. Yet such will help, and in a thousand ways, not hinder. Indeed, as the sexes study much better together than apart,¹³ doubly so husband and wife. Can not a minister preach better with than without a wife? Then why not lecturers lecture, authors write, and naturalists study better with than without a help-meet? But as we shall discuss the *principle* which underlies this whole subject in Part III., we dismiss this excuse as based on wrong premises. And this answer holds clearly good when applied to each and every other human pursuit and end.

"But taking a wife is an eventful step. The responsibilities of the male are much greater than those of the female. He is expected to support, she to be supported. And to have a clinging wife and helpless children dependent on, looking up to one, and all the cares and responsibilities of the family resting on one's shoulders, is no trifle."

Really, then, are you so *very* a poltroon as to let such prospective obligations oppress you? Have you no more stamina than this? Suppose a young lion, shaking his head moodily, should be overheard by other lions to say, "I don't know about this getting a lioness and a parcel of little, blind, howling whelps to hunt for. I can hardly hunt for myself, much less be obliged to hunt for them also, lest they

or I should come to want." Wouldn't the other lions say, "Why, you flunky! You pretend to roar, hey! yet can not catch extra game enough to feed half a dozen little ones? Why, you are dull as well as lazy; for, see here, you have got to catch a fresh beef every night for yourself, or starve, or else eat carrion, and can not eat the half of it before it spoils, and may just as well carry the surplus home to your folks as not. And then how grateful to see them clutch and devour it so greedily, and then look up with satisfied eyes into your face! Have you no more pluck than this? You are no genuine lion, but only a counterfeit. Mate, or we will turn you out of our fraternity."

To support a family in a plain way costs but little if any more than to support one's self.¹⁹ Your fundamental error consists in basing your calculations upon a *stylish* support. You start with this false premise, "Better no family than one not supported in style." Whereas, the true family base is, "Better a family supported in a plain way than no family." The necessities of life cost but little. Plain food—much more healthy for a family than expensive dishes, as our Third Volume will show—is cheap; so of raiment, furniture, house-rent, everything. It is *other people's eyes* that cost so much. The error lies in your *ambition*. You incur the terrible doom of a barren heart,²⁰ which you also fasten on some female, besides robbing your race of the children you might and ought to rear it, because, forsooth, you can not support as *costly* an establishment, buy as many fine dresses and diamonds, and dash out in as splendid style as this or that acquaintance. And our race is to-day minus hundreds of thousands of its best specimens; minus all their happiness and productions, just on account of these *fashionable* ideas. That is, you place fashion above nature. But, mark, you are preparing your back for nature's lash.²¹

"But young men rarely rise above the sphere in which they marry, and hence should postpone marriage till wealthy enough to marry into some F. F. V. family."

Your premises are wrong. Families are constantly rising and sinking, according to their means and merits—though more means than merits. If a family but has the "*rocks*," it matters not a straw whether it acquired them before marriage or after. You will be respected in proportion to your *dollars*, irrespective of *when* you got them; or even *how*, for that matter.

In one financial aspect, however, your excuse is valid. Your having five thousand dollars might enable you to marry, perhaps, twenty or fifty, while having but one thousand might prevent your marrying

more than one or two. But this virtually puts your marriage on a merely monetary base, of which hereafter.

"But all our refined, educated girls—and I want only such—are brought up in a style of luxury far above my means. And to place one such in a common house, with common surroundings, is to wrong her."

Not if she prefers plainness with you to celibacy without. If she is willing, on learning your circumstances, to conform to them, you do her one of the greatest favors by marrying her, but of wrongs if you do not. If *she* is content, surely *you* should be. If you love her, and she loves you, it is your *duty* to take her, whatever your or her circumstances may be. But if she prefers style to you, you do not want her, however rich you or she may be.

Yet, would that our stylish females could but see that their expensiveness, by furnishing a plausible excuse to many men either not to marry at all, or else to postpone until quite advanced, thereby obliges them either to remain unmarried, or to take up with old bachelors. And good enough for them. They placed style above nature, and deserve the consequences.

"But as there are so many more unhappy than happy marriages, my chances are so small that really it is not prudent to venture. In business, in other chances, I am not afraid to run risks; but in this, fear overcomes desire."

But will you live on wages, because nine young men in every ten who set up in business fail?

Yet in marriage *none* need *ever* fail. Only those are unhappy who, by chance or mismanagement, break some love law. Your happiness or misery depends almost wholly on yourself, not at all on others. *Fulfill nature's love institutes*—follow out the doctrine of this book—and you may rest assured of a happy conjugal state, though *all* others are unhappy.

"But I am loth to marry, lest I entail my own faults, physical or mental, on posterity."

This excuse, urged by both sexes, is so general and plausible as to deserve a final answer. It is this: Those who are too weakly, imperfect, or diseased to parent children sufficiently strong, if brought up physiologically, to live and grow up, attain and fulfill a fair human life, and become useful members of society, *nature will not permit to become* parents. She will not begin any work she can not complete. No disease, not even consumption, is ever transmitted, but only *weakness* of organs. Observe Nature's health laws, and she will gradually and surely *increase* the relative strength of those weak

organs until they become nearly as strong as the others. It is *abuse* of the life laws which, by filling the system with disease, causes it to settle on these organs, which induces consumption and other so-called hereditary complaints; whereas, if this disease had not been augmented in the system, these organs would have escaped. All hereditary disease can both be kept at bay and outgrown by a right physiological life. A point, however, to be more fully discussed hereafter.

Besides, till our world is full, better poor children than none at all. And doubly better for you. By all the prospective happiness even inferior ones might enjoy through life, and you in them; by all the variegated labors they would be able to effect, business create, ideas originate, and projects execute, from birth to death; by even all the hopes and happiness of immortality itself, is the birth of even weakly children better than none. Infinitely better that they be born, even though they die; for their happy spirits will await your coming, to call you father, mother, in another world. Then those who can become parents should. And will have their reward.

"But I can adopt CHILDREN."

Not your own. *Own* children constitute nature's only object for parental love.⁴¹ Yet, of course, better adopted ones than none. But, best of all, to provide yourself with a goodly number of your own, and those healthy, and talented, and good, to love, care for, play with, die with, and be buried by. Nor is there any getting around or by this point. Ask any parent, especially mother, to describe the thrill felt on first hearing their first-born's voice. Yet the full power of this point will be seen better from another stand-point.

"But I can not *get* any one I am willing to *have*."

The more's the pity. Are you, then, so *very* ordinary yourself that you can not get any one worthy your having? Poor coote, indeed! And own it at that. And crave our sympathies besides. But are you so *very* perfect yourself that you can find no one equally so? Or would you, yourself faulty, insist on marrying only those who are perfect? Enough if you obtain one *as* good as yourself. Only those who are perfection themselves should insist on perfection in a partner.

But fie for these, for all other like excuses. When weighed in the scale against nature's imperious matrimonial requisitions,³⁸ they amount to nothing. Having weighed the most important, and found them mere gas, why weigh more? "Not worth shucks," either singly, or all combined. They leave each and all wholly without a valid excuse, and speechless. At war with nature and with nature's

God, and, of course, "gathering up wrath against the day of wrath." Not one of them, applied to any other human requisition, such as for food, breath, exercise, books, worship, etc., would stand one moment. Nor will they here. The trouble lies *within*, not without. In *their own* inherent defectiveness, not in these flimsy excuses. They almost always have small Hope with excessive Cautiousness. They fear to jump out of the frying-pan of celibacy, lest they land in the fire of discord, and so fry on. In cautiously avoiding Scylla, they wreck themselves on Charybdis. They wait till all the golden fruits are plucked from among their acquaintances, and go farther only to fare worse, emerging from the other side of the wood with its crookedest stick.

At last age and delay make against them in every aspect. Many, extra-fastidious and over-dainty, not finding exactly the matrimonial element they fancy, starve on—*starve to death*. Yet are the last ones to put up with a like fastidiousness in old maids. Poor, dainty old bachelors! Leafless, branchless, fruitless, barkless, heartless, rootless, shriveled-up trunks,³⁸ smoldering out by slow inches. Some crusty, others lively. Some always in love, but never enough²⁰ to propose, flitting from flower to flower, but never lighting; often wooing, but never mating; others cold as an iceberg, and always in the sulks. Some talkative, others demure. Some heart-broken, others heartless and without sweethearts. But all untrue to nature. Shall we pity or despise most? Neither; for both imply inferiority; whereas they often have many most excellent traits. Then shall we chide? No; for that always makes worse. Array them in their best, and send to ball and party? No; for this does not favor individual admiration or selection. They have become congealed, and only need thawing out. Read them this book, and then assault them with the natural language of love. Or else send them to us, and we will suit them with this one or that, despite their fastidiousness, and pull them out of their "slough of despond."

But as "who would be free, *himself* must strike the blow," so *they themselves*, doffing their bachelorism, should cultivate this love element.^{6 38 47} Should cherish that female appreciation which once rendered them so admired and loving. Should note the good in female character, not the defects. Should go with, wait on this or that female, to picnic or sleigh-ride, party or lecture, May-day excursion or watering place. Should exchange masculine associates for feminine. Especially should read this section; and if it does not induce a matrimonial mood, then they must indeed "be joined to their idols. Let them alone" to die. Are now almost dead.

Then say not you never intend to marry. You talk like a child. As well say you never intend to eat, or talk, or think. It is excusable as a make-believe, and to call out additional persuasions, just as it is excusable in a musician to half decline to perform, only to re-increase invitation. But as concerns an honest declaration of a purpose, every man and woman should say, "I want and mean to love and marry. And as soon as I can find a right subject. And I shall look right assiduously, too."

SECTION IV.

PAIRING A NATURAL INSTITUTE: OR EXCLUSIVE LOVE VS PROMISCUOUS.

LOVE being thus a primitive human element, and its exercise an imperious human necessity,³⁸ of course Nature expressly provides its *specific, legitimate* object. Else it would be like creating appetite without food, eyes without light, etc. Then, is that object *single* or plural? Does Nature restrict love to *one* of the opposite sex. or allow and require its *promiscuous* indulgence? Or does she leave so important a matter at loose ends? Or require exclusiveness of one, and promiscuity of another? Does she not regulate all her works, down even to their minutest details, by immutable laws? And is not love Nature's work?⁴ Then is not it also thus regulated? She *has* her governing love laws. *Must* have. And they are as imperious as the love element they govern.³⁸ And they regulate this matter of one love or many loves.² And rewards their observances, but punishes their infractions.² She therefore either requires or prohibits promiscuity. If requires, let all the world know and practice it. For being her law, it is both right, and sacredly obligatory on all.³⁸ But if she requires but *one* love, let all the world know *that*. She is *right*. Her requirements are God's eternal laws. Let us then inquire at her shrine what *first principles* underlie this whole subject, and make their observation a matter of *conscience*, as it is of self-interest.

All problems, legal, ethical, and philosophical, are solved by their bearing on some *generic principle*. So is this. Then by what? That of progeny. Since sexuality, love, and whatever appertains to either, both centers in and is adapted to promote the greatest number and highest order of progeny, of course as far as exclusive or promiscuous love is adapted to promote this greatest of all ends, so far, but no farther, is it the law of love. Then which is thus best adapted, and how far is either? is the practical determining question. *Individual* cases—such as whether Ruth was true or false to the highest human and feminine type in seeking and Boaz in granting her maternity out of wedlock; nor whether the general admiration she receives should not be reversed; nor whether Abram was right or wrong in securing

issue by Hagar ; nor whether the women of Benjamin did right to replenish their tribe ; nor whether the race is the better or the worse for those born of illicit love ; nor whether, if there were no matrimony, it would be better for the race to cease than perpetuate itself without matrimony ; nor what shall be done when one conjugal partner desires and is capacitated for issue, and the other not ; nor whether our laws and customs should or should not be so changed as to relieve those who thus suffer—but only whether those thus capacitated, in the great aggregate, are naturally adapted to produce and rear the most and the best children by *promiscuous* love, or by confining themselves to *but one* parental partner. That is, whether promiscuity is Nature's law, and exclusiveness sheer prudery ; or whether it is best that all the offspring of either parent shall be by the other. That is, will many loves, or one love, people the earth with the most or best inhabitants ? Nature has answered, "*One* love, incomparably," by her phrenological organ and faculty of

41. CONJUGALITY ; OR THE PAIRING INSTINCT.

This organ, discovered among the last, is located on the two sides of Parental Love, and between Amativeness and Adhesiveness—a location peculiarly adapted to its office, which is to unite all the domestic faculties in one congregated unity.

Its real office centers in and provides for and *rearing* of children, in and by uniting their *parents* in dual affection for life. If, like the fabled Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, man had been brought forth in the full perfection of all his faculties, capable, from the first, of taking all needed care of himself, there would have been no requisition for parental affection or nursing. Whereas, instead, every infant is born perfectly idiotic, not knowing even that fire will burn ; and so helpless that, but for great and long-continued provisions for its wants, every one must inevitably die, and the very race itself, notwithstanding all its powers, perish.

For this supply of infantile necessities, Nature must need make some *ample* provision. One every way abundant and absolute. She has seen fit to make it by ordaining that adults, having surplus strength, shall care for infants—a contrivance of infinite wisdom.

But she must need *specify* what *particular* adult shall care for each *individual* infant. Else, as, what is everybody's business is nobody's, many, if not most infants, would even yet be neglected. She makes this specification in and by PARENTAL LOVE—that instinctive feeling which prompts every parent to care for his or her *own* young. This brings another powerful faculty, namely, *my own*, into requisition. As

if Nature had left all the hens in *general* to brood over and scratch for all the chickens in general, little brooding or scratching would have been done—one old hen saying, “I scratch, scratch, scratch for all these chickens, while you sit there doing nothing—no, indeed”—and as, when another chick enters her brood, she peels its pate right quickly, and because not hers, though having but a single one of her own, and every way able to scratch for and brood over both, so if Nature had left all the adults in general to care for all children in general, few would have been cared for, because not their *own*. Whereas, instead, she allots every infant to some one adult, by ordaining that each parent shall love and care for his, her *own* young. And how infinitely beautiful and perfect this natural provision for parents as well as children! These parents, having surplus time, money, and energy, must expend it on something, or die of plethora. Upon what, then, could parents expend their surplus as pleasantly or profitably as on their *children*? And Nature pays them therefor, in and by this very caring itself. For it is quite as great a luxury for parents to have children to *inherit* their name, affections, property, and characteristics, as for children to inherit. And the race is multiplied besides.

Another beautiful provision in this loving and rearing *own* young is found in the hereditary law of *resemblances* between children and their parents. As parent elephant is much better adapted to rear young elephants than young chickens, and parent turkeys young turkeys than young lions or eagles, so not only are human parents much better adapted to rear human than animal young, but also each *particular* human being is expressly adapted to rear *own* children, because both have the same peculiarities. The more so, because parental self-love likes their own traits in their children, even their actual faults included.

Moreover, in order to its complete rearing and fitting for the great stage of human life, every child requires a *father* to help provide for, educate, and mold, almost as much as produce. Though the mother can, indeed, preserve its life, and supply its *cardinal* wants, yet it imperiously requires a father to provide food, raiment, domicile, etc., and a mother to serve them up; him to judge and counsel, her to persuade and stimulate; him to guide the head and hands, her to mold the heart and manners; and both to round up and perfect the character.^{13 14} And I pity that child brought up by its mother only, because consequently imperfect.

But, in order that the father may thus help rear his children, it becomes first necessary that he *knows for certain which his are*. He ob-

viously can not rely on physiognomical and other resemblances, because the children of father, brother, cousin, etc., are likely to be so near like his own as to preclude their certain identification. By the importance, therefore, of paternal aid in rearing children, is it important that each father shall *know*, not guess, that *this is in very deed my own* lineal child.

Nature *guarantees* this knowledge in and by her *pairing* ordinances, and has interwoven fidelity therein into that very love element which produces. That is, those very conditions which prompt parents to the production of their young, also prompt them to that very exclusiveness of love which renders him certain that his children are indeed "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh."

Confirmatory of this institute and its rationale is the fact, that, in all those tribes of animals where the male can contribute to the rearing of his young, we find both this pairing and fidelity. Yet in none where he can not, because it is not especially needed. Thus, lion and tiger can hunt for their young quite as *well* as, even better than, lioness and tigress. So of birds. Yet in the bovine, equine, susine, and other like tribes, where the father can not thus contribute, no such pairing exists. This is both a universal fact, and based in a philosophical necessity.

Can, then, the human father contribute to the rearing of his young? Can he not? And since he can, why shouldn't he? Why not help *rear* what he helped to produce? Some argue that "the mother can and should take all necessary care of her children till they are seven, after which they should care for themselves, thereby developing self-reliance and support, so necessary through life." And the great American apostle of this doctrine has literally practiced it, by allowing his little babe, after its mother's death, to be cared for by another, who, on requesting a childless pair to adopt it, they replied, objectingly, "That they did not wish, after they had trained it to their liking, to have its father influence it," were answered, "Never fear; he will never look after it." Abominable! Deliver me from such a father. And would it not be too much to impose on the mother the entire labor and pain of bearing and nursing, of housing and feeding, of educating and caring for her young?

In this case, pray, on what object shall human masculines expend their surplus acquisitions and pent-up energies and affections? They must needs live inane, listless lives, uninspired to effort by those powerful parental stimulants^{38 40} by which Nature's arrangement of rearing his own young now inspires them. Far be the day from me when I shall have no children or grandchildren to live for and love, and

be lived for and loved by; but blest that day in which they were born.

But Nature has arranged this whole matter just right, all round, by ordaining that both father *and* mother shall *unite* in rearing their mutual offspring, by providing that this very love which renders him a father shall also consecrate the mother of his children to him alone, from before their first, till after their last child. And that, ordinarily, all the children of each parent shall also be by the other.

The rationale of this principle furnishes the base of that argument drawn from instinct, as also that deduced from the mine-and-thine feeling, presently to be introduced,^{43 44} by showing that they are genuine, because absolutely necessary to the rearing, and therefore perpetuity, of the race.

PAIRING AS AFFECTING THE NUMBER AND QUALITY OF MANKIND.

As Nature's entire philosophy of this whole masculine, feminine, and love institutes centers in the greatest number and highest order of offspring, we may expect to find all the main conditions of human perfection written by her all-perfecting hand into the conditions of perfect love.

If therefore matrimony*—a word we shall hereafter use in this its true etymological sense, namely, that of one female or mother, while we shall use marriage for its general legal and more nominal phrase—if matrimony is better adapted to secure a greater number and higher order of human beings than promiscuity, we shall of course find this love element to attach itself to but *one* of the opposite; while, if promiscuity is thus adapted, to as many as are. Then, is one love, or are many loves, thus adapted?

ONE. *Infinitely* the best. Does it not ripen up this love sentiment, and fit it for its creative office, much earlier and better than diversity? Is it not specifically adapted to enable the mothers of the race to fill up their entire maternal period with bearing or nursing? Does it not naturally secure all the progeny the female can produce, or both can rear? What more is, can be, wanted?

Does not promiscuity both greatly diminish the *number* and vitiate the *quality* of its human products, as compared to matrimony? Do "women of pleasure" make the best mothers of the race? Do they furnish the world with either the most or the best sons of genius and

* From "*matria*," which signifies mold, mater, or mother, or female, and "*monos*," one, and meaning one mother for all the children, expressing both that duality of the love institute, as well as that heart-union we are now expounding; while monogamy signifies only the *legal* yoking of the marriage ceremony.

daughters of moral purity and loveliness? Instead, how few, how inferior, mentally, and how depraved their children! Let facts answer.

JEALOUSY BASED IN EXCLUSIVENESS.

And is not promiscuity naturally adapted to engender and propagate those most painful and life-destroying diseases which both induce impotence long before the close of the parental period, besides cutting off their victims long before their time? What is to-day slowly but effectually depopulating the Sandwich Islands, threatening, at its present rate, to extinguish the aboriginal race in fifty years? What proportionably consuming many nations of the East? And the Mexican peons? and God knows how many more besides? Now it needs must break some *important*, some fundamental law, in order to induce so dire a penalty. For the severity of the punishment measures the value of the law broken.³ This punishment is the most terrible scourge God inflicts on man, because it eventuates from the breach of Nature's most important law—*exclusiveness*.³

Besides, as strong a human feeling as jealousy, is by no means a fungus, a parasite of love. It is inherent, and must needs, therefore, have its *rationale*, and, like pain, subserve some good end. Then what?

Increased multiplication; on the well-known physiological principle that continued replanting the seeds of life is fatal to all. It is always most repugnant to the mother, because already thoroughly imbued with devotion to the father of her unborn. This one-paternity argument in favor of one love, and against promiscuity, is absolutely final. "One such is amply sufficient," as the judge said to the twenty-one reasons why a witness was not present, the first being that he was dead. "That *one* will do." Even among unmating animals, the female is true to her temporary spouse until his progeny is matured. So that, even here, though a re-mating occurs at each parentage, yet there is fidelity to that one during germination.

The about equal number of males and females still further strengthens this argument in favor of matrimony, but against promiscuity. Is, indeed, conclusive that Nature has adapted *one*, and *but one*, of each sex to each one of the other, because a plurality of some would rob an equal number of others.

Promiscuity, also, always produces that animal phase of the love sentiment which, besides corrupting the parents, deteriorates offspring, while one love promotes that purity of affection which exalts and ennobles both. Of which, however, more fully in Vol. II.

MATRIMONY AS CREATING HOMES AND FAMILIES.

Of the influence of the family we have already spoken.¹ Yet, pray, what but matrimony gathers mankind into families, neighborhoods, associations, villages, and cities, and thereby embodies all the influence they all wield over man?

Home, too, with all its sweets and advantages,¹ is consequent mainly on this same Conjugalitv. And, accordingly, the phrenological organ of Inhabitiveness joins, and is right over, that of Conjugalitv. We will not now stop to eulogize "home, sweet, sweet home," nor to descant on the practical value of the domiciliary principle as an absolute necessity to the very existence of the race, because of the rearing of its young, but simply ask, How many houses does promiscuous love ever rear or furnish? Scarcely one. It favors neither their provision nor improvement, but, instead, discourages both. Abolish matrimony in the sense just defined, and our houses would soon rot down, homes become overrun with thorns, thistles, and vermin, neighborhoods broken up, and society disbanded and sent back to its savage elements. Indeed, in what is the whole idea of "real estate" based, and in what does its inherent value mainly consist, if not in this very home idea, created by Conjugalitv?

In like manner, religious meetings, schools, roads, corporations, public works, and a thousand like societary customs and fixtures, now so common that their utility is overlooked, grow, after all, mainly out of this same home idea, and this out of matrimony.

42. LOVE SELF-PERPETUATING.

What higher, stronger, *ad hominem* evidence of the durability of anything than its being *self-perpetuating*? That the earth, for example, will continue its diurnal and annual motions throughout interminable ages, than the fact that the *cause* of these motions is self-acting and self-perpetuating? That a given tree is long-lived, than that it is constitutionally *adapted* to attain and maintain this longevity?

Now, since the natural adaptation of a given thing to a given end furnishes the strongest possible argument that this end is both possible and legitimate, therefore if love is constitutionally adapted to perpetuate and reincrease itself, of course this would effectually, absolutely demonstrate its perpetuity. Then is it thus adapted? It is. Mark *wherein* and *wherefore*.

1. By the law of HAPPINESS. By a primitive law of being, all involuntarily and necessarily love whatever renders them happy. And because of, and in proportion to, this happiness. But hate whatever

renders miserable; and for a like cause, and in the same proportion. Indeed, this is the only real base of all likes and dislikes, desires and repugnances. This is an obvious law of things, to be more fully proven hereafter. Then does love naturally render its participants more and still more happy, or more and still more miserable, in each other, as they live together in its exercise? If happier, this law necessarily renders love self-perpetuating; but if more miserable, self-destructive, as regards each other. Then is it so delicious at first, only to cloy, sicken, and the more effectually disgust afterward? Or, rather, that we should relish it the more as we participate in it the longer? Is it a Jonah's gourd, or a cedar of Lebanon? Is it the more perfect the longer, or the shorter, its duration? Is it a mere summer fruit, soon gone, or does it naturally ripen its fruit all along through life, and become the more luxurious as life advances?

The latter, always and necessarily. And for this reason: by rendering its participants inexpressibly happy in each other,^{Sec. II.} it naturally and necessarily re-perpetuates and reincreases itself. Wherever sufficient natural affinity exists between two to *begin* to love, cherishing this love, by rendering them happy in each other, will continue to re-unite, re-enamor, and re-infatuate each with the other, more and more, and re-bind them the more indissolubly together, the longer they live in the natural spirit of true love.

Reader, you have been rendered happy by various means, and at different periods through life. But what *one* thing in the eagerness of childhood, or the hearty appetites of youth, or the enthusiasm of the antemeridian of life, or the full powers of manhood, have ever even begun to render you as ecstatically happy as exchanging love with that sacred object of your full-toned affection? It is not permitted to fully-developed humanity to be rendered as ecstatically happy in any other acquisition or possession as in and by the one beloved. Nor in the exercise of any other faculty as in that of love. And the happier, the more intense this love. Then to apply this law and fact to its perpetuity. Mr. A. takes a given amount of pleasure, say one in an indefinite scale, with Miss B., during their first day's interview. This induces, even compels, them to love each other, and desire its repetition, in the same degree. Then put down *one* as the measure of their happiness and love the first day, and one for the second, and add them together. But, remember, the pleasurable reminiscences of the first render the second all the more pleasurable, and this makes the sum total not two, but say two and a half. These two days' pleasure now redouble that of the third, and these three that of the fourth, etc., *ad infinitum, et æternum*, so that the fiftieth is far more pleasurable than

the first, and the five hundredth far more pleasurable than the fiftieth. Thus, by a first law of mind, any love which is productive of mutual happiness—and all love is thus productive—reincrease the love itself, and thereby its happiness, by all the previous enjoyment they have taken together. And this renders their love stronger the second year than the first, by all the happiness of the first, and the tenth by all the happiness of the nine preceding, and the fiftieth by all the happiness they have enjoyed together in forty-nine years, and so on till they die. This is true in practice *and* theory, just as long and as far as both parties *cherish* the love sentiment, and allow nothing, by abrading it, to render them unhappy in each other.

2. THE LAW OF ASSOCIATION also comes in to still further reincrease and perpetuate love. Even antagonistic cat and dog, by daily association, come to live passively, and even play, together. Becoming accustomed to noxious substances, as alcohol, tobacco, etc., diminishes their injurious effects. Accustoming ourselves to the same room, furniture, and surroundings, renders them the more agreeable, even if unpleasant, the longer the association.

Then does, or does not, this well-known law of mind, apply equally to love? It does. Only with redoubled force, because its associations are so infinitely the more pleasurable. Why do we love the associations of childhood's home, but because of the happiness experienced there? And the happier the more. Then why not thus of love, only the more because the more pleasurable?

Reader, take a twilight walk, when departing day veils nature in a halo of beauty and loveliness peculiarly favorable to meditation, and then throw yourself into a musing, retrospective mood. Memory now recalls the times and seasons of yore. But *what* scenes as vivid as those of your young *love*? Your soul, perhaps eye, fills with their reminiscences. What would you not give for a leaf, a flower, from the pathway you then trod, or the mound you sat upon together? Or apples from that old tree under whose boughs you both talked and feasted on fruit and love together? How delightful would they be, because associated with recollections so pleasurable! Now, suppose your entire life filled fuller and fuller with these delightful experiences and reminiscences of love, all centering in the same conjugal object, but intermingled with no painful ones. Would you be willing to surrender this long-trying object of love for some new, untried stranger? Would *then* the newest broom sweep cleanest? If so, take it, but let *me* keep the old. It is *love* both "that giveth yet increaseth."

3. SYMPATHY constitutes still another law of mind by which we come to love those for whom we do, and on whom we take, pity.

Thus, the nursing mother loves her sickliest child best. Even novels often originate love in one nursing or saving the life of the other. True, donees gratefully love donors—the poor, the benevolent—but *givers* more than receivers, and parents than children. For doing awakens more love than even receiving.

Then does not this well-known law of mind naturally reincrease the love of both conjugal partners for each other? Does not love involuntarily do for those beloved?²⁸ In a true love state, each is constantly doing—he in his daily toil or business, she in her domestic sphere—for the other, and their mutual young; thereby perpetually reincreasing their own and each other's love. Doubly so if either is sick—a strong reason why wives should superintend the creature comforts of husband and children.

4. COMMUNITY OF LABOR AND INTEREST also naturally promotes affection, and between those of opposite sexes, love. Thus, old soldiers, copartners, colaborers in any department of human effort—muscular, pecuniary, humanitarian, intellectual, or moral—by virtue of their very community of effort and interest, naturally form strong social affinities for each other.

Then how forcibly does this law of mind apply to wedlock? All their efforts and struggles in a true love state are *mutual*. They naturally *share* their feelings, property, everything, meals included, together, and each sharing, increases love. How pleasurable for old friends to sup together! Then how much more so for those who have grown old in conjugal love! Meeting my college classmates the twentieth year after our graduation, in an all-night's supper, recalling college scenes, and intercommuning together, formed an era in my life. Though we graduated with some friendships but more heart-burnings, yet time had softened off college asperities, and reincreased its attachments. Then how much more so a true conjugal state! But,

5. ITS MUTUAL CHILDREN ARE LOVE'S GREAT PERPETUATOR. By a first law of mind, parents love their own children. And with the utmost fervor and intensity. What one human sentiment, save love, as strong as the parental? What will not parents do, endure, sacrifice, accomplish for them? Description utterly fails. And it increases with age. For grandparents love more than parents.

Now does not each loving and caring together for the same darling objects naturally promote love for each other? Then does not parental love *naturally promote and practically aid* conjugal? By all the sacredness and perpetuity of the parental sentiment itself, is the conjugal both deepened and perpetuated thereby. And this law of mind is absolute. It almost *compels* the parents of the same children

to love each other. And would always, but for still stronger repellant conditions. This alone, in the absence of strong counter-irritants, would *guarantee* to all parents a continuance of that love in and by which they became parents. How could Nature point more strongly, more clearly to any one principle than she points by all these radii to the self-perpetuity of love as its great focal center?

Then tell me not that love naturally wanes with its honeymoon. That the youngest love is the most fervent and devoted. That the natural history of love is first to sate, then to cloy, and finally to either die or go astray. Instead, it takes those who have loved each other *long*, to manifest this human sentiment in its *fullest* perfection. It is only those who have ascended together the hills of prosperity, and descended into the vales of adversity, who have long labored and suffered with and for each other, who have, if need be, watched round each other's bedside, and produced, cared for, watched over, and perhaps buried children together, and grown old in love as in years, that become *perfectly* united in the *deepest, fullest, most indissoluble* ties of love.

That love often *does* decline instead of increasing with years, is admitted. But that this declination is *necessary*, or even natural, is stoutly contradicted. Its usual diminution is consequent on various breaches of its laws, rather than in anything inherent in its own constitution.

"But," say some, "'VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LOVE,' as well as of life. As no one kind of food can nourish the system as well as a variegated diet; as no one study can as effectually discipline or enlarge the mind as several; as journeying over a champaign country is more beautiful than through a savannah; as diversity is more pleasant than monotony, etc., throughout, of course equally so of love. One man finds one excellence in this woman, another in that, adapted to attract him and draw out his love. And *vice versa* of this woman as regards different men. And loving thus eclectically the charms of the different ones of the opposite sex, naturally develops his or her love much more effectually than each confining him or herself to any *one*, however perfect. This variety of love, therefore, exercises the love sentiment more perfectly, and especially perfects the character more than its restriction. No man can completely fill any one woman's beau-ideal of a perfect man. Nor man woman's. But, instead, a woman sees, and therefore must love the nobleness of those who are more noble than talented, and the talent of those who are more talented than noble, the oratory of this, the logic of that, the form or manners of the other, etc., and so on to the end of the whole chapter

of whatever a first-class woman admires in a man. And *vice versa* man as regards woman."

But is this argument either logical or correct? Is variety in very deed the spice even of life? Is it the *rolling* stone that gathers most moss? Is the *home* sentiment better satisfied with getting up and living in this house to-day, that to-morrow, and the other the next? Or in this country this year, and other countries other years? On "Greenland's icy mountains" one season, and India's burning plains the next, and so on through life? Or is *parental* love better satisfied with fondling and teaching a Caucasian child to-day, a Malay to-morrow, and a mulatto the day after? Or by loving and caring for the *same* children from birth to maturity? And which is best for children, *different* teachers, governors, etc., or the same continued? Is *Adhesiveness* better developed by forgetting the friends of yesterday in those of to-day? Or by intercommuning through life with the *same* neighbors and friends? Or is transitory friendship the best for the befriended? Rather, is not friendship like wine, the stronger as it becomes older? And in those cemented by a long course of uninterrupted friendship? Or is *Alimentiveness* better satisfied by sitting down to Vitellius' forty thousand different dishes at once, or by making a full meal off one substantial dish? It is a law of appetite, which all can test at every meal, that it requires several mouthfuls of the same dish to fairly set the appetite; that changing the dish requires several mouthfuls before the second dish begins to relish; so that we take much more of even *gustatory* pleasure in partaking of but *one* dish at a meal than several. And all physiologists testify that a homogeneous meal is promotive of, while a hodge-podge one retards, digestion. And notice it when and where you will, you are never as well satisfied at a table loaded with everything imaginable, as with a single substantial dish. And hence our first-class hotels are rarely satisfactory. Their very variety spoils. And does not the old man relish his *accustomed* dish better than any new one, though intrinsically better? Would a lion's or elephant's diet be better by each eating meat, herbs, and grain at the same meal?

Or is *Acquisitiveness* better delighted by selling dry goods to-day, hardware to-morrow, groceries the next, lands and houses the next, etc.? That is, by *variety* than continuity? In fact, does not the whole business world practically refute this variety argument?

Or is Constructiveness more pleased or better skilled by building steam-engines to-day, Frenchified toys to-morrow, and watches the day after? Or by working steadily on *one* thing? Or shall a man seek honor in traffic to-day, in oratory to-morrow, in politics the next,

and the pulpit the fourth? That is, in *different* callings, or the *same* one? Or is the mind better disciplined by thinking and learning a little about many things, or much about some *one* thing? And are not old people remarkable for *sameness*, not variety, in everything? When old Parr breaks in upon his *regular* habits, he dies. In short, this doctrine of variety, when applied to each and all the other faculties and human efforts, becomes perfectly ridiculous. Too utterly futile to begin to be argued. All facts, all theory, all experience in everything sustain continuity, and ignore this variety doctrine. If variety were the spice of life, why not better for an oak to be oak to-day, pine to-morrow, poplar the next, and a man, man to-day, dog to-morrow, and fish the third, instead of each being the same through life? Universal nature sustains continuity in opposition to variety. In short, Nature has placed an organ or faculty in the human head and mind, the very primal office of which is, to interdict variety and secure continuity. And what is especially applicable to our argument is, that this organ, called Continuity, is located *right over the social group*, which it *partly encircles*, obviously in order that it may continue them in their action. It is shaped like a new moon, its two corners coming down over the social group, and ending at the organ of Conjugality, which mates or pairs.⁴¹ If this is not demonstration itself, pray what is?

But that nothing may be wanting to completely *demonstrate* Nature's one-love ordinance, she still further re-establishes it by—

43. LOVE INSTINCTIVELY DUAL, NOT PLURAL.

Nature's *instincts* constitute her great proclamation of both her wants, and their supply—her laws, and their requisitions. By them she proclaims to each and all her subjects, animate and inanimate—their need of food, what kind is best for each one, and how to eat, as well as whatever appertains to a perfect alimentation. This is doubly true in her animal and human creations. And throughout each and all their functions. Indeed, instinct consists in the natural action of her primitive faculties. Further, what is reason but the instinctive action of her reasoning powers? And thus of Memory, Conscience, Mechanism, everything?

Love, too, is an ordinance of Nature.⁴⁶ Therefore, it likewise must needs have its instincts. Indeed, we virtually based our argument as to Nature's true love season on this instinct.³⁹ It not only provokes love, but also *governs* it. And each and all its instincts are *right*. Are Nature's fiat, and therefore God's law. And hence, absolutely reliable. Indeed, Nature is the grand trunk of all our doctrines on all

subjects. She is sacred. Is doubly sacred in whatever appertains to love.³ And expresses her love laws in and by her love *intuitions*. And thereby justly punishes all delinquents. An innocent girl, brought up in perfect ignorance of whatever concerns Nature's love-requisitions, breaks them fundamentally, and incurs their dreadful penalties. Now is not her punishment hard, cruel, and unjust? Not at all. It would be, but that she has intuition for her infallible guide in all things, love included. And has discarded this guide. Nor is she ever punished unless and until she *abuses her own consciousness* by running counter to her sacred instincts. She has sinned against *her own nature*, and therefore deserves punishment.

Then, what *are* Nature's love instincts respecting a duality or a plurality of this love element? We speak not of friendship. That is plural. As one man or woman can have many friends of the same sex, so they can have still more of the opposite. For friendship naturally cements between opposite sexes more readily than within either. Nor yet of mere lust, for that, too, is promiscuous. It matters little who, so that the sex is opposite. But we speak of that deep, intense *soul-union* already described.^{6 38} Please read discriminatingly pages 41, 42, and then go away back and down, ye who have ever loved, into the deepest recesses of your own souls, and live over again that sacred spell—your first love season. Not any mere girlish or boyish love. This element was then but flitting from flower to flower, in order, by tasting many, to select the best *single* one. Nor do we refer to this sentiment after it has become vulgarized. And this is the case in by far too many. And often corrupted so young as almost to obliterate its instincts before it becomes matured. But we speak of those thoroughly sexed,^{4 5} yet not sensualized, after they have come fairly to experience the full instinctive workings of love. Did you, or did you not, then *individualize* that love-object? Did you, as a man, love *any and every* female because one, and the prettiest the most, or single out some *one* as its *special* idolized mate? I put this question right home to your own *ad hominem consciousness*—that highest tribunal of truth—did you, or did you not, while interchanging that most sacred of all sentiments, intermingle *exclusiveness* therewith? Did you not in effect say—

“I love you, and you *alone* of all others, and gladly give up all for you? Do you give up all for me?”

“Indeed I do. Others may be good, but you are best. I have friendship for others, but love for *none but* you. And if, in the course of human events, I am not permitted to marry you, I never desire to marry another, and never will. Do you reciprocate *this* sacred pledge?”

"I do. And with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength. Be I where I may, on mountain top or in valley deep; on barren rock or fertile plain; by stream, in wood, on lawn, by wayside and fireside, on land, on sea, near by and far off, in prosperity and in adversity, by night and day, in youth, life's meridian and decline, and clear down to and in death, I will ever love *you*, and you *alone*. And if I die first, I will be your guardian spirit till death brings you to my angel arms. And through eternal ages I will love God first, and you next. And the more as eternity rolls on. Do you reciprocate *this* solemn pledge of *eternal* love?"

"I do. By all that is beautiful and perfect on earth and in sky; by this lovely flower I now pluck on this sacred spot and place on your breast; by the air I breathe, and food and fruits I eat; by the earth beneath and the heavens above; by sun, moon, and star—yon bright star we will now select to preside over our life-destiny—by my own very being itself and yours, and the great God who gave it to us both; by the eternity of *his* years and ours, I here solemnly consecrate my whole self and being to you, and you alone, for life, in death, and forevermore. Amen."

Is not this the *natural* outgushing of all genuine love? If it is not always expressed, is it not always *felt*? It is implied too deeply to *need* utterance. As, if, a finger crushed, its pain is presupposed—no need of its declaration—so, who that ever makes love, but either utters or implies this *exclusiveness*? This *wholly thine* is as indigenous to love as heat to fire, as cold to ice. Is its *sine qua non*, and inseparable from love. It is its universal, necessary concomitant. An integral *part and parcel* of it. Indeed, its main constituent. Who ever pretends to make love without expressing or implying it? Only children of lust, not love. Mere sensuality does not thus pledge or exact exclusiveness. Aspasia was not thus exclusive. Nor Venus. But their love was confessedly personal; not that highest, holiest love instinct. Now, if community of love were its natural manifestation, the cuckold would even delight in his loved one's *liasons*; and she in his. Or thus: The male loves all true exhibitions of genuine feminine character, and female of masculine. Therefore, if promiscuity were innate, every man would instinctively love those women best who most loved the most men. And the converse, women as regards men. This would obviate all need and idea of "intrigues," and actually pay a bonus to openness. Instead, conjugal amours are kept secret, and discovered, avenged. Even in Mormonism, let but another man make love to any one of his fifteen wives, and Brigham Young would shoot him with as much relish as he would a panther. Even free-love advo-

cates not many loves as much as *re-mating*. Why, the very idea that one's love is common, not special—that a frail one bestows favors equally on *all*—breaks its sacred spell. And always disgusts, never attracts. Say, humanity, is not this thus? Say more, do you not involuntarily loath frailty? Say, woman, do or can you love most, him who loves *all* your sex in general, or only you in special? If, like talents, morals, ingenuity, eating, etc., promiscuity is love's *natural* manifestation, it should attract and be attracted, honored, valued, praised, and cultivated by common consent. Indeed it is, always has been, always must be, despised, kept hidden. And the more as man advances from age to age in the scale of humanity. Virtue was esteemed by the ancients some. Is by the moderns more. And will be more yet, as the race progresses; for it is written right down deep into the first principles of human consciousness.

An illustrative anecdote: A tender-hearted swain, coming fourteen miles to hear a lecture on marriage, said, at its close, "Please, sir, your advice. I am in this quandary: I have been paying my addresses to two young ladies of our village—one the handsomer, the other the better—in doubt which to select. Not long since, the better says, 'George, I have one especial favor to ask: that you *make choice* between Jane and me. If you prefer her, I have nothing to say. But I *have* to request, that if you *continue* your addresses to *her*, you will please *discontinue* them to *me*.' "

Now, did or did not this young lady express a true human sentiment, in requiring him to be *exclusive* in his attentions, by choosing the one *or* the other? Did she not? If a lover should say fondly to his loved one, "Jane, I love *you* for this, that, the other excellences, but I also love Harriet for others, and Julia for others still," would not Jane say, "Then give *all* your love to Harriet or Julia; I want *none*, unless I can have *all*." And this is universal humanity. Why, the very beginnings of love recognize this mine-and-thine sentiment in this custom and instinct, that while two are making love to each other, all others who are well-bred and moral keep aloof till one dismisses the other, when all feel at liberty to proffer their love until another one is selected, when all others again retire. By common consent, those who attempt to "cut another out" are despised as heart-robbers, and always rendered miserable thereby. A splendid-looking young man captivated one of two rival belles of a New England village, loved devotedly, was loved, and partly engaged. But a rival belle, out of sheer vanity, set her cap to cut out her rival, succeeded, married him, and has lived a most wretched life ever since, now parting, now re-uniting, while he, too, drinks—just penalties for

trifling with Nature's sacred ordinance of one love. Our one-love argument is still further strengthened by

FIRST LOVE.

Our *first* doing or experiencing of anything carries with it a certain freshness, novelty, and zest forever to be remembered, and unknown to any of its repetitions. Thus, how much more life-inspiring the first breath than any subsequent one ! So of the first walk, horseback ride, dollar earned, and successful achievement of any kind, first-born included. Now here is an unmistakable law of mind. Then does it apply to *First Love* as to first everything else ?

Does it not ? And with tenfold more power than to anything, everything else besides, because the impressions of love are so far more vivid than any and all others. It opens up a train of sensations both so new and so delightful as to throw all others into the shade, and writes itself so indelibly, as with the point of a diamond, right into the innermost tablet of memory, and our very being itself, as always and everywhere to stand first, and grow more vivid and intense with age. This same law applies equally to the first marriage ceremony, and its incidents, subsequent ones being more mechanical.

Obviously, then, self-interest should prompt all human beings to make *the very most possible* out of *first* love, courtship, and marriage ; and in order thereto, to postpone it just long enough, but none too long, and manage it just right in every respect. And if they do, there is no measuring the amount of happiness it will yield them.

THE SACREDNESS OF LOVE still further demonstrates its unity. Were the shrines of Diana and the vestal fires of Delphos sacred to their worshipers, and is not love more holy, its altars more inviolable, its pledges more plighted, its vows more sacred, and this sentiment more instinctively holy than any, than all other human emotions ? Does it not consecrate the very ground they tread together, and all the incidents in which they participate ?³³ What relics as sacred as those consecrated thereby ? It is the "vail within," the "inner temple" of the human soul. The "ark of the covenant," the "holy of holies," the high priest, clothed with the "Urim and Thummim," offering up consecrated incense on humanity's holiest altar, within its most holy place.

And for this most obvious reason : Life is infinitely sacred. Hence the capital punishment inflicted on those who destroy it. Equally sacred is all connected with it. Its origin especially included. Love is the instrumentality of this origin.^{3 4 5} And therefore correspondingly sacred.

44. THE MINE-AND-THINE INTUITION OF LOVE.

Nature has implanted in every human being—animal even—a certain “*mine-and-thine*” sentiment. “This is my bone,” says the dog; “my nest,” says the robin; “my clothes, house, property,” says the man. Some things do belong to one; others to another—are *owned* by those who make or get them lawfully. This feeling is created by Acquisitiveness, which both inspires us to get and keep, and tells us that things rightly earned are ours. It is a *necessary* human element. Without it, nothing could ever belong to any one. Not even our own eyes, teeth, hands, clothes, houses, anything, could belong to either us or any one else, for all idea of property would be unknown. And as there could be no feeling of ownership, therefore there would be little stimulant to personal effort of any kind. But for it, little would ever be obtained and nothing preserved. Blot it out, and you paralyze all kinds of business and industry. It is the great motor-wheel of human acquisition and effort. It gives and respects ownership. “This is mine, that yours; let each be content with his own.” Theft is but its violation. And its punishment is deserved.

But it appertains to talents, ideas, inventions, mental acquisitions, honor, shame, health, life, and a thousand other things, quite as effectually as to property. Else, why “pay off” noble deeds by praise, or ignoble by reproach?

But there exists also a principle of *community* of possession, as when a company, city, or nation have combined to create public buildings, works, property, etc.

Then ‘does this community-feeling naturally accompany love? Does each individual member of each sex love each and all the members of the other, as *common* property? Or does each love some *one* as “*mine*,” not *ours*? Let the instincts of all who love answer. And let that answer be *heeded*. Who that loves but feels “this is *my own* dear one, and mine *alone* to love,” just as much as any laborer ever felt “this is my own dollar for my own day’s work?” This *own* feeling is as necessary an element of love, and inseparable from it, as even sexuality itself. Nor can a high, honorable, conscientious human being love one felt to belong to another. Love can fasten only where others’ claims are virtually canceled. Did not ye who have ever loved, do not ye who now love, feel that this “*my own*” sentiment appertains to your loved one quite as effectually as to any dollar or article you ever considered yours? More even? It appertains to nothing else on earth as effectually as to a loved one. This feeling is *instinctive*. It is the natural outworking of human consciousness—

that highest possible evidence. As the consciousness that we see is the strongest possible proof that we do see, so this internal consciousness that this loved one is *mine*, *all* mine, and mine *alone*, to love—that another's coming in to draw off this love is despicable robbery—that “he who steals my purse steals trash,” in comparison with him who robs me of my loved one—is demonstration, “strong as holy writ,” that this “my own” feeling legitimately belongs to love. This argument is absolutely fatal to a community of love, and conclusive in favor of exclusiveness.

Moreover, I own myself. My title to do whatever I please with myself is even higher than landed titles, because derived directly from my Maker. My right is *absolute*, either to give or sell either my time or each or all my powers to whom I please. And for any specified price or period.

Very well. Then I choose to give or sell myself to love a particular female. And take pay in her love for me. And I get a *quid pro quo*, because it renders me immeasurably happy—the end of all pay. I transfer, I “*deed*” away my love faculty to her, and take pay in her deed of her love faculty to me, as long as we live. And now, in the name of all human rights, have we not a sovereign *right* to make this contract, and seal it as we do in and by a public marriage? Then *is* she not mine, and *am* I not hers, to love and cherish till death separates us? If this does not give me a clear “*title*” to her, and her to me, pray what *can* give any title to *anything*?

And it is in this inalienable human right that this instinctive feeling of *mine*, as appertaining to love and offspring, consists, and of which marriage is but its public acknowledgment and record. Matrimony is therefore an ordinance of Nature, because but the expression of one of her institutes.

“But why amplify a position rendered conclusive by either of these arguments?”

To render certainty doubly sure. To put a final quietus on this vexed question. To demonstrate it. To give it the elevated rank of a *scientific truth*, instead of leaving it merely hypothetical. For mark the difference between a flippant, declaratory, off-hand, declamatory, plausible, perhaps even eloquent essay, and a scientific natural truth completely demonstrated. In a question thus vitally important to the well-being, to the very existence even, of the race, declamation is not sufficient. It requires to be *proved* as an ORDINANCE OF NATURE, that each and all may hear and heed its authoritative edict. For, mark, *Nature's edict is God's law*.

Then have we not completely *settled* this mooted question, that every human soul should love one, and *but* one of the opposite sex? *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

“But your one-love argument, drawn from instinct, cuts both ways, yet favors promiscuity most. Though exclusiveness forms a poetic episode in some romantic loves, yet the instinctive workings of this love element, from the days when the ‘sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair,’ all along down to even our own day, from the least to the greatest of men and women, have favored promiscuity. Even Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and those holy men of old, had many loves, and yet talked with God. Venus, who personified promiscuity, and whose worship actually consisted therein, was the most loved and worshiped of all the ancient deities; whereas Diana, who personified exclusiveness, had but a single temple and few worshippers. What other, of all the ancient gods and goddesses, confined themselves to one love? And these deities were the examples of their votaries. Was and is not virtue practically unknown in Egypt, China, and, indeed, all the nations of the East? Do not the Mohammedans limit the number of their loved ones only by their means of purchase and support? And are not they considered happiest and honored most who can obtain and sustain the greatest number? Why the harem need its eunuchs, and all Eastern females require watching, but because promiscuity is indigenous to the sex, that touchstone of love? If naturally exclusive, why need watching? Indeed, where was or is virtue the rule, and promiscuity the exception?

“True, Christianity preaches it, but how few of its few professors, much less those outside its pale, are “without this sin!” Though Anglo-Saxon law and public sentiment throw their whole weight into its scales, yet did not one of England’s noble peers declare, and that in Parliament, when discussing the clause in their new divorce bill—whether a husband’s infidelity should entitle a wife to divorce—that “such a clause would unmarry most of the members of Parliament, and practically annul the marriage contract?” And is not this declaration as true here as there? How few would be hurt, if those who have sinned in this respect were to be stoned only by those who have not! Do not all the sons of shame and daughters of frailty, including all who have broken their marital vows, give the practical negative to your argument from instinct, and leave almost the whole race arrayed against it? Even its *great* men and noted women, ancient and modern—the dignitaries of Greece in visiting Aspasia; the acknowledged sensualism of its Bacons, Pitts, Foxes, Websters,

Wellingtons—Washington and a few others alone excepted—prove that human instinct, in its broadest range and noblest specimens, ignores this exclusiveness of love, and practically declares for its promiscuity.”

Indisputable facts. Pertinent questions. Cogent arguments. Mark well their final answer, as embodied in

45.—THE PENALTIES OF PERVERTED LOVE.

Normal love, being thus dual, and promiscuity its violation,^{41 to 44} and these penalties most terrible, because duality is so infinitely important,^{3 41} and being equally far-reaching with the transgression itself, which is interwoven into the very warp, woof, and customs of society, and likewise running in the direct line of the law broken—that is, the marital—as well as consequent thereon and consisting therein; verily, it is high time society discovered and obviated both the transgression itself, and its dreadful consequences. They consist in these three: First, in the INFLAMMATION AND PERVERSION; second, in the RETROVERSION; and, third, in the DEADENED state, of this love element.

First, of perverted love, or sensuality in all its forms. Only love perverted by interruption becomes sensualized, and craves variety. That does. That is, genuine *love* is dual; only *lust* is plural.

Normal love is pure. Its attractions are *mental*, not animal. Each loves the other's *soul* mainly, instead of body. They love beyond measure to walk, talk, and be together, and interchange *thoughts* and *emotions*, but the love of each for the other's *spirit*-principle so far transcends that for their persons merely, that the latter is hardly recognized. It was beautifully, forcibly expressed by an English lady betrothed to an East Indian officer, who, having lost his eye, leg, and arm in action, and had been badly scarred and mutilated besides, wrote her that therefore he absolved her from the engagement if she wished; to which she replied: “I love only your *soul*, and as long as you have body enough left to contain *that*, my love and satisfaction are complete and unwavering.” Reader, one and all, go back to your own experience—that great teacher. While reciprocating your first genuine love, however great your facilities for its carnal gratification, such a thought never once entered into the desires or feelings of either. And if it had, you would have shrunk therefrom as from a viper. Your love was too pure, too holy, to once think of dragging it down from a plane so exalted to one so low. And it remained so as long and as far as you *cherished* this its *spiritual* phase. If I had a thousand men and women of various ages under my charge, for the

virtue of each of whom I was responsible in the price of my head, I should sleep soundly, and feel perfectly safe, though they might be exposed to the temptations even of a Joseph, as long and as far as they all *kept up* this *mental* phase of normal love; because it renders each perfectly satisfied in and with the other. And consecrates both to each other.^{43 44} And so perfectly fascinates and charms them with each other as completely to enchain the love of each to the other. What if other beauties do dance however gayly, and other gallants bear themselves in a style however captivating; what if others evince charms however fascinating, or talents however splendid; though they may admire others, yet they *love* only each other. And are all and in all to one another; the very sun, moon, and stars rising and setting in their beloved. They no more think of reciprocating love with another than plucking out a right eye. Far off *and* near by, in the gay assembly and in the social circle, in public and private, in act and feeling, they are as true to each other as the needle to its pole. The world is challenged to produce an instance of infidelity when and while fully reciprocated *first* love is nourished on both sides. Indeed, give the world one generation of uninterrupted loves, and you thereby give it a generation practically pure and virtuous. The reign of this pure mental love forestalls even conjugal discord, much more infidelity, both being precluded by the very nature of the love element itself. For love so magnifies the excellences, and is so totally blind to the faults of its object, that each sees only the good traits of the other, and never can or will perceive faults, however clearly proved. Each is absolutely perfect in the eyes of the other. And both are perfectly satisfied in and with each other—perfectly magnetized, spell-bound charmed, infatuated, and therefore incapable of yielding themselves one hair's breadth to the abhorred arms of another. Nothing is so utterly repellant. Even death is preferable.

Its obvious reason is this: the whole philosophy of love, in all its phases and degrees, centers in its transmitting office.^{4 5 6} Perfect transmission requires the perfect blending of all the parental entities. But the parental *mentalities* require to be transmitted more even than their physiologies. Hence, by as much as the transmission of mind is more important than that of body merely, must parental love center in each other's mentalities, in order to their transmission. In a true-love state, therefore, their mental assimilation becomes the most essential feature of love, because it endows their posterity with mind, spirit, and soul in ascendancy over mere flesh and blood. Nature, therefore, ordains that normal love shall appertain to, and unite the mental elements of parents first and mainly. That this shall be the

very heart's core of love. This spirit-union it is which renders them perfectly faithful to each other, because so perfectly happy in each other, as long and as far as it continues uninterrupted. And completely enchains, because enchants, both with each other.

But let this sacred spell once be broken, their fidelity suffers a like breach, because of this *prior* breach in its *foundation*. As long as this river of love flows forth in its *normal* channel of mental love, it wafts them only into each other's arms, whereas damming it up in this its *natural* flow by mutual dissatisfaction, obliges it to burst over and flow *outside* its normal mental channel into another, or else dry up altogether. Denied this its legitimate phase, it must either seek a physical, or perish. It generally does the former, on the principle, better abnormal action than none. This interruption now causes those very same things which strengthened a perfect love to weaken that which has been impaired, just as those winds which strengthen sound trees, break those unsound. It induces a state of love which is to its normal function what dyspepsia is to digestion. And for the same reason, namely, that the *laws* of both have been broken. And as dyspepsia engenders a gnawing, hankering, insatiable appetite, because Alimentiveness is inflamed, so disappointment, by inflaming Amativeness, causes a like morbid craving after variety and carnality, along with a dissatisfaction therein which rekindles both mind and body throughout, and consumes not only the love element of its pitiable victim, but that victim besides. Platonic love quenches animal in all its phases, by rendering its participants so much the happier. But this Platonic phase once seriously interrupted by whatever cause, it must now live on animal food, or die out altogether, because no other form remains. Hence the infidelities of wedlock are always necessarily consequent on prior conjugal alienation, because it prefers poor food to none. To detail this point by a supposition :

Mrs. S., thoroughly sexed,^{4 5} and therefore full of this love which constitutes the very core and glory of woman's womanliness, bestows it all completely on Mr. S. because he courts, feeds, and elicits it by a thousand-and-one of those masculine attentions which naturally win a woman's heart. And continues faithful in this love as long as he continues to cherish it by manifesting his love for her. But at length he becomes more interested in politics, in ambitionary and pecuniary schemes, in clients, constituents, etc., than in her, and can not even take time to *express* that diminished love for her he yet actually feels. Of course her love for him naturally declines from pure starvation.¹¹ How could it do otherwise ? This decline obliges her either to ignore the masculine sex altogether, or bestow it on some other masculine

object. She finds that object in Mr. K., who elicits her love for him by manifesting his own for her. Mr. S. is so *very* busy that he really can not spend time in her society to receive and reciprocate her caresses, take lover's walks or talks with her, accompany her to ball or party, of which she is passionately fond, and the like; but K. can, and does. K. promotes, S. neglects, her happiness. Of course, by virtue of that first law of mind already mentioned—that we love what makes us happy, and hate what renders us miserable—as K. makes her happy by reciprocating her love, and S. miserable, first by chilling it, then by suspicions and reproaches, she comes to love K. but dislike S. S. stings her to the quick by upbraiding and accusation, and thereby re-repels; while K. elicits her love by compliments, by blandishments, by one and all the manifestations of love. Now, by a law of mind, the natural result is infidelity to S., but fidelity to K.

What matters it that S. is her *legal* husband? He does not live a true conjugal *life*. He is as sacredly bound by Nature's conjugal laws to feed her love element as her physical appetite. To pay his debt of *love* to her as his bank note. Now be it that she does S. a great wrong by her infidelity, yet did he not do her a *prior* wrong? And was not hers to him but the legitimate *consequence* of his to her. Was she not sinned *against*, as well as sinning? Supposing him to have denied her all food and clothing instead of love, what would and should she then have done?

But if even yet S. will only *cherish* her gushing affection, re-enlist her love for him by manifesting his for her, it will again flow forth to him alone, and remain perfectly true as long and as far as they continue to *reciprocate* each other's love.

The *principle* here exemplified accounts for all cases of conjugal infidelity. It is not that those who sin have too *much* of this love element, any more than too much intellect, or kindness, or justice. Nor yet that it is sensual by nature. But it is that, once drawn forth and then dammed up, it must either staunch, or else burst forth in a flood of infidelity. The former unsexes; the latter corrupts. But who is most to blame, the one who has called out only to *starve* this element, or who prefers its vitiation to its inanition—poor food to starvation? And all required both to *forestall* and to *restore* all such delinquents, is simply to *re-cherish* that pure mental love which is its only preventive and antidote. This principle calls up and expounds, as well as accounts for, that aspersion above expressed, that woman is naturally frail; that "every female has her price," and expressed most boldly by those best qualified to judge experimentally in declaring, "that any woman can be ruined in forty-eight hours."

That there is much reason for this aspersion is admitted. But mark, as long as any true woman lives in a state of genuine affection, she never can by any possibility be led astray, but will both repel and petrify all men who make the attempt, but prefers death rather. Yet when this love perishes, temptation, skillfully applied, is indeed but too efficacious, because Nature's maternal command is so imperious, that, denied its legitimate form, it assumes an illegitimate, as better than none. And the fact that so many can be tempted but shows how many have been disappointed. Let the affections of the sex never be first trifled with, and their virtue is proof against any and all temptation. This same principle also explains—

JEALOUSY: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

We have already shown why it was instituted.⁴¹ This shows that the main fault lies with the *jealous party*. Thus, Mr. A. is jealous of Mrs. A. This presupposes that she has an abundance of this feminine or love element, but that he has not, or at least does not manifest, enough of the masculine to elicit it. Or, rather, 'hat he awakened only to *dissatisfy* it. A precious confession, indeed! Sooner than proclaim my own deficiency by publishing my jealousy, I would keep both to myself. Moreover, *expressing* his jealousy to her only realignates, making her worse by causing her pain. Instead, he should do his very utmost to render himself so much *more* lovely than his rival as to withdraw her affection back to himself. And he who can not, with all the facilities afforded by wedlock, render himself so much more lovely to his wife than any other man as to forestall all occasions for jealousy, should quietly pocket his trouble, instead of proclaiming his masculine inferiority.

But of all the outrageously suspicious beings who walk the face of this earth, those who are jealous are the most so. They magnify mole-hills into mountains. Their stand-point of observation, their state of mind, is such as to do the most palpable injustice to the suspected party, by misconstruing everything, and conjuring up the worst of motives for the most innocent of acts. They are downright *mad*, as well as foolish, and accuse because they themselves are in an accusing mood. Their Amativeness has become reversed, and this reverses everything.⁴² Let me be confined to the desert of Sahara, or wrecked on a sea-girt rock; let me become anything else, and subjected to everything, but deliver me from either being jealous myself, or being watched by the jaundiced eyes of a jealous companion. Rather purgatory, and done with it.

This same principle of interrupted love as causing its perversion,

just shown to cause and always accompanying conjugal infidelity, also causes sensuality or licentiousness in all its forms, phases, and degrees, both past and present, including those examples just embodied in the very objection we are now answering.

Grave, indeed, is this sin of sins. Against what does the Bible thunder forth its fearful anathemas as often or as violently as against "fornication, adultery," and like vices. Even the Decalogue, though interdicting only three sins, idolatry, lying, and theft besides this, yet anathematizes this twice. Not all the other curses of humanity put together equal this, either in universality, moral turpitude, or terrible consequences. Nothing else is as fatal to health, happiness, and even life itself. Neither drunkenness, nor profanity, nor knavery in all its various forms, nor hatred, not even murder, at all compare with this sexual sin in either heinousness or terrible retribution. And to arrest this terrible vice alone would arrest most other human depravities.

Now does, or does not, interrupted love engender sensual desire? We aver it fearlessly, that every instance of prostitution—both shameless and ashamed, both public and private, both legalized as in France, and connived at by law as in England and America; whether perpetrated in the venereal haunts of all cities and most villages, or poisoning the very atmosphere of nearly all our country districts; whether arraying itself in the gaudy attire of fashionable life and usages, or in its most beggarly and loathsome forms—can be traced directly to interrupted love as its first legitimate and procuring cause. Words utterly fail to depict and imagination to conceive either its extent, its ramifications, or fearful eventualities. How vast this sea of sin! It is, indeed, the heart's core of all evil. No other is either co-extensive or co-destructive. What other is to-day bearing upon its dark waters a tithe as many broken-down sons of natural genius, nobleness, and power, or naturally superb samples of female loveliness, now hopelessly corrupted, to a dark grave, and a darker eternity? What philanthropist but sees and mourns over it? What Christian but prays against it? What patriot but sees in it more danger to his country than in any other public vice?

Then, one and all, in the name of bleeding, erring humanity, *in what consists its preventive and cure?* In cherishing normal love when once elicited. In considering and treating love as sacred and inviolable, and on no account to be interrupted. In parents properly guiding, instead of as now proudly interfering with and breaking up, the first pure affections of their sons and daughters, and thus throwing them into this vortex of sensuality. In husbands and wives, keeping

up reciprocal love, instead of allowing it to perish for want of mutual expression. That is, in *obeying*, instead of as now, breaking in upon this sacred inviolability of true love. Oh ! if I had the trumpet voice of the seventh archangel, and were permitted to blow upon it but one blast of three words, to be heard and heeded by the assembled race, present and future, they would be :

PRESERVE LOVE INVIOULATE !

This single short sentence, obeyed, would soon regenerate the race ! It would usher in even millennial glory with the first generation, and give it full-orbed splendor in the next ; partly by forestalling and preventing adult vices, and rendering them immaculate as to this sin, and thereby most others.³⁶ But mainly by ushering upon the human stage a generation naturally pure, because the offspring of pure affection. It is this flirtation, this "making conquests," this courting "just for fun," this interfering and trifling with Nature's sacred love-requisitions, which causes, directly and indirectly, this sea of sin in thought and heart, as well as act and life. And creates a world of vice and misery which no tongue can tell, no finite mind even begin to estimate. And yet young people of both sexes actually *boast* over their conquests, and triumph therein, as the angler over the silly fish taken by his barbed bait. Let the confidence man boast over his dupes ; but, O man and woman, boast not thou over those of the opposite sex who have confided their affections to you, only to be betrayed ! Sacrilege the most sacrilegious ! Instead, let each and all guard both their own affections, and those of the other sex. And parents, especially mothers, be persuaded, instead of furthering these captivations, to set your faces sternly against them. To both instruct them—and what instruction is equally important ?—in these matters, by putting, say this book, into their hands, enforced by familiar conversations ; and see to it that their loves and courtships are *genuine*, instead of a ticklish pastime joke. They naturally look to you for needed teaching and advice. Then should you not guide their affections, quite as much as instruct their intellects ? Even more, because is it not more important to their life-long virtue and happiness ? They are more to be pitied than blamed. They know no better. True, their instincts revolt.⁴³ But others do so ; why not they also ? They follow custom until perverted love engulfs them in this whirlpool of sensuality ; whereas a single timely suggestion from you, chiming in with their own instincts, would have saved them. And these fashionable usages, one and all, are directly calculated, if not intended, to pervert this sacred love sentiment. Pray, my countrymen, and

doubly women, ye especial guardians and ministers of love, do be persuaded duly to consider this subject, and help on this most needed reform.

Reader, are these things thus? Catechise philosophy and observation, and, above all, your own innermost experience, and mark well this focal conclusion of this whole matter; namely, that the main cause of all sensuality centers in interrupted love, and its cure, in a perfect affection—that is, simply in perpetrating normal love. But the second stage of interrupted love is—

46. THE RETROVERTED PHASE OF LOVE.

This constitutes its second state. By a first law of love, just described, being felt by its victims to be corrupt and corrupting, it eventuates in loathing and disgust. It comes to hate the entire opposite sex, as a whole—a principle fully established as a fact, and its rationale abundantly explained, in Vol. II.

It causes this retroversion on the additional principle that all sentient beings involuntarily shrink from whatever gives or has given them pain. Animal love is a breach of love's law, because calculated to transmit only animality to its issue; and hence causes pain, and thereby both self-loathing, and loathing of the other sex. As a ravenous appetite is the first phase of dyspepsia, so is lust of interrupted love alike consequent on the inflammation of their respective organs. Both are. And as this stomachic inflammation first weakens, then nauseates, so of Amativeness. Its violent animal action causes disgust, which is only its averted or retroverted action, and always consequent on its previous excessive or wrong action in some form. Hence adults manifest more of it than young people yet comparatively innocent, and the more in proportion as this faculty has been previously paralyzed by its wrong action. Not, therefore, a very perfect love-sign. Such are most denunciatory on those who thus sin, because, as the parson said, when describing what a dreadful thing sin was, they "know by *experience*."

The *principle* here involved embodies a fundamental truth alike applicable to all things. Does not he who overtaxed his nerves, muscles, brain, eyes, etc., yesterday, feel a proportionate aversion to excitement, work, study, sunlight, etc., to-day? As those who gormandized yesterday loath food to-day, or gorged themselves last week with oysters, or anything else however good, become cloyed, and loathe their very sight and thought ever afterward; so those who loved so violently and animally last year, have come to be prudes this year, and are sickened with whatever appertains to love, and become

excessively fastidious. As, on the next day after a debauch, one's stomach, all turmoil, can not endure to see food or liquors, or even hear them mentioned, so those prudes of both sexes, who arrogate to themselves the very quintessence of virtuous indignation, thereby but proclaim their *own* past impurity in the greedy but paralyzed state of their love element. To such almost anything is immodest, because they themselves are in the mood they charge on others. *Et id omne genus*. A state already partly described,⁴⁰ but here for the first time philosophically analyzed. It is caused by, and significant of, the partial paralysis of Amativeness by its previous wrong action in some form.

It is called "modesty" by some, and "false or mock-modesty" and prudery by others. But is most properly designated by *retroverted* love. And often intermingles cravings with aversion, like a dainty dyspeptic sitting down to a table, however well provided, but finding nothing good enough. Hungry *and* dainty; and therefore the hardest to please. Nothing suits.

But this phase of the love element was obviously ordained for some wise purpose. That purpose is evidently to prevent additional wrong action, on the principle that aversion to food prevents that additional surfeiting which caused this aversion by breaking it down. A wise provision against further unsexing, and therefore incidentally curative.

An anecdote will help give a clear idea of this frame of mind in extreme. A grass-widow coquette once came under my hands professionally, who gave the following as her reason for both coquetting and hating all mankind:

"A schoolmate of mine, after both had grown up, courted me and solicited my hand. I gave it, and therewith my whole being. Woman could not love with devotion more complete than mine. We married. The next day, looking me full in the face, calling my name with emphasis, he said, sternly: 'Julia, we are married, but only by law. You know I hated your father. I sought my revenge on him by spoiling your matrimonial prospects. This I have now accomplished, and am satisfied. I never did, never will love or live with you. We part *here*, and *now*, to meet no more;' and left for parts unknown. This struck me as if I had been shot through with forty bullets." I use her exact words. "I fainted, and remained insensible I know not how long. But, on awakening, found myself helpless, and paralyzed with agony. It almost crushed the breath out of me. For weeks my life hung as by a hair. I kept saying, 'How could he! What have I done to make him! How *could* he be so cruel!' At length, wrath

and revenge came to my rescue. I hated as I had loved, and only as one fiend could hate another. And have cursed him every waking hour since. This hatred turned the scale of disease in my favor. Before, I wished to die; I now determined to live, that I might revenge myself on him and his sex. I thought if one man, and that my ideal, could do an act so fiendish, all men must be devils incarnate. I hate every man. And *because* of his sex. Vile all. And caring for woman only sensually. And I do indeed delight to tempt their passions until they commit themselves, and then dally with, tantalize, and expose them." I replied:

"His wickedness admitted—and words can not measure it—yet because one man outraged you, will you therefore debase your own nature just to avenge the sex? An Indian might avenge a wrong done by one of a hated tribe, by killing any other of that tribe; but why, as now, should you demoralize yourself, and throw your whole being into an eclipse, merely out of spite to one man? It is bad enough for man to hate man, but the direst human depravity for woman to hate man.^{6 15} And doubly so those who have done her no wrong." She promised to reform.

Now the trouble in this and all like cases lies, not at all in those hated, but mainly in the *hater*. As in a neighborhood those are always the worst who are *themselves* continually finding fault with other neighbors, and bad in those very respects in which they accuse others, so these men-hating women, and women-hating men, by finding these, those, and the other faults with the opposite sex, only thereby proclaim their own matrimonial unhappiness. That wife who declared that she "hated all men in general, and her own husband in particular," thereby evinced her *own* most satanic mood. Young people, yet unperverted, almost idolize the opposite sex. And of right. The sexes were constituted to *love* each other, not hate.^{6 14} And all the more, the more perfect men and women they are. The higher and truer a man is, the more exalted and lovely woman is in his admiring eyes. And *vice versa* woman as to man. Those who love most are truest to Nature's institutes, while those who hate most violate them most. Hence, the man-hating woman is the worst object the sun shines upon, except the woman-hating man, partly because themselves in a hateful mood, but most because they so outrage their sexual constitution. They despise the other sex because *themselves* in a despicable state. Those they hate are lovely to others in a love-state, and would be to themselves if they too were in a loving mood.

But this principle is so fundamentally important, and has been and will be so often employed, that we must needs expound that *law of*

mind in which it is based. Then mark: Do not things look desirable or repugnant, ugly or pretty, black or blue, green or red, large or small, far or near, not at all according as they really *are*, but mainly according to the *glasses* through which they are viewed? Niagara is not Niagara to the cow, and is the more grand the greater the *perception* of grandeur in the beholder. "Oh! aint that *nice*?" said a pretty finified feminine beholder of it, accustomed mainly to silks, laces, and filagrees. Does it not *take* a rogue to *catch* a rogue? Are not the unsuspecting always innocent? And will not those who are always suspecting bear to be suspected? Watchful, bear watching? Do we not naturally judge others by *ourselves*? As, sitting in a car by the side of another, when we start, it *seems* as if the other moved; but if the other, we; as *our* diurnal motion makes it *seem* to us as though sun, moon, and stars moved; as it requires talents to perceive talents, where stulticity sees only folly; as those who have been frozen, dread cold, but those burned, fire; in short, "As a man *thinketh* in his heart, so *is* he;" and as "evil *is* to him who evil *thinks*;" while "to the pure all things are pure;" so those to whom the opposite sex are loathsome, are themselves in a loathing mood, etc. And those so easily disgusted are so because disgusting. And those men who hate women, and women men, do so because of the *averted* or *retroverted*, qualmish, dyspeptic state of their *own* Amativeness, instead of the badness of those hated.

This state is to Amativeness what fright or panic is to Cautiousness; shame to Approbativeness; seeing others in agony to Benevolence; blasphemy to worship; self-loathing to Self-Esteem; grief for a dearly loved child to Parental Love; vulgarity to Ideality; fear of imminent death to love of life; irritability to courage; dyspepsia to digestion; rheumatism to motion; nervousness to healthy nerves; and racking pains to the ecstasies of overflowing life. That is, it consists in the *vitiated*, abnormal action of sexuality, mental and physical. And since all natural action is therefore right, whereas all unnatural or perverted is wrong, hence this abnormal or loathing exercise of this love is its sinful and therefore painful action. Is but Nature's punishment for previous wrong action, and calculated, like pain, when rightly improved, to produce a reform, and prevent future sin, and thereby suffering. Each sex ought to, and in a normal state does, worship at the shrine of the other.⁵

I know indeed that a most lamentable number are in this very condition, because so many have violated Nature's sexual institutes. Such a violation necessarily throws all its votaries into this state, in proportion to that violation.

To be sure, they may have sinned ignorantly, but does ignorance avert, or even mitigate, any of Nature's punishments? Do those who have taken poison ignorantly suffer any the less than if knowingly? Do they not generally all the more, because ignorant of both the cause and cure? Is he the less sick whose raging fever makes him *think* he is well? Nowhere—in reference to nothing—is ignorance bliss. By an ordinance of things, "knowledge is power," here as elsewhere.

Not that those in this state are culpable for any wrong *intentions*, like one who has inadvertently poisoned himself. They are more to be *pitied* than blamed. But being thus, is it not high time their eyes were opened? Phrenology opens them by giving the first clear analysis of this state and its cause—interrupted love.

Yet is this commonness to be wondered at? The entire community is in total ignorance of this whole subject, and its philosophy. Is it any wonder that they violate it in practice? For conduct follows doctrine.² And the ignorance of one and all as to those laws which govern this entire subject-matter of this whole volume, is almost total and universal. And their violation equally universal. And these dreadful consequences correspondingly so. When will man learn wisdom?

And this ignorance is likewise *self-perpetuating*. It begets in the majority that qualmish, averted state, just described, which ignores this whole subject; and will not let it be talked about in private, or lectured about in public, or even written about, except in flagrant public cases, as of late, which panders to its diseased tastes, when the most prurient details are paraded in all their depraved particulars, read by all with avidity, and fully commented on *pro* and *con*. Whereas any rational, *scientific* exposition of this subject is regarded with most holy horror. And this horror becomes the more holy (?) as its subjects are in a more reverted state.

The plain fact is, that the shameless sensualities of the court of Charles II. gave the Puritan founders of New England, and thereby American feelings and customs, so great an abhorrence of those excesses that they vainly attempted complete suppression, in place of right direction. Hence their "Blue Laws," *et id genus omne*.

But these suppressing attempts only hemmed it in "behind the scenes." Society seems to care less about this sin *itself*, than its *concealment*. Like Spartan views of theft, those who could steal the most without getting *caught* were the best fellows. Only *detection* was disgraceful. "I do not care so much about my husband's amours," said a wife, "so that he is only *smart* enough about them not to have me see them. And I shan't look so very sharply either, lest I should be obliged to see something I might not want to." "*Sub rosa*" seems

to be the watchword. But errors brought before the public gaze are most shocking in very deed !

We have already reproved this public prudery, but now *analyzed* it. The first error lies in presupposing that *all* exercise of Amativeness is wrong ; whereas all error lies only in its *perverted* action. And that all such action is right *in marriage* ; whereas its wrong action *there* is quite as wrong as elsewhere—worse, even. Society should consider the *what* more than merely *where*. Or, rather, both what where, and where what. Is it not high time they inquired, “ *What saith Nature’s sexual institutes,*” and lived up to them ! Then will all both love just right, and evade these punishments.

AVERTED LOVE IN WEDLOCK.

It remains only that we apply this perverted state of Amativeness to its marital form. To have loved before, and been disappointed, has given their Amativeness this partly inflamed and partly reversed phase of action. During courtship they get along quite well, because so far restrained, and their association so partial, that they do not discover lurking antagonisms. But marriage, by their closer daily intimacy, soon discloses antagonisms not at all inherent in any natural unfitness for each other, but in the half inflamed, half averted *state* of their love element. This renders them attracted, yet repelled. They love some, spar some, love on, quarrel on. But at length discord gains the day. Each *means* well, but does badly. Each now throws all the blame on the other, whereas both are actually blamable. Both *think* themselves the most persecuted but patient creatures in the world—and they really are both—yet each is martyring the *other*, as well as being martyred. Whereas, if either, much more both, understood the true cause, namely, the wrong state of their love element, and applied the remedy we are here prescribing, and are yet to prescribe, they could and would soon render their love perfect. They *began* wrong. Their previous love interruption is the tap-root and trunk of their entire discord. They *came* to their love-banquet in a half nauseated state, and reincreased this qualmishness by putting their love too much on the animal base, which only still further re-averted it, and eventually, as it were by a kind of physical necessity, induced their conjugal difficulties.

And now, reader, we claim to have probed this gangrene to its very core. To have laid open both the *cause* and *extent* of this great “social evil.” And that on *first principles*. To have shown *what*, by having shown *why*. And in an eminently practical, because perfectly philosophical manner. And what is most, in explaining its cause, to

have incidentally eliminated those first principles in which the *remedy* consists. Before presenting which, one point more, namely:

47. THE LETHARGIC OR DEADENED STATE OF LOVE.

By a law of things, over-action always and necessarily first inflames, then exhausts, and thereby deadens. Hence, that perverted and retroverted action of love already described, naturally eventuates in its *comatose* state, which is to its normal what lethargy is to life. It is the wreck, the paralysis of the whole sexual constitution,^{5 6} and with it all its potent influences on character.³⁶

As in progressive dyspepsia a ravenous morbid hankering after food supplants a natural appetite, and gormandizing greed an epicurean relish for fine flavors; and as this greed merges into that deadened state of the stomach which cares little for food anyhow, and is alike indifferent to what and how much, such eating mechanically and without relish even the choicest dainties—so this retroversion of love eventuates in both a complete indifference to the other sex in general, and own companion in particular. Like the sick man who suffers terribly till so far gone that his pain ceases because he is almost dead, so a cold, leaden dormancy supervenes on that life and warmth generated by a true sexuality.^{3 6} Its pitiable victims have lost their distinctive sexual characteristics, and become neuter genders. They are no longer men and women, but mere things. If masculines—men they can hardly be called—their emasculation has been well-nigh completed by a long-continued violation of nature's sexual institutes in some form. Such pay little more regard to females than if chips. They are prompted to none of those courteous attentions which manliness always feels and manifests.¹⁵ And provoke none in return. They regard wife with a like indifference. May like her for her house-keeping, literary, or other talents, her piety, ingenuity, economy, etc., but not *as a wife*. They go out and come in without one love-smile or expression, because, to all practical intents and purposes, eunuchs at heart, though perhaps its animal phase still lingers. Impotent, yet craving. They are to true manhood what leather is to skin. They work, talk, seem like men, but are anything else instead. Their *heart's core* of manhood, and with it most of its trunk, has rotted out. The old hollow shell still stands, making a respectable outside appearance, perhaps showing here and there a half dead-and-alive twig, or partly green leaf, but that is all. Poor emasculated entities—dried-up sticks. Ought-to-be-but-aint-husbands. Most heartily to be pitied, for they erred ignorantly, and suffer innocently. Not exactly ignorantly or innocently either. Nature taught them better, but they

ignored her instincts. As a preacher once said of a drunken rioter, "There goes one of my converts;" so Truth says to that public squeamishness we have just rebuked, "There go your victims." Intelligent, respectable, honest, indeed; perhaps all the sharper because so deficient here, and live good, every-day lives, but are automatic, mechanical, spiritless *have-beens*.

"But what of their more pitiable wives?" Perhaps "they are *tit* for *tat*?" Like husband like wife. Yet doubtless his induced hers. And there are many such, if not in degree, at least in kind. These, mock-modesty, are *thy* victims! But for your interdiction of this kind of knowledge, they would have been saved from this dead-and-alive, between-hawk-and-buzzard-state. But a brighter day is dawning. Society is about ready for an advanced step. Quite, if she but knew it. And it will come apace when it once sets in. And this book will hasten its advent. So will all who extend its circulation.

As we have already seen that both love and its inflamed and retroverted action are self-perpetuating,^{42 46} so likewise is this its comatose state. And by virtue of this law of things, that *inertia* is suicidal. Inaction is the greatest self-destructionist there is or can be. As starvation is far more destructive to the tone of the stomach than even over-eating; as Nature hates small patterns, and can always do far better with surpluses than deficiencies—with over-work than inertia; too much of anything than too little—as, to swing and bandage up even a vigorous arm soon dwarfs and enfeebles it; as the greatest evil of the sick bed is its want of exercise; whereas, the best of all cures is the *action* of the ailing part, for this compels that circulation which carries off diseased, and replaces healthy materials and conditions; as the dormant state of conscience, taste, music, memory, reason, worship, of each and all the mental faculties is more stupefying than anything else whatever; in short, "as action, *action*, ACTION" is Nature's first great *paramount* law—that alone for which all she creates is created, and to which alone all is adapted, and both a vacuum and inaction are her *greatest* abhorrence—so of love. Rest, that is, alternation in action, is indeed one of her primal laws and cures. And undoubtedly this comatose state was ordained in view of it. And a *long* rest, because of its chronic over-exertion and permanent exhaustion. But as even a long rest requires to alternate with action and food merely to render this rest efficacious, so to tolerate this dormancy for months and years is to reincrease it. Nothing is equally fatal. To this applies that divine saying: "To him that *hath* shall be *given*, and he shall have *more* abundantly; but from him that hath *not* shall be taken away *even that he hath*," and along with it one of the

wise sayings of the wisest of men: "The *destruction* of the poor is their poverty." As he who, half sick, by *giving up* becomes sicker and weaker, whereas, if he kept doing, that fact would have done more to restore him than all else; so, *giving over* to this inane current, induces additional inanity. Indeed, does not Phrenology always and everywhere recommend the *exercise* of memory, reason, music, mechanism, worship—any and every phrenological faculty one would cultivate, as *the one greatest* of all means of self-improvement in general, and the discipline of each individual faculty in particular? Is not *action* the *great* law of all development? Then, does not this established law apply equally to love? If not, *why* not? It does. And with redoubled force. But really, both this law of action as invigorating, and of inaction as re-deadening all organs and functions, is both so obvious and universal, and, withal, so perfectly applicable to this comatose state of the love element, that we need only to add—which we do with *marked* emphasis—that it is only *right* or *normal* action which thus builds up, while *perverted* action always and necessarily breaks down. Less, perhaps, than inertia, yet is inherently self-destructive for all. And as the normal phase of love consists in union of *spirit*, in *love* as contradistinguished from lust, so those dilapidated patients who would restore their love element by its normal action, must by all means see scrupulously to it that they give it the *mental* phase, in predominance over the personal—men, that they cultivate love for that *pure*, refined, high, exalted, ethereal, and *spiritual* entity of virtuous woman; and women, for the talents, nobleness, and intellectual excellences of man, rather than love of beauty, or mere personal captivations. Imagine some *beau-ideal* masculine or feminine, and admire those who approximate thereto. But we shall revert to this principle in our next advance step, as we virtually built on it our doctrine of the imperiousness of love,³⁷ and obligation to marry.^{39 40}

And all these aggravated evils and sufferings of perverted, averted, and comatose love are but the legitimate consequences of breaking that *one-love* law to which this section is devoted. Reader, please here re-glance over this section, and re-survey both its principles and inferences, and the bearings of each on all, and all on each. In summing it up, we put these two home questions: Is promiscuity Nature's love ordinance? Not a single fact or principle in the natural history of man or of love confirms it.

Then is one love? Every law and fact in the natural history of both, answer yes. The phrenological organ and faculty of pairing; its facilitating the production of the greatest number and highest

order of offspring; as well as its absolute necessity to their rearing; its securing to the race homes, families, society, etc.; its self-perpetuating nature, and constitutional abhorrence of promiscuity; the equal number of males and females; the gradual merging of the race from promiscuity to exclusiveness, as well as its conformity with the feelings and practices of the best men and women of the race; the purity of dual love, and the sensuality of promiscuous; and, above all, the blessed rewards of matrimony, in contrast with those terrible penalties of plurality; in short, every fact and principle in man and his sexual constitution, like all the radii of a great sphere pointing to its focus, all center in *one* and *but one* love—that is, in each one of each sex loving but one of the opposite, and remaining faithful therein as the normal practical manifestation of this human element.

It remains that we next inquire whether, to what extent, and by what means, these dreadful consequences of perverted love can be obviated. That part of our answer which relates to the married will be found expounded in “Part Third,” or “Married Life,” and another part in “Courtship.” Meanwhile, a few observations on that temporary mending of broken hearts which shall dispose and prepare them to marry, is in place here.

48. BROKEN HEARTS; AND HOW TO HEAL THEM.

Highly figurative this term “broken-hearted,” so generally applied to those suffering from disappointed love. And peculiarly expressive of the *effect* produced. Indeed, often more literal than poetic. A Mrs. Ayers, on separating a pair of turtle-doves, remarkable for this conjugality, as one was taken out of the room, the other flew wildly around its cage, uttered a scream, and fell down dead. On being opened, its heart was literally burst!⁸ As when the curculio worm probes the pit, the plum shrivels preparatory to falling; so how many young women—and those most who are most lovely and loving—are hurried to premature graves by the gnawings of disappointed affection! Reader, how long since you, or some of your neighbors, followed to an untimely grave a beautiful, accomplished, sentimental, excellent girl, who died nominally of consumption, or some other chronic disease, but really of a “broken heart?” She loved more devotedly than wisely, was neglected, pined in secret, and began to fade. At first slowly, but surely. Her cheeks, now ashy pale, now burning with the hectic flush. Eyes sunken and bedimmed. Lips livid and parched. The doctor called, but useless. To-day “moldering back to dust” in her dismal grave! “Died of a broken heart!” should be her epi-

taph! While he who *killed* her as literally as if he had administered poison, is frolicking away with others of the fair. Outrageous! But for *you*, she would, to-day, have been blithe and gay, or the happy wife and mother of a happy family. What *business* had you with her love—what has any man with any woman's—unless you intend to make her your *wife*? But, oh! how many such! One in almost every graveyard, nearly every year! And how many more who barely survive, but blighted throughout—spoiled for life!

Young men, is it for *you* to make young *women* thus miserable? Could you cause them more suffering even by thrusting their hand into the fire, and then its stump still farther in? Are not mental agonies worse than physical? And what as agonizing as blighted love? Then see to it that you break no female hearts.

“But I can not help it. They are so tender-hearted that I can not even look at or be decently polite to them without their getting in love.”

I know that woman is indeed most affectionate. Made so, O man! for your especial benefit. Boarding-school exotics doubly so. But is this any reason why you should call out their love only to *blast* it? Is it not instead the strongest why you should *not*? Should you not the rather be *doubly* careful not to *allow* any to love you unless actually or prospectively your wife?

But, woman, you have your preventive. If a young man visits you, press him to a declaration of his intentions, by saying in word or act—and sometimes actions speak loudest—“When you make any *specific* proposals to me, it will give me pleasure to discuss them with you; but till then I must beg to be excused.” This will bring him to terms, or clear the coast.

Nor has any young man any business to pay any *especial* attentions to any *one* young woman. As long as he is as polite and gallant to all as any, no matter how polite. But what right has he to *single out one* as the object of his especial and *marked* attention, unless he thereby means what he says in action: “I prefer you of all others as my prospective wife.” But more of this in courtship. What we mean to say here, is, that neither party should either break hearts, or allow their own to be broken. Nor should either give or take occasion for a breach till they absolutely must. Cursed those who do either. There is no measuring the crime they perpetrate against themselves, their victims, their future children, and their God, by violating his “higher law” of love. But, instead of stopping now to hold a coroner’s inquest over the ways and means of breaking so many hearts, we come rather to ask, CAN THEY BE HEALED?

In the name of all the sin and suffering consequent thereon,^{36 45 46 47} can this deadly evil be stayed? At least, can it not be greatly *mitigated*? "Is there no balm in Gilead? no physician *there*?" Has not Nature *anticipated* such cases, and provided their remedy? The *restorative* principle applies throughout all her broken laws. As, wherever the venomous serpent crawls, there grows a herb which, seasonably applied, neutralizes its venom; as all poisons have their antidotes; as we know many diseases to have their panaceas—enough to warrant us in the inference that *all* have—as broken bones reunite, and limbs and wounds heal; as, in short, the remedial *principle* appertains throughout universal nature—appertains equally to the ailments of *mind* as well as body—the inference is obvious and conclusive, that this recuperative principle applies likewise to depraved and deadened *love* and its consequences quite as effectually as to other sins and punishments.

It does thus apply. *No heart can be so badly broken but that it can be healed. And "made as good as new."* Better, even, than if it had not been broken. For there is a provision in Nature by which the very breaches of her laws can be made to prevent additional infraction, and their consequences. Indeed, this is but the legitimate effect of *all* Nature's punishments. They say, practically, "*Sin no more*, lest a worse thing come upon thee." The very nature of all pain is to warn us against its cause, and therefore recurrence. As sickness, rightly managed, cleanses the system of morbid matter, and leaves it all the more healthy; as bitterness *tasted* is more likely to be avoided than merely seen and described; as sin, *repented* of (by strengthening his hate of bad and love of good), leaves the repentant on higher moral ground than if he had not sinned; as burning his fingers a little keeps the child from burning them a great deal; as honey is extracted even from bitter flowers; as all dismal swamps have their banks, and dark clouds their silvery edges; as the broken branch shoots out new fruit-bearing substitutes, etc., throughout all nature; so disappointed love can be so managed as actually to *benefit* its victims. Not that we should "do evil that good may come," but that, having incidentally *done* the evil, we should cast about to both stave off its consequences, and turn it to practical account.

Come, then, ye who have thus suffered, and receive your panacea. And the more you have suffered, the greater will be your cure. So raise that drooping head! Lift that downcast eye! Look aloft! Gather heart again! Your star of promise appears! Your dark, lowering sky brightens! Day dawns! "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk," certain of complete restoration.

And it is withal easy. You are not required to go a pilgrimage to Mecca, nor make some great sacrifice, nor even spend a dollar; but, like all Nature's remedies, it is simple, accessible to all, at hand; not bitter, but most delicious; is food to the starving; a cooling beverage to those afaint and athirst; marrow to the aching bones; oil to the gaping wounds; a resting-place to Noah's weary dove; and a balm to the jaded soul.

"In God's name, then, what is it? Divulge the secret now. I am dying to know and try it."

Then, first of all, and preparatory—

1. BANISH ALL ITS PAINFUL REMINISCENCES. Stop feeling bad, or hard. It is this very feeling which is killing you, and must be conquered. Employ intellect partly to overrule, partly to banish it.

"Impossible! As well tell me to stop suffering if my eye were torn out. By night and day, while walking, talking, musing, even sleeping, my dreadful anguish haunts me, and hangs like a mill-stone around my neck."

But, please remember, this organ is *inflamed*. This faculty is in a high *fever*. And it is this *febrile* action which is working all this havoc with the love element.^{45 46 47} This state is exactly analogous to that of half-grown children's Inhabitiveness, often, the first time they go from home. Though they have every creature comfort, kind friends, and every means of being happy, yet they are half crazy, half wild with excitement. They can not work, or eat, or even sleep—anything, for they are not themselves. All they can say and do is, "I want to go home. I want to go home and see mother." "Oh, if I could *only* go home again!" That is, the Inhabitiveness of the one, and the Conjugality of the other, are both in a high fever. It is not that home is so *necessary* to the one, or the loved one to the other, but only that each *thinks* so. Both are equally beside themselves—half crazy, each on each specialty. And both require vigorously to *throw themselves out* of this half-deranged state into a calm, self-possessed, rational mood. This must be done partly by force of will. "Who would be free, *himself* must strike the blow." For what was will given us, but to take and keep the helm, especially in cases like these? And its power, properly wielded, is supreme. Its very nature is to curb this passion, and spur up that. To raise one feeling, and rise above another. Its legitimate place is that of the hierarch—rather patriarch. It also both fortifies, and creates fortitude. Then summon it to your rescue.

And with it *reason*—its twin brother, or, rather, *privy councilor*. What says your own *sense*? Suppose it were talking with you, would it not say—

"Come, my precious one, why sit you there, day after day, in the *dumps*, *sniveling* away over spilt milk? Come, away with this love-sick feeling!"

"Oh, dear! my loss is *so* great! My heart is *dead* broken! It never *can* be healed! I never want to, I never can, love another."

"But do sun, moon, and stars indeed rise and set in your repelling loved one? Are there not yet as 'good fish in the sea as ever were caught?' And can you not catch them, too? Are there not other hearts on earth quite as loving and lovely, and every way as congenial? Besides, is this the way either to retrieve your past loss, or provide for the future? Is it not both unwise and self-destructive, and every way calculated to render your case, present and prospective, still more hopeless? What single good do these painful reminiscences do you? What single evil do they not aggravate? Come, stop this crying, and cheer up; else go throw yourself off into the dock, and have done with it. But if you are still worth anything to yourself or the world, *banish all painful* recollections touching this whole subject. If you can not think pleasantly on it, do not think at all; for it is this *painful* state of mind which is doing you all this damage."^{45 46 47} This requisition is *absolute* and *primary*. Without it there is no use in trying to go farther.

Not that it is either weak or ridiculous. It is rather creditable, as showing how very hearty your sexuality;⁵ than which few human excellences are greater. Indeed, those who suffer most, do so become the best sexed. That is, they have the highest order of manliness and womanliness. Men of even commanding talents and great force and firmness actually break down under it. And it is also the highest order of females who suffer most. But is it any reason that you cry away your life, because you cry in good *company*? Nor will any sensible or moral aspect of your case justify this suicidal moaning. Then away with it. Or, if you can not banish it wholly, banish it *as far as you can*, and try the harder to overcome it the more.

2. OBSERVE THE HEALTH LAWS. We are not here now to demonstrate, but only to assume and apply, the influence of different bodily conditions over the mind, and especially feelings. If Nature has any one law more *fundamental* than any other, it is her law of *organism*—that no one of all her complicated *functions* ever is, ever can be, carried on except in and by means of specific *organs*; and that the reciprocity is *perfect* between the *states* of all organs and their functions. Hence, all dyspeptics are always gloomy, splenetic, irritable, etc., because their whole organism is inflamed. Hence, too, drunkards are passional, because also inflamed. So are sick children, and for the

same reason. Indeed, this violent state of love has inflamed your nerves, and thus reincreased its violence; whereas a light, simple diet, daily ablution, regular habits, and, above all, sound sleep, by quieting this false *physical* excitement, will do much to assuage your *mental* grief, and thereby stave off its destructive consequences. And there is vastly more in this advice than we can now take time to show.⁵¹

3. DIVERT YOURSELF. As headache is caused by excessive cerebral and deficient pedal action, and relievable by *diverting* action from inside to out; as extra intense action in one part often diminishes that of other parts; as restoring equilibrium relieves congestion; so promoting the action of the *other* mental and physical functions naturally relieves this "congestion of the *heart*." Think on *other* subjects, as a means of preventing your thinking perpetually on this matter. This emotion must be offset by some other. You have, or ought to have, other passions and appetites sufficiently strong for several to form a powerful diversion. Then urge them up. Of course, only with their legitimate food. Why not, as much as feed your body? Love engrosses but a smaller part of your brain. Then why not make the action of those draw off excessive action from this?

Especially find something to *do*. And, if possible, *out of doors*. "Idle hands are the devil's workshop." Rack off your mind by *something*. And that pleasurable. All the better if it adds *bodily* exercise to mental diversion. Choose any kind of effort which *interests* you. But choose something. It matters little what, so that you become *diverted*. And surely a *man* can set himself at work both pleasurably and profitably, at farming, at gold-digging, literature, politics, religion, philanthropic reforms, self-improvement—surely something; for a world of work of all kinds awaits doing. Choose what you will, but both choose, and then *work with might and main*, throwing your whole soul into your efforts. Come, up and at it, like a true man!

Especially love and study NATURE. *She* is full of wonders to be investigated, and beauties to be admired. Nor will anything equally either soothe, or divert, or heal, or cheer a spirit wounded by whatever cause. One revised "*Natural RELIGION*" fully presents this principle, and its rationale. It shows that this love and study of Nature as a remedial agent—merely as a *medicine* to both body and mind—is the most efficacious there is. It even cures *bodily* ailments, much more mental and affectional. It is just the *very* one to cure broken hearts. Try it. Study and admire her power and greatness, as displayed in the starry heavens and geological records, in her minutest wonder-workings; in her insects, bees, birds, animals, and, above all,

human productions; and let your heart go out and up in devout love and worship of the Divine *Author* of all these parental arrangements for the happiness of all his creatures, yourself included, and you will soon substitute a happy, and therefore *salient*, state of mind for your present miserable and therefore suicidal one.

But of all the teachers of Nature, the study of Phrenology is incomparably the *very* best, in both its deep philosophies, and the practical life-lessons it inculcates. Then study *it most*.

But all this is not yet quite enough. Indeed, is mainly but *preparatory* to the *one great* cure. There yet remains one *absolute* specific. One *certain* and *universal* restorative. And *per se* exactly *adapted* to its delightful work. It is short but potential.

4. LOVE AGAIN. It is as if the body were starving. Many things may palliate, but its "*one thing needful*," is *more food*. Your love element is starving, because denied its natural aliment. Nor will anything *but* its *re-supply* secure the purpose. This will. But we presented this point so fully in 37, 38, 39, and 40, or, "Love Imperious," "Marriage Obligatory," "Old Bachelors," etc., that we need here only *apply* the principles there demonstrated to this particular case. It being imperiously obligatory on *all* to provide love with its legitimate object,³⁹ how much more so those suffering under disappointment? If *all* are solemnly obligated to furnish themselves with food, much more those who, just beginning to eat, find their table suddenly overturned, must cast about for *another* meal. As one whose thirst has brought on a raging fever doubly needs water, which will quench it, and as sun quenches fire; so the fires of a second love will assuage the ragings of the first.

But this brings up the *very* point of difficulty—daintiness, lothness to love again.^{46 47} Disappointment steels. It creates this feeling, "You don't catch this old bird *twice* with chaff." "Got my *eye-teeth* cut by this time."

Yes, but have you got them cut *out*? Yet, having already enforced this point, we only repeat, school, if needs be even *compel*, yourself to *love again*. You must first bring yourself to look upon the other sex as neither to be hated, nor shunned, nor even neglected; but the rather to be praised, prized, loved, and coveted. You must not shut your mouth against *all* food because of one bitter morsel, but try another. As soon as possible, choose your future conjugal partner. But till then, and in order thereto, re-peruse and practice the advice already given to old bachelors and maids.⁴⁰ You have induced that very state, and *must shake it off*. Spruce up, and go into promiscuous society. Play with girls. Play the agreeable with

ladies, appreciating whatever in the sex you can find lovely, and overlooking their faults.

"But what shall disappointed woman do?" Anything she pleases, but *something*. To be pitied, indeed, those rich do-nothing girls, who have been disappointed in love, because, surfeited in all their faculties, they have nothing to do but to pore over their forlorn condition; while those who are *obliged* to keep doing in order to live, suffer less. Those who are rich can interest themselves in dress, and the forced gayeties of fashionable folly. Better certainly that than nothing. And yet how much better something more substantial? Woman requires to be a *helper* somewhere. And of some *masculine*. If she takes an interest in politics, literature, religion, or the sick, or poor, let her read or write for the papers; or co-operate with her minister; or turn nurse, especially in the families of relatives; or teach; or circulate benevolent subscriptions; or turn missionary in some form; or engage in one or another "labor of love." But at all events, *keep doing*, and apply to herself those remarks just made touching the study of nature. She may, should, and, if true to human nature, will admire flower, insect, bird, animal, beauty everywhere. Much more masculine excellences. She should interest herself in some fine boy. In his studies, apparel, morals, and try to improve him as if her son—pat his cheek, and inspire him to goodness and manliness. For this is beneficial, and even a necessity, to both.^{12 39}

I remember an unmarried lady, who had all the ripeness of fully-developed womanhood, along with that mellow twilight sadness which accompanies interrupted love. Her affianced had died, yet she continued to love him. But, instead of allowing her love to take on that averted or deadened phase just described,^{46 47} it had thrown a peculiar luster and beauty over her manners and entire character. She had all the refined familiarity of the fully-developed woman, without any undue boldness on the one hand, or prudery on the other, and was both attractive to and attracted by gentlemen, as well as eminently gifted in conversation with them, of which she was very fond, and made all children, especially boys, love her dearly. *Her* disappointment had rather improved than deteriorated, and rendered her most admirable throughout.

Frequently, indeed generally, disappointed love, after withering for a time in this averted or deadened state, revives, and begins again to admire, instead of hating, the other sex. This is the Indian Summer of love. By all means improve it. Waste not a day, an hour. Prepare at once, and effectually, for its re-enlistment. By all manner of means second Nature, and rebuild your dilapidated sexuality by

cultivating a general appreciation of the excellences, especially mental and moral, of the opposite sex. Affiliate with those much older or younger than yourself. Pursue this middle ground; neither steel the heart against the opposite sex, or allow it to take on the craving or perverted phase already described.^{45 46}

But, above all things, when your love *does* fasten a second time, allow *nothing* to re-disturb it. Expect, but do not allow little matters to wound your affections; but overlook them by remembering that the fault doubtless lies more in your *disappointed state* of the love element, than in what you dislike. Try to conquer your prejudices. Make up little difficulties at once, and vow to each other not to allow *anything* whatever to even *begin* to produce alienation; and also to admire and love what you can find lovable. Spend much time in his or her society, and be assiduous in your attentions. Follow all the advice given in Part Third respecting cementing the affections; and be sure to keep yourself *in a lovely* as well a loving mood.³⁵ And remember, this is your last chance. Its second breach will prove fatal, irreparable. Suppose a tender vine had started in the spring, budded, put forth leaves and blossoms, but been ruthlessly torn up. If left long in the wind and weather, it perishes forever. But if replanted at once, and well nurtured and watered, its rootlets may strike immediately, and leaves and fruit keep on growing. But their *third* rupture is fatal. So the affections will bear transplanting, if done well and soon, but not a second time. So make the most of this second love season;³⁹ and take every possible precaution against its second rupture. And *continue* to cherish it until completely re-established.

“But your own great panacea—loving again—is an impracticability. Where love falls, it falls *flat*. Cupid is called ‘the blind god,’ because love is a blind impulse. Its love-sick victims, seemingly bereft of their senses, are swept on by frenzied tide they have no power to stem.”

That love does thus lead reason captive and “run mad,” disdaining all control, is admitted; yet it *need* not, *should* not. Is not will a primitive element of mind? And is it not *legitimate* governor of the feelings? What other specific office was it created to subserve? Is it not a first ordinance of mind that intellect, judgment, shall guide will, and will control feeling? They are to man what Congress and President are to the republic—intellect dictating, and will executing that dictation. All the feelings should be *schooled* into obedience to will, and will to reason. Else they will run tandem to their destruction.

Then can they not rule love as well as anger, fear, worship, appetite, or any other sentiment? As all can and should refrain from eating or drinking what they know to be hurtful, however strong their cravings, so the intellectual perception that this one is adapted to render happy, and that one miserable, should induce love to accept the former but reject the latter, even though disinclined thereto. Not that reason and will can make sweet bitter, or those agreeable who are repulsive, but that, as we do, should, must love our *own selves* and happiness, will should turn love *from* an object calculated to render us miserable, and *to* one adapted to render us happy. Mere self-love—that strongest of human sentiments—can and should direct love upon the object best calculated to render us happy.

“But your illustration is most unfortunate. How often do inebriates keep on drinking, though they *know* they are thereby killing themselves and ruining their families! How many eat too much, and what they know to be injurious, or continue to smoke or chew, though they would give the world to be able to resist this craving!²⁷

Yet such are practically beside themselves, and by no means true types of genuine humanity. Nor are those who allow love to overrule sense. It is a first law of mind, that *all* the faculties should work *in concert*, with reason at the head of all; while allowing any to act contrary to any, and especially any feeling to overrule judgment, both break this law, and thereby incurs its penalty.

Admitted that those in disappointment generally *do* sigh and pine as if their loss were utterly irreparable—as if even their forlorn hope had fled—as if their very life depended on their loving this *particular one*, and as if they really can not love any other, yet as, if required to select for themselves an apple from a loaded tree, they should afterward find it to be sour, bitter, rotten, and poisonous, but that another was far better for them, they ought wisely to give up the former for the latter; so the intellectual, conscious that love has fastened upon an unattainable object, or one calculated to render unhappy, will enable all true human minds to *change* their *love from* a poor object to a good one. And how foolish to refuse *all* because that *particular one* can not be had! And love so often eventuates unhappily, because indulged in this wild, poetic fancy, instead of being schooled and disciplined to conform to the dictates of reason.

Besides, those in love are therefore infatuated. They magnify the excellences of their beau-ideals, and overlook their faults. True, they possess these excellences in part, yet others possess them likewise. They forget that there are other hearts just as warm, just as devoted as those they love. Doubtless even much more so. Suppose

circumstances had directed them to another, they would then have prized the love of that quite as much as now of this, and felt that they could not live without *that*, quite as much as now without this, yet wholly ignore this for that. Love depends far less on the party *loved* than on the loving one.⁴⁵

You will also do well to seek the sympathy and advice of some intimate friend. All the better if older. And better yet if of the opposite sex.¹² You are partially beside yourself, while they would look at this whole matter from an intellectual stand-point.

“But this disappointment occurs oftener after marriage than before. And is much more crushing. What shall *such* do?”

We are not yet prepared to answer. Meanwhile, let those answer who can. Till then, let each judge and act *for him or herself*, in accordance with those *general principles* which govern this love element, some of which we have already presented, and we shall probably present more hereafter. And where the *principles* which underlie this subject can not be especially applied to all individual cases, at least they will suggest other remedial appliances which can.

TO AVERT THESE DIRE EFFECTS of abnormal love, then, should be the very first object of its victims. They can ill *afford* to live on and die off in this its dilapidated state. They could better afford to endure an inflamed eye or paralyzed limb; but the pleasures and advantages of normal love are too precious a life-behest to be dispensed with. Better forego almost any other. Its perversion is so very self-destructive, and its dormancy indeed so great a life-loss, that its restitution, as far as possible, should be a paramount life-object.^{36 37}

And nearly all do suffer this loss more or less, and incur its penalties. Abnormal or dormant love is a great public calamity, a literal epidemic. Humanity, and especially woman, experiences a greater barrenness of its legitimate effects than of any other function, physical or mental. And it needs right direction and nurture most. In this great problem, patrician and plebeian, savañ and ignoramus, saint and sinner, male and female, young and old, one and all, are almost as deeply interested practically as in Fulton's or Morse's enterprise, or the success of the Revolution. Indeed, its intrinsic practical importance must soon render it one of the problems of the age. In fact, “broken hearts” constitute the largest branch of that great “social evil” already discussed.⁴⁵ Nor can it longer be bluffed off, as we puff out a candle. The cries of too many perishing by agonizing inches are deafening the public ear to permit it to be stifled. Nearly all are more or less its victims. Reader, have you not suffered thus? This problem *must* be solved—adjudicated on *first principles*. Phrenology solves

it. Should we not expect that a science which so perfectly *analyzes* an evil, would also reveal its *antidote*? And in this same thorough, because scientific manner? It *does* thus prescribe. That prescription we have just embodied.⁴⁸ For thirty years we have been investigating and poring over this painful topic, more than all others. And been driven to the conclusions just announced. At first we rejected them. But they forced themselves back upon us by both reason and facts, from so many stand-points as to *compel* us to admit them. If they do not correctly interpret nature, please show *wherein*. Or let those who reject this panacea for broken hearts prescribe a better. How few but need *some* cure! Then, is not this *per se* the *natural* one? What if the Grundys do oppose it; are *they* the highest types of a true human life? What if it is new; have not innovations achieved so much for our age and generation that fogysm ought to be at a discount? Surely *we* should be the last to reject, and first to accept new doctrines. How long since steam, railroads, telegraphs were innovations? At least let objectors *themselves* "heal the people," or else let us. Do not all objections to it cluster about its not being *customary*?

Besides, goes it not right home to your own heart's *consciousness*? Suppose all societary objections either withdrawn or else reversed in its *favor*, would not your own soul clutch at it, as a longing child seizes that aliment for which it pines? What is it but applying to the love element those same principles of cultivation and improvement conceded to apply to all the other faculties? At all events, *here it is*. Accept or reject, each for your own selves. As California gold *was*, long before it was discovered, so this cure *is*, whether adopted or discarded. And is to be the great "healer of the nations." Many a starving soul awaits its promulgation. And it is destined soon to work as complete a revolution in the social department of human life, as steam has just wrought in the mechanical. That as marked a revolution is both possible and needed, is perfectly obvious. That it *must* come some time and somehow, is rendered evident by the entire economies of the race. That these doctrines are *adapted* to effect them, all who practice them will become exultant living witnesses. It will soon work as complete a revolution in this department of humanity as steam has done in the mechanical.

Having thus fairly prevised a right love by pointing out the evils of a wrong, its cure in and by the proper development of the affections comes next in order. This involves both the selection of an appropriate object, and a true conjugal life; to which we shall next address ourselves, after disposing of two side applications of our present subject, namely, second marriages, and mourning.

This one-love doctrine, indeed the subject-matter of this whole section, its four last phases particularly,^{45 46 47 48} naturally call up SECOND MARRIAGE, which they seem to counteract. This subject is too important not to be thoroughly canvassed, and on its first principles, in a work like this. Then what says Phrenology respecting them?

49. SECOND MARRIAGES : SELDOM NECESSARY.

Strictly speaking, there exists, in the primitive economies of nature, few *occasions* for more than one marriage. When parties marry at similar ages,⁵⁰ and live together affectionately, though one is naturally much longer lived and stronger constitutioned than the other, the stronger will, by a law of love, naturally impart surplus vitality to the weaker, so that both will live on till their *common* life-fund will be exhausted about simultaneously, and both be prepared to die nearly together. Indeed often, when two have lived happily together many years, the death of either is but the immediate precursor of that of the other. The survivor lives on a few months, only to drop off seemingly without apparent cause. Such cases are of frequent occurrence.

Still, both parties may love devotedly, and yet the survivor live on for years. Yet these cases generally occur when the deceased dies *suddenly*, or of some violent sickness, wrong doctoring or nursing, away from home, or where little opportunity is allowed for this transfer of vitality.

“But cholera, yellow fever, etc., leave many a widow and widower who must either marry again, or else live a life more lonely than if they had never married. Who deserves more pity, whose hearts break more hopelessly, than those who have lost a loved conjugal mate?”

Though such bereavements are very common, they are by no means necessary. None need ever die of cholera. This disease prevails mainly in *lime-water* districts, while those who use good rain water, both for cooking and drinking, never have it. We say *good* rain water, in contradistinction from that kept in tanks *above* ground, and allowed to putrefy, become alive with aqueous inhabitants, or tainted by the stench and putrid dust of hot Southern cities; meaning good, wholesome rain water, received and preserved cool in *deep, underground cisterns*. All the better if run, before using, through John Kedzie's Rochester filterers. No member of any family who uses *such* water will ever have cholera, or even bowel difficulties of any kind, unless they live in some narrow and most filthy street. Fair sanitary regulations, along with hygienic applications, will keep off cholera and yellow fever, and water treatment, seasonably applied,

cure both. We repeat it meaningly, cases of violent death ought to be rare, and bereavements few.

And what is more, every husband is under the most sacred obligation to his wife and family to so far *preserve* his health by a full observance of the health laws, so as not to *become* sick. If he alone were concerned, he might expose himself to disease with less responsibility. But no duty of a husband or father is more sacred than the preservation of his health. To subject an affectionate wife to all the agonies of lacerated affection; to break her heart by mourning his loss, and then obliging her to transfer it to another, and likewise run all this risk, besides leaving his children orphans, wanting a father's educational and advisory influence,⁴¹ even though provided with dollars enough for their comfortable maintenance, is just the *greatest* wrong he can inflict upon them. He is solemnly bound to live on till his children are grown up. And those who have constitutional stamina enough to become parents, have enough to last them, with proper care, until their children are fully able to take care of themselves, and till their companion is too far advanced to desire to marry again. This is an ordinance of Nature.

And is not a loved wife under quite as great obligations to make *her* health and life paramount? To protect them *first*, and at ANY and ALL sacrifices? What becomes of her family when *she* is sick? She not only can not do for them, but obliges them to do for her instead. Merely in order to serve *them*, she requires to make her health foremost.

And shall not husbands preserve their wives' health as well as their own? What are business claims in comparative importance? And yet how many, immersed in business, see their wives' health sink under constant over-exertions, vexatious cares, or one or another cause, till past recovery! They now call doctor after doctor, and make any and every pecuniary sacrifice, after it is too late; whereas a tithe of the same effort, wisely applied in season, would have saved the balance of their money, and her health besides. And what that he has, or can get or do, but can well be afforded in order to save a good wife's life, or restore a sick one?

And is not a good wife equally interested in her husband's health? To see him toil on early and late in protracted business struggles, while she draws from his strained purse all she well can, with which to make a fine display of dress, parties, style, etc., is both short-sighted and cruel—a wrong to herself and children as well as him, and may yet cost both his life.

The fact is, that each member of every family ought to constitute

a vigilance committee to watch over each and all the *other* members' health, as well as his or her own. None can allow themselves or any other member to fall sick without doing palpable injustice to all. What right has any member of any family, by violating the health laws, to impose on the other members of that family all the anxieties, sleeplessness, and additional labors required to nurse him or her all through a fit of self-induced sickness? Disease is consequent only on the violation of the health laws, and is a luxury (?) those only have any right to who can pay *liberally* for all the trouble they cause. And are not parents under equal moral obligations to preserve their children's health? And guilty if they are sick? But of this in Vol. III.

Still, as society now is, as public disasters abound, and malignant disease and premature death in many forms leave many a forlorn widower, widow, and children, the practical question is whether, as a general thing,

50. SECOND MARRIAGES ARE DESIRABLE.

That they can be so formed and conducted as to promote the happiness of all parties, is undoubted. That their former conjugal experience, whether happy or unhappy, rather fits than unfits for another, is established by the adage, "To live is to learn." All subsequent loves, by acting as salvos to bereavement, can be made to embrace subsequent objects with even more clinging fondness than the first, because, as just shown in cases of "broken hearts," it renders them happy.⁴⁸

"Yet this contravenes that *one-love* law already urged so forcibly."

But *first-love* marriages are rare. Rarer still those marred by no alienations. Where first-love and marriage have been *perfect*, second ones are less desirable; yet, even here, this same experience, just applied to second loves, equally recommend second, and even third, marriages, as Nature's antidote for bereavement—a principle beautifully enforced by the following instructive anecdote. Returning from a lecture on marriage, with a second husband, he said:

"Should it not have discussed *second* marriages? A matter thus practically interesting and important to so many, should not have been ignored."

"Then what says your experience? It may furnish something worth saying hereafter."

"It is this. For seventeen long years myself and wife lived on these prairies, far from neighbors and market, where our isolation and mutual struggles but endeared us the more to each other, till, just as the railroad train dashed past our door, and the *dépôt*, located on our

land, had rendered us rich, my wife died of cholera in a day! The suddenness of the blow completely paralyzed me. I wandered, listless and inane, through wood and field, till, six months afterward, my mother, seeing how sadly my loss affected me, said :

“ ‘ George, this will never do. You must not give up thus to grief. Come, rally, and marry again.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, mother, I can never think of that ! It would be sacrilege to my Eliza. Besides, if a second wife should not prove fully equal to my first—which I could hardly expect, for such wives are rare—I should only be perpetually making invidious comparisons, to the detriment of all parties, and the additional blighting of my own love.’ ”

“ ‘ But, my son, “ there are yet as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.” Your having had one good wife no way precludes, rather facilitates, your obtaining another. Try again. Courage, my son.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, but, mother, I can never think of placing my dear children under a step-mother. It would be positively cruel.’ ”

“ ‘ Yet, son, they are now under hirelings. A step-mother could not be worse. And you could see them much better provided for, if married, and with them, than now, not married, and away ; for they would then be under your more immediate supervision. And there *are* women calculated to make good step-mothers. Miss S. is one. She would be much better as a wife for you, and mother for your children, than any hired girl could be. And having this, that, and the other prerequisite for a good wife and step-mother, you could keep your family together, and get along much better every way by marrying her than remaining single.’ ”

“ I saw the force of her reasoning, changed front, paid my addresses to this woman” (she was then sitting on his lap, with her elbow resting on his shoulder, and her hand twirling his locks), “ she accepted, takes just as good care of my children as their own mother ever did, and they are as happy in her, and know no difference, and, for aught I see, I am just as happy in this wife as that. It is as if a bright fire had long been burning on the family hearth, but gone out, and its live coals buried under its own ashes, while another had been built above, and was burning brightly, yet neither interfering with, but rather helping, the other. It is infinite happiness to me that I can heal my wounded heart by sympathizing with, and receiving sympathy from, a second wife, who was my first wife’s intimate friend, and recommended by her as her successor. As for her, she herself can say whether she, too, is happy in us.” She here impressed a conjugal kiss upon his willing cheek, while he added, “ My second marriage

has obviously contributed immeasurably to the happiness of all parties, my own especially."

Another anecdote will both state and enforce another weighty consideration in favor of second marriages. A Quakeress, of the highest respectability and phrenological endowments, had married a second husband far inferior to herself in every respect, and, as a natural consequence, open discord had broken out between them. She consulted me. I said:

"A woman of *your* sagacity marry a man so much your inferior! You were too old and sagacious not to have known better."

"But, sir, *you* at least will appreciate my motive. It was this. From my youth I had looked forward to children, or at least *one* child of my *own* to love and be loved by, to nurse me in my dotage, close my eyes in death, bury me, and weep over my grave, as one of the dearest hopes and most cherished heart-yearning of my life. I had borne six children by my first husband, but seen them all die, one after another, along with their father, of consumption. I could not bear the thought of a childless old age.^{38 40} I knew from the first that my present husband was not adapted to me; but as his proffer held out the hope of an additional child or two to comfort my declining years, I accepted, fearing that I might not have another seasonable one. But our disparity has both frustrated my hopes, and borne me down with trouble. Still, was not my *motive* justifiable?"

Reader, answer for yourself. I could not condemn. Could but *approve*.³⁸ And recommend the *principle* here involved to universal adoption: meanwhile cautioning its more judicious application. Yet there are cases—and they are numerous—in which second marriages are not desirable. The following anecdote will illustrate them. Mrs. G—— said:

"Mr. and Mrs. F——, will you take a ride with me along the banks of our beautiful Grand River to-morrow morning? My horse and carriage were willed me by my deceased husband, and I am my own postillion."

We went. Fairly out of town, she turned around, and looking us full in the face, said earnestly—

"Friends, I invited you to take this ride as much on my *own* account as yours. I want your advice on a matter of, to me, the utmost importance, and feel that you are qualified to give it. My hand is besought in marriage by a man I have known from childhood. And only favorably. He even made love to me before I knew my husband, and says he has never married because he still hoped to marry me. Having property himself, he does not need to marry me for my

money. And promises me the most devoted affection. And even begs me to marry him if only *out of pity*."

I shook my head, and interruptingly remarked, "Never marry out of pity, for this will soon place *you too* in need of sympathy. I never knew one who married out of pity to be happy. This alone must necessarily render both miserable." She continued—

"True, all seems right, and friends join in persuading me."

"But, madam," I added, "let this infallible test-question decide the matter. Do you feel willing to admit another to that sacred place in your affections which your deceased husband occupied?" For I knew their affection was mutual and perfect, and a first love on both sides. "Can you enthrone this in the same place just vacated by that, and receive him right home to the core of your heart?"

"Ah, sir, you have probed the *very* point from which my innermost soul recoils. I still feel that my husband is ever present with me, as much as when alive; that I commune with him daily; that he is my guardian angel; and that I enjoy the sweet consciousness of his perpetual love and union, and that a second marriage, however promising, would be a sacrilege from which I instinctively revolt.⁴³ I shudder at the thought. Besides, I feel perfectly contented as I now am, and involuntarily dwell on the pleasant reminiscences of past love, rather than pine over our separation. This may seem strange, but is literally true."

"It is natural to a perfect love in its highest state.⁴⁸ It always might and should take on this pleasant phase. By no means consent to a second marriage. Your premonitions are right. To violate them would *spoil your life*. By all manner of means remain single."

"I will. Your advice accords perfectly with my own interior consciousness, as well as better judgment."

"If you felt like putting on fine feathers, turning gay again, attracting the attention of gentlemen and being attracted, 'setting your cap,' and courting, I should earnestly advise you to love and marry again. But if not, not. And this advice is based in this principle, that whenever our system requires any special aliment, it will crave it. Hence, since you positively loathe a second marriage, decline his proffer. Do it as gently and handsomely as you can. Wound his feelings as little as possible. Say no so sweetly, gently, and seemingly reluctantly, as by leaving him your friend, to save yourself, while you do him the least possible damage."

Other circumstances may justify a like declination, but in ninety-nine cases in every hundred, especially where their ages hold out parental prospects, second marriages are as desirable as all the varie-

gated happiness they can be made to yield to all concerned. Even elderly people may marry. Nor should mere feeling, nor minor adverse circumstances, only abundant reason, dictate a decline. Especially if a first has not been absolutely perfect, a second is all the more essential and auspicious.^{36 38} If a second love can only be initiated—and it usually can be, unless reversed, or else perfectly satisfied^{43 45}—by all means reunite. Even when the feelings rebel at first, they can and should be schooled to look at it fairly, and on the favorable side, because the unfavorable is naturally uppermost. Nor are SECOND MARRIAGES, FOR CONVENIENCE' SAKE, by any means necessarily objectionable. Even where the first has been complete, subsequent ones may be advisable. Thus, a widower has a family of children, who, besides all he can do for them, need, must have, that care and training which only a woman can bestow, and which he is solemnly bound to provide. A step-mother is by far its best form. An aunt, a stranger, even, would be better than none, but his wife would naturally do best. Then is not he justified in marrying again mainly to provide *them* with this female nurture, and she in accepting so good an opportunity to promote his, her, and their happiness? Besides, all women need both husband and children to love and care for;^{38 40} and many need to marry in order to furnish the best proper sphere for the exercise of their affections; thus supplying her with children to love, and children with female care.

And why not a widower, advancing in years, by marrying a woman younger than he is, provide himself prospectively with that care he is sure to need, and compensating her by a home, creature comforts, position, property, etc.? What objection to this mode of promoting the happiness of all parties? They can regulate their intimacies to suit themselves and circumstances. They must not allow discord, of which love is the great antidote. Or they can base their relations in friendship, and the amenities due between the sexes,¹⁴ without infringing the least upon a former love, however sacred. First marriages should be based in love alone. Second ones are permissible on other grounds, and can usually be made conducive to the happiness of all parties. Yet they absolutely must observe the following common-sense rules: First. On no account whatever draw comparisons, always odious; for favorable ones disparage the dead—unfavorable, the living. About as well tell them to their faces that you wish they were dead, as how much better the former loved one was; for it is the worst possible kind of personal reflection—much worse than ordinary conjugal blames.²¹ Secondly. Former loves may be cherished internally, like live coals buried, but must not come to the surface. If dissatisfied,

make the best of what is, but never aggravate it by reproach, or else abandon all hope of conjugal happiness. Instead, assiduously cherish love by little attentions.

HOW LONG SHOULD THEY WAIT? Only just as long as they themselves please. In what law is the custom of waiting a year based? Of course to transfer the affections takes time; but, as already shown, the sooner it is effected, the less damage is inflicted by grief, and the better all around.

STEP-PARENTS AND CHILDREN, and the amalgamation of different families, usually occasions the greatest evils incident to second marriages. Of course, as parents naturally do and ought to love and care for their own children most, a step-mother will instinctively side with and pet her own children in preference to step-children. And ought to, both because hers, younger, and more needy. Yet this obvious duty often creates hardness. Her task is indeed trying. She deserves thanks for even undertaking it. Much more if she does her best. Doubly, if she does well. It requires a superb woman to become a good step-mother. And such deserve all praise.

But are not step-children, after all, oftenest in fault? Whereas all ought to lighten her burden by enlisting them in her behalf, yet how frequently do they *re-increase* it by prejudicing them against her, till they actually come to regard her as an *intruder* to be opposed, rather than a mother to be helped and loved? They forget that it is her or *none*, or perhaps worse; and instead of being thankful for what she actually does, they blame her for not doing more, besides misconstruing everything. Should they not, instead, regard what she does do, be it little or much, well or ill, more as a *gratuity* than duty? For what requires her to do *at all* but her relations to their father? Then, should they not praise and help, instead of blaming and hindering? Does she deserve the odium usually heaped upon step-mothers? How many in like circumstances would do better? And their obvious interest is by complaisance, by kind offices, and good feeling, to coax out of her a thousand little favors they could never obtain if at enmity. Gratitude for few and small favors is the best known means for obtaining more and greater ones. And outsiders should by all means always promote peace—not, as too often, stir up strife. Still, a good, kind, motherly woman can generally establish affectional and filial relations, without which there is no living together, but with which step-parents and children can live about as happy as own. At least, a meek, motherly spirit will greatly lighten her task. Be it that she is however right or they wrong, better suffer than resist.

This same general advice is equally applicable to the step-father.

He, the dignified head of the family, its natural umpire and regulator, should be an arbitrator and peacemaker between all parties, yet slow to decide directly for or against either, but, instead, show their faults to the erring, and obviate them by appealing to their higher faculties. By a firm, just, judicious, and affectionate course all around, he can generally assuage animosities, if not obviate them altogether. And this is unmistakably the true one for all parties, and will generally convert the evils of second marriages into benefits. And, what is most important, enable the family to live *all together*. Yet better scatter than quarrel.

51. MOURNING FOR THE DEAD AND ABSENT.

These self-destructive consequences of disturbed affection naturally call up that form of these evils consequent upon grief for the absent and the dead. All forms of retroverted affection do similar damage in proportion to their degree. Hence, mourning for the dead or absent inflicts on a mourner the same *kind* of evil which interrupted love inflicts on its victims.^{36 47} And on this universal principle, that *all* painful action of all functions is consequent solely on their *wrong* action, which always and necessarily injures the suffering organ. As pain in the eyes necessarily impairs both present and future vision, in the stomach, digestion, nerves, sentient power, etc., so all painful action of each and all the social faculties *breaks them down*, and thereby forestalls their *future* power of function. Hence all painful action of all our functions should most scrupulously be avoided, both because self-destructive, and also consisting in the abnormal or sinful action of the pained organs. Of course all painful action of Adhesiveness, Amativeness, Parental Love, and Conjugality should be prevented, not encouraged. But mourning *consists in* this very painful action, and is therefore both wrong *per se*, and likewise self-destructive to the suffering faculties, and thereby to the entire system, inflicting upon it those self-same evils which interrupted love inflicts upon conjugality. Since, then, "by their *fruits* ye shall know them," and since the fruits of mourning "are evil, and *ONLY* evil" to the living, while they do no manner of good to the dead, are they not *inherently* wrong, because so unmistakably injurious? And therefore to be banished, not encouraged? Why do not precisely the same principles govern here, just shown to govern in cases of "broken hearts," namely, *banishing* all painful reminiscences, and seeking diversion? If not, why not?

1. And what is this grief but practical rebellion against an ordinance of Nature, and what many consider "a dispensation of Divine Providence?" If providential, it is of course both best, and God's

sovereign will, and therefore to be *rejoiced* in, not mourned over. Weeping over *God's* doing is the very worst form of practical rebellion thereat, while acquiescence therein naturally causes rejoicings. You, then, who believe death to be providential, as obedient children, are the very last to mourn over what your "heavenly Father" has seen fit to do for you. Really, this grief is indeed filial love and obedience "*with a vengeance.*"

2. BY IMPAIRING THE HEALTH, grief inflicts irreparable injury. We will not now descant on the value of health. Suffice it that it is the summing up and focal center, because the sole instrumentality, of all valuation. So that, whatever injures it, saps the very life itself and all its powers and enjoyments at their very heart, and is by any and all means, and in any and all events, to be absolutely avoided.

Now grieving is most fatal to health, because it injures the nervous system. All its kinds, whether for loss of property, honor, friends, children, lovers, happiness; indeed everything, does this. And by virtue of its own inherent physiological effects. It also redoubles this evil by inducing *cold*—that great, direct usher of most diseases. Consumption, however hereditary, lies dormant till superinduced by an obstinate cold, and can be kept at bay just as long as colds can be avoided or subdued immediately. All fevers, and nearly all diseases, eventuate from cold—a fact assumed here, but proved elsewhere. Now grief necessarily induces cold, by naturally withdrawing circulation from surface to center, and deranging all the physical functions, besides diminishing the system's power of resistance. Note when and where you will, bad news, violent passions, sudden disappointment in love, all painful mental paroxysms, are followed by severe colds, and often protracted and dangerous sickness, and sometimes death. How frequently are mourners taken down sick immediately on returning from a funeral, especially when they give way to violent grief, and often die—the death of one thereby causing that of several intimates! Strange that a fact so common should not have been observed and traced to its cause—grief. Hence, those in grief should be extra careful of their health. Self-preservation is a first human duty as well as instinct—none as imperious—which grief violates by inviting disease and hastening death, and is therefore suicidal and unqualifiedly wicked.

3. Grief for the dead wrongs the living. Who but has parents, children, brothers, sisters, relations, friends, or business or other relations to their fellow-men, to whom their life is a blessing, and their sickness or death would be an injury they have no right to inflict? All are inter-related to others by human and mutual obligations they

have no business to ignore or sunder—the same in kind, though less in degree, with those existing between different members of the same family.⁵⁰ Hence injuring ourselves, whether by grief or any other means, inflicts palpable injury on others. Then why should the living injure themselves and shorten their own lives because the dead have shortened theirs? Why should a widow debilitate and frustrate all her powers by grief, at the very time when she most needs all her strength and self-possession to care for herself and children, and save her property from those harpies who now, vulture-like, hover around the estate to grasp all they can? Does not this grief unnerve and enfeeble her? Yet do not herself, children, estate, and increased cares require every item of strength she can command?

A bereaved mother, too, has husband, children, relatives, and friends whose creature comforts and moral culture depend much on her life, and whom her debility or death would injure in feelings, morals, health, and ways innumerable? Hence, whatever promotes *her* health and life is to them a literal god-send; but what injures them, does them the greatest possible wrong. And this is measurably true of relatives and friends. Now, by all the value of her health and life to her family and friends—and neither dollars nor words can begin to measure it—is her grief over her child's death a curse to them, and wicked in her. What business has she to interrupt their happiness by indulging her own grief?

Or it may be that even her *own* hold on life is but feeble, and needs strengthening instead of weakening. Too nearly dead already, she requires to become more *attached* to life, not weaned therefrom. Is it not as virtual suicide—that worst of crimes against God and man—to voluntarily hasten death by grief as by poison? The crime consists in the *fact* of hastening death, not the mode. And it is her sacred, solemn duty to avoid it by either. God and Nature punish mourning, and thereby pronounce it wrong. And let those whom these views shock, show *wherein* they are erroneous.

4. "Yet, too apt to forget our latter end, shall we not, in the death of loved ones, learn lessons of our *own* mortality, and seek therein to prepare *ourselves* also for another and a better world?"

But would hastening our death by *poison* fit us for heaven? Then will hastening it by *grief*? Is not fulfilling our earthly duties, our best preparation for heaven? Are this world and the next antipodes? Is not that but the *continuation*, not an antithesis, of this? Did not the same God ordain both? And does He not govern both by the same set of laws and requisitions? Must we indeed *break* the laws of this life, in order to fit ourselves for the life to come? Instead,

does not *fulfilling* the laws of this, necessarily promote the interests of that? And also, improving this, thereby also improve that? Therefore, grief, by injuring us for this life, *unfits*, instead of fits, us for that. What reasoning can be clearer? The very best preparation for a future life is to live a perfect present one, physiological included, in order that we may "be gathered in like a shock of corn fully ripe;" whereas, whatever plucks us prematurely from the tree of this life, as grief does, thereby ushers us, immatured and unprepared, into another.

5. "But we can no more help grieving, than smarting from the touch of fire."

Then help it *as much as you can*. Assuage, not aggravate, grief. Besides, know you not that ill health, especially nervousness, *reinforces* grief? And that grief, by redoubling nervousness, reaugments and protracts itself? Do you not grieve most when most unwell, and least when you feel best? Of this your own consciousness is a perpetual witness. Then, pray, what is grief, after all, but a diseased or *inflamed*, instead of normal, function? And to be assuaged in part by *hygienic* means? This point has come up twice before,⁴⁸ but can not recur too often, for it is fundamentally important.

6. This reproves the usual custom of remaining at home a full year after the death of a near friend. It is unqualifiedly wrong. Besides depriving the body of that exercise so imperatively necessary always, and doubly in bereavement, it begets a dead, dumb, monotonous state, even more fatal to health than grief itself. It compels the mind to pore perpetually over its loss by allowing nothing *else* to engross attention. It protracts and intensifies a mother's grief for a lost child, by keeping its clothes, toys, and thereby sayings and doings perpetually before her mind, thereby redoubling the crushing effects of her grief: whereas diversion is what she requires⁴⁸—to *forget*, not remember—to *banish*, not revive, those painful reminiscences. Better pack up or give away whatever renews her grief, and go abroad all the *more*, not less. Break away from spot and scene associated with its memory; take a journey—anything to rack off the mind. Reading, conversation, amusements—whatever will divert, will help save, and anything to save *herself*.

7. FUNERALS ARE WRONGLY CONDUCTED. Their management is directly calculated to ruin the constitutions of the living, without doing the least good to the living or dead. They generally increase grief, whereas they should try to assuage it. They condole too much. For nothing crushes a sinking spirit as much as pity. They should *fortify*, not soften, and dwell more on the biography and characteristics of the dead, than the horrors of death itself. Reason, the best good

of survivors, everything, requires that they brace, not melt; that they should extract lessons of health to the living, by pointing out the causes of this premature death, rather than make it the great bug-bear with which to frighten the living toward heaven. Does fear of death either fit for this life or prepare for the next? Is it not constitutionally injurious to both mind and body?

8. Besides, making death a hideous monster both arraigns the wisdom and goodness of God, and belies facts. Not only is it no curse, but, next to life itself, one of God's greatest blessings. Nor does it ever transpire until the physical organism is so far diseased, mutilated, or worn out, that continued life would only cause more suffering than happiness. So that, come when it may, in darling infancy, promising youth, mature manhood, or decrepit old age, it comes always, and in the very nature of things, *as a blessing*. Suppose no death, what untold agonies should we induce during the lapse of ages, by breaking Nature's laws, from which death now kindly delivers us! Though we ought to regret those violations of the physical laws which hasten it prematurely, and learn therein how to avoid shortening our *own* life, yet we should *rejoice* in the death itself. In case some terrible accident had shockingly mutilated a companion, child, or friend, and especially ourselves—dashed out brains, broken limbs, torn out eyes, heart, lungs, etc.—should we not rejoice that death comes to relieve this protracted agony, and pronounce death, as next to life, one of Nature's greatest blessings, instead of curses? Now *all* premature death is consequent only on a like organic impairment, precisely the same in kind, and differing only in degree. Then let the dead be buried, and remembered pleasantly, or else forgotten. *Nil mortui nisi bonum*—speak only good of the dead.

David pursued a sensible course on the death of his darling child. As long as life and hope lingered, he did all in his power to save it. But, once dead, instead of bursting forth in an agony of grief, he arose, washed, laid aside his sackcloth and ashes, ordered and partook of food, and said, practically, "My darling is dead, but can not be recalled. Then why weep? Let its death be among by-gones, and let me prepare to go to it; but meanwhile dry up my tears, and again give myself to the cares of the state."

9. It remains to add, that when life has its *perfect* work, it merges gradually into death, but only after all the organs are fairly worn out. Neither violent death, nor one transpiring anywhere clear along up to old age, forms any primal part of Nature's economies. All such are consequent only on the infringement of health laws, which it is our sacred duty to avert, by living right physiological lives. Natural

death is always welcome to subject and relatives. Then, indeed, can we bury our aged parents without one tear of sorrow. Feeling that they have lived out the full measure of their days, finished their work, and died in peace, as the lamp goes out for the want of sustenance, we can bury them, and think of them in memory of their good deeds and virtues, conscious that, with renewed lives and reincreased powers and virtues, they await our coming, when we also shall have fully lived out the natural measure of our own days. Such lives let us live, that such deaths we also may die.

10. Mourning apparel is all wrong throughout. First, because if it reincreases our sorrow it is injurious; if not, unnecessary. Secondly, because expensive, and often a heavy tax on the poor they can not really afford, besides greatly increasing the bustle and confusion incident to funerals. Thirdly, by proclaiming our loss and awakening sadness in others, it does them also harm. Then let it be abolished. Yet dressing graves with flowers is an appropriate offering to their memories.

11. The sick room should never be entered in a sad, solemn, condolent, pitying mood, because this presupposes that some dire calamity impends them, which both awakens their fears for the worst, and weakens that *will*-power to resist disease and death which, after all, is their great restorative.¹⁷ Instead, manifest a lively spirit by a cheerful, encouraging aspect, which is calculated to buoy up their drooping spirits and quicken their circulation. Talk and laugh, instead of sigh. And, if possible, make *them* also laugh; for nothing equals mirth as a panacea for all diseases.

And now, intelligent reader, in closing off "Part One," or, "Love, its Nature, Effects, and Supreme Power Over Human Life and Destiny, and its Right and Wrong Action," we put this home question—Have we made that *thorough, scientific* work promised in our Preface? Have we not in very deed gone to the very *rootlets* of this whole matter, and based every position in *Nature's immutable laws*? What one error have we propagated? What one cardinal truth omitted? Have we not given a *reason* for every single thing said? And is not every sentence calculated to make its practitioners *better* and *happier* in their affectional relations?

Then look forward with additional hope to Part II. Since completeness of love is infinitely important, a right *object* becomes equally so, because essential thereto. Though one may love a poor object well, yet a good one how much better! Indeed, by all the variegated importance of a perfect love, is the importance of a right selection. To this subject, therefore, we next address ourselves.

PART II.—SELECTION.

SECTION V.

THE DECISION, AND ITS ARBITERS; OR, RELATIVE AND ABSOLUTE RIGHTS OF PARENTS, CHILDREN, AND RELATIVES, IN THEIR OWN, AND EACH OTHERS', MATRIMONIAL CHOICE.

52. IMPORTANCE OF A RIGHT SELECTION.

You and I, oh, human being, while passing through life, have been, will be, required to make many and important selections between right ways and wrong ones, good ways and bad ones—paths which lead to and from happiness and misery, honor and shame, virtue and vice, and their consequences. Yet of all the decisions we can ever be called upon to make, from our cradles to our graves, that respecting *conjugal companionship* is the *very* most practically important, because the most eventful for prosperity or adversity, weal or woe, virtue or vice, in this world and the next. By all the diversified consequences already shown to appertain to a right and a wrong state of love, by the very heart's core of life itself, and all its interests, is it important that we choose wisely—select *just the very best possible object* of that love. Right absolutely, or as regards general character, right relatively, or as regards special adaptation to our own selves.

In choosing acquaintances, even, one must needs be judicious, because their influence, though silent, is perpetual, and, in the aggregate, eventful. More so in the choice of business partners. More yet of intimate friends, as well as doctrines, and general course of life, for each and all tell on our entire future. All consequences are so great, so far reaching, that to measure them is impossible.

But what eventualities at all compare with those consequent on our *conjugal* selection? Are the consequences of other decisions perpetual, and do not these reach down even to the very minutest

capillary affairs of life? Do other acts affect our pecuniary interests, and does not this the most of all?

Do you, young man, intend, by industry and frugality, to lay the foundation for future comfort and luxury? What will help or hinder your becoming rich equally with your wife? She extravagant, your utmost efforts and sacrifices will avail little.¹⁹ By hook or crook, by persuasion or intimidation, she will worm dollars out of you as fast as you can obtain them—will even, by stealing the very nest-egg, forestall all future operations. Or if, in sheer self-defense, you absolutely interdict her extravagance by allowing just so much, but no more, you thereby only increase your difficulty. Her indignant ladyship takes perpetual revenge by thwarting you at every turn and corner of all the *little* affairs of life. In one way or another she will throw out with the spoon as fast you can throw in with the shovel. Indeed, unless you are already so rich that you can surfeit all her whims, regardless of thousands, your struggles will prove well-nigh abortive. Be your income what it may, your efforts however heroic and continuous, and plans however well laid and executed, if she works *against* your pecuniary interests, you may about as well give up first as last; whereas, if she works *for* them—saves while and what you make, spends every dime to the very best advantage, and as few dollars as possible, and helps you both plan and execute—your success is well-nigh certain, unless thwarted by some marked weakness in one or both. And her influence to encourage, and discourage, is indeed wonderful.^{16 19 23 25}

Is honor your goal, she is almost as important in this life-race, as yourself. If her comportment sheds honor on you, and builds you up in the estimation of others, you will be honored beyond your deserts. But if she continually says and does those trifling things which give rise to petty jokes or scandal at your expense, you row against wind and tide. Of this Sylvester Graham furnished a noted example. The world knows, for he told it everywhere, that he and his wife quarreled. But for that he would now have been honored, instead of neglected. He had two faults—vanity and pugnacity, which conjugal contention aggravated, and thereby turned even his friends against him; but which conjugal affection would have softened down, and thus allowed his talents to shine uneclipsed. How much a man is honored abroad, depends mainly on whether he is honored at home. While the *core* remains sound, the tree rarely ever rots. But when its heart decays, the soundness of the rest is of little account. It matters the world to a man whether his wife is continually building him *up* in his own estimation by praise, or

breaking him down and causing self-distrust by constant disparagement—yet her affectionate judicious criticism is even more self-improving than her praise. Fortuitous circumstances may indeed give a man accidental position, even though clogged with a poor wife, yet it will prove temporary. Hence if honor is your life-goal, select one who will be your true help-meet in its acquisition and perpetuity.

Is goodness or moral elevation your great life-motive; though you are a saint, yet if you marry one who is perpetually souring your temper, embittering your feelings, upbraiding and wounding your conscientious scruples, or enticing, almost compelling you to do wrong, it will require angel-goodness to even keep you good, much more to become so. Not that it is impossible, but so *very* difficult, that you had better avoid the trial. But if a good, patient, conscientious wife is perpetually enticing you from evil to good—is to-day inspiring in you this virtue, to-morrow obviating that fault, why, a very Satan could almost become a virtual saint.

Or aspire you to intellectual attainment, in any art, science, or discovery, a help-meet wife is even a necessity.⁴⁰ If she reads while you listen or take notes—if, when some new idea flits dimly across your hazy mental horizon, like some distant island imbedded in the misty ocean, she applies her quick, clear optics—it at once assumes a bold, tangible reality. And her suggestions are invaluable by way of filling up and illustrating your outline thoughts. If she criticises while you write, lops off here, and adds there, and inspires everywhere, how much better your *joint* productions, than your own merely! But if she scolds while you eat, write, and sleep, or crosses you when going to or from study or business, you may indeed think, write, trade, or do what you please, but it will be almost in vain.

Or is a comfortable home and a happy, quiet fireside, with loving children around you, your life's *summum bonum*; despair utterly, if she loves fashion, parties, or amusements more than domestic enjoyment, or if, cross-grained herself, she sours your own temper, and that of your children, both hereditary, and practically, and renders home a bedlam. Yet an amiable wife will make a hovel a paradise, and a comfortable domicil a heaven indeed! Words utterly fail to depict the difference between different women in this particular. This one has so many little, charming, loving ways and qualities, but the other so many repellant and ugly ones. Even when both mean right and do their best, the difference is world-wide.

That the highest attainable self-improvement is life's paramount duty and glory is a first human consciousness, and that woman alone can evolve masculine excellences, and man feminine, underlies our whole

subject. Please duly weigh the depth, breadth, and scope of this principle. Then, oh, young man, just launching out upon the great sea of human life and destiny, anxious to make the most possible out of yourself, consider well under what *female* influence you place yourself. Unloving and unloved, you incur all the evils of old-bachelorism, even though married.⁴⁰ Most female influence outside of wedlock is objectionable. It should legitimately come mainly from a wife. Now, it matters a world whether you place yourself under the molding influence of *this* woman, or of that, for one can make of you, and inspire you to make of yourself every way more a man than another. Some have a peculiar "knack" of rousing, inspiring, inspiriting, and bringing out whatever characteristics and capacities a man possesses. This is exemplified, though only in a lower degree, in conversation with different females. With this one you can talk on, on, on, as if ideas and feelings flowed spontaneously—as if she held over you an enchanting wand to raise you above yourself, so that you wonder how you could converse thus brilliantly. Yet while conversing with another, you fall proportionately *below* yourself. Who but experiences this difference and its magnitude? Then apply it to all you do, say, and are through life, and you have a glimpse only of that silent but resistless force of the respective influence of different wives. Few realize even the fact, much less the extent, of this influence. Yet fully to appreciate it, is impossible. Reader, you must have seen many a young man, under the general inspiring influence of the sex over him, that is, in view of a perspective marriage, rising gradually but steadily in public estimation, respected, prosperous, intelligent, and worthy, by marrying an inferior wife, gradually sink in property, position, and character, till he becomes almost unobserved—barely head enough remaining above water to prevent actual drowning, till, at length, fortunately, she dies; when, marrying a superior woman, she builds him up little by little, and gives him an air of respectability, so that he becomes prosperous in business, and elevated to office, and regains position and confidence—all consequent upon the silent but portentous influences these different wives exert over him. Attest ye who have had two or more wives. Yet even you do not, can not, fully imagine or appreciate this difference. A law of mind obliges us to become like those with whom we associate. And doubly alike those with whom we affiliate. As "evil communications corrupt good manners," and good communications mend even bad ones, so many men, now respectable, are so mainly by virtue of the influence a good wife exerts over them—she elevating them above the temptations of depraved animality. Cate-

chise your own soul, let your own conscience decide, how much of the good in your life is virtually due to the purifying influence of some good woman you do or have loved, and been beloved by, still wiolds over you, and whose sacred memory even now restrains you from evil, and persuades you to good. In short, in a thousand numberless ways, and to an extent ramified almost illimitably, does a wife make or break her husband, physically, pecuniarily, intellectually, morally, in short, throughout the entire man.

But, is the molding influence of wife over husband thus potential, and is not that of husband over wife even *more* so? If all this is true of man, how much more of *woman*? Does not her marriage affect her more than his him? Has he high hopes and aspirations, and has not she *higher*? Are her visions of the future less ecstastic than his? Are her air-castles less fairy? Are they not generally more so? Can he not render her more happy, or else more miserable, in the family, than she him? For is she not far more susceptible to pleasure, and especially domestic, than he? Do his life-hopes and success depend so much on her character, and do not hers still more on his? If his pleasures are more diversified than hers, are not hers more concentrated in marriage than his? It is possible for him to pick up fragmentary happiness outside of marriage, for her only *within* it. Despite disappointment in love, he may render life passable, by enjoying this, that, the other pleasure, yet left open to him—business, politics, the club-room, etc., etc.,—but, her marital cup filled with gall, what remains but for her to sip, and sip on her bitter draught the rest of her lonely, wretched life, and court grim death for relief! Is love so much to him, and is it not still more to her? Even her very *all*? Is a good wife his greatest blessing, and is not a good husband her greater? Is her extravagance so ruinous to him, and is not his more so to her? But is her industry so great a boon to him, and is his not a greater to her? Is her power so great over him to develop or becloud whatever natural excellences he may possess, and is not his over her as much greater, as she is more an angel of love, than he? LOVE is the only key which locks or unlocks the treasures—and no earthly treasures are equally rich or abundant—of female character. No woman ever *can* be developed except by the *man* she loves, and who loves her. Nor is there any telling how deep, how rich, these feminine store-houses, now practically undeveloped in consequence of the stifling of her love. Is a fault in her so obnoxious to him, and is not one in him far more so to her? Is her perfection so infinitely important to him, and is not his as much more so to her, as her love does and should exceed his? In propor-

tion as woman's love is stronger than man's, are her happiness and destinies more interwoven with her domestic affections than his, and her right and wrong marriage more eventful for her happiness or misery, than his. And *irrevocable*. Young woman, it is not *any* husband that you require, as much as a *good* one. Though perhaps better a poor half-loaf than no bread, yet how much better a *good whole* one? And to select the *very* best out of all you can command is almost as important as your very life itself!

The fact is, wherever true conjugal oneness exists, the molding power of each over the other is illimitable. By all the power love has already been shown to wield over human life and destiny, ^{Sec. II.} is the building-up and breaking-down power of husband over wife, and wife over husband. As the blood ramifies itself throughout every artery and fiber of the entire system, to invigorate or disease, according as it is vigorous or diseased, so marriage enters into all the minutest ramifications of life, improving or corrupting all the physical, all the mental functions, according as it is right or wrong.

And yet, of all the faults giddy youth commits—and they are many and grave—none at all compare with those perpetrated in choosing husbands and wives. How often do young men, smart enough in business to peer far above their fellows, or gifted enough intellectually to shine in college, in pulpit, in editorial chair, in politics, at bar, on bench, make utterly foolish conjugal selections. Overlooking young women endowed with superb conjugal qualities, they select some poor thing because of some little fancy touches utterly insignificant in themselves, and unworthy of him or her, perhaps, even faults; when they might just as well obtain the very best; while others, only common-place in business, nor at all brilliant intellectually, yet know enough to select excellent conjugal partners? Then, is not the latter superior?

Often girls, too, proffered hands and hearts in overflowing abundance, fall blindly in love with the poorest, and ascertain their error only when it is past all remedy. They have fairly thrown themselves away! Awful! Worse! Have chained themselves to a putrefying carcass, rendering themselves inexpressibly miserable, whereas, they might just as well have been inexpressibly happy, for life!

Others select those well adapted to another, yet not at all to themselves. Doctor Johnson, the physiologist, has said, "Put the names of men in one urn, and women in another, and drawing at random from each, pair them as you draw, and they will be quite as well adapted to each other as now." Not to dissatisfy any with their choice, yet could you not have chosen better? How little, if any

oneness exists between you! How many points of unfitness now perfectly palpable, were then wholly overlooked!

Nor is it any trifle to be obliged everywhere, as every husband must, wherever his wife accompanies him, to proclaim, "This is the very best I could obtain—is my *beau-ideal* of all those within my reach." And then to be *ashamed* of her, is indeed humiliating! Wives, too, practically proclaim, whenever they appear with their husbands, "This was my choice out of all the men I was able to win." Then how doubly mortifying to her, if he proves incompetent or depraved, because this evinces either her want of sense to choose, or ability to obtain.

But words utterly fail to describe the practical importance of a right selection—either how great, how diversified, how almost infinite the *blessings* consequent on a right selection, or the untold miseries on a wrong! Only on the farthest verge of a long life of *experience* is it possible for either to measure the eventualities of this choice! As only those who are perfectly healthy—their warm blood bounding throughout large hearts and arteries, carrying ecstasy to every organ and fiber of their bodies, and imparting a thrill of rapture to their every mental operation, can ever realize how much they enjoy at the hands of this health; as those who suffer from perpetual weakness and aches, by becoming accustomed thereto, little realize how much they really do suffer; nor how much enjoyment their disease prevents, yet the real difference is quite as great as if correctly estimated; as drinking, smoking, chewing, and other bad habits, render their victims insensible to their deadly effects, yet this very insensibility only increasing the evil, yet this no way diminishes their power—so, verily, "marriage is indeed life's casting die. No event from birth to death equally affects human weal or woe."

Be duly impressed, then, oh, young man, that the difference is heaven-wide and life-long between taking this partner or that, right home to your bosom, to love and live with, "for better or for worse." If you love, this molding power is irresistible and perpetual; if not, *paralytic*. Then trifle anywhere else if you will, but laugh not, trifle not, flirt not on the verge of consequences *thus* eventful. You can not *afford* it. For you have too much at stake. Be wise here, however foolish elsewhere.

Not that these momentous eventualities should discourage or deter any from making this selection,^{38 40} but that all should make it as *serious* as it is potential. Indeed, the boundless good consequent on a right selection should encourage, much more than the dire results of bad discouragement; because all selections, guided by right principles, can, and will, eventuate happily.

53. RIGHTS OF PARENTS, CHILDREN, AND RELATIVES RESPECTING THEIR OWN AND EACH OTHER'S SELECTIONS.

That parents have rights and owe duties respecting the matrimonial selections of their children, and children parents, and relatives each other, is obvious. So deeply does this choice affect the happiness of each other—that of parents their children, and children their parents, and relatives each other—that all have rights and owe duties to each other touching their selection. And this gives all a mutual *voice* in that of all. By all the effect it has, can have, on me, whether my child marries this one or that, have I a parental voice thereon, and does this child owe me a duty to consult and consider my wishes. Is it either right or filial for a child to do what goes to the very core of a parent's life-long happiness without conferring with that parent? In a perfect parental and filial state, children often require to, and should consult parents, even in minor matters. Then how much *more* in those as infinitely important as their marital selections! Have truly filial children any moral right to impose on parents a really obnoxious son or daughter-in-law? Or will they? Let the highest human sentiments answer. Indeed, does not the mere custom of *asking* consent presuppose the right of refusal? Is it not presumptuous, actually impertinent, for a young man to court and marry a girl without saying to her parents, “may it please you?”

But, again, have parents any rightful authority to impose upon children obnoxious life-partners, and compel them both to live, and to originate life, with those abhorred?

Yet have children any or no voice in the second marriage of their parents? No choice as to step-mother or father?

And have relatives any or no legitimate voice in each other's marriage?

But, in case these several rights clash, whose shall rule? And whose, under what circumstances?

Grave questions these. Worthy a judicious answer. Like that of a clear-headed judge, who, after scanning all points thoroughly, pronounces an impartial opinion, which shall bear scrutiny, and deserve universal adoption. And all good parents, and children, and true hearted relatives and friends will eagerly ask, What is my *duty* under given circumstances? And then do it. Please, one and all, scan attentively both the conclusions here arrived at, and especially the *basis* in which they are grounded.

A doting parental pair have given being to a very dear daughter, wept over her tender infancy, nursed in sickness, fed, clothed, educated, baptized, prayed over, loved, and done for, as only fond

parents can love or do. She becomes old enough to marry.³⁹ Of course, they feel the utmost solicitude, such as only parents can experience, in her future. Her destinies center in her husband. And theirs in hers. She has two lovers. One is suitable. Yet the other, by wily arts has, serpent-like, coiled himself around her very hearts-strings preparatory to draining out her life's blood, and squandering that well-earned patrimony a life of parental toil and industry have treasured up to promote her happiness. Then have they no right to express their preference, and its reason? They have. Then is she under no filial obligations to hear and heed? Is she *not*? The love they bear her, their life-toil for her, and prospective effects this one or that would have on their happiness, through her, confer this right on them, and impose that obligation on her. And she who turns a deaf ear to their counsels and blindly follows her own will, too often learns, when too late, the folly, even madness, of spurning parental counsel. How many direful results of such unfilial conduct stare beholders everywhere in the face! Be it that your parents are even inferior, at least *ask*, and duly consider their advice. Much more if they love you, and are intelligent. These two things stand right out on the very face of this question—first, that they love you. Else, they are virtual strangers, in which case you are under no moral obligation to ask or follow their counsels; whereas, the more they love you, and are interested in your welfare, should you seek and listen to their advice. For parental affection seeks only the good of its object.

Secondly; they have had more *experience* than you, while you have yet to "live and learn." These two conditions give their advice precedence.

Judicious youth, remember that "in a multitude of counsels there is safety." Hence ask advice of comrades, more of elders, most of parents. All, even those most matured, need counsel on various subjects. Much more, those who are young. And doubly so in matters of marriage. The parties themselves often take one-sided views; while judicious outsiders scrutinize all points impartially, inspecting it from stand-points the parties themselves have never taken. But parents most of all. And if children ever require parental counsel, it is respecting their marriage.

Each sex, also, needs the counsel of the opposite. Daughters require a father's advice, and sons, that of their mothers.¹² And wherever a true parental and filial state exists, every daughter will hasten with her first love-letter to her father. So every son will ask his mother first what she thinks of this girl or that, as adapted to be-

come his wife, before making advances. And every true father will enter right heartily into his daughter's love-affairs as if his own; living his own young love over again in hers. So of mothers as to sons. And parents will take counsel together respecting both sons and daughters, and all parties confer freely together, touching this whole matter, like jurymen discussing the evidence of a trial, each weighing the conclusions of all in the scale of reason and right.

And have brothers and sisters no rights touching each other's conjugal partners? Affects it not the interest of each whom the other marries? And will not every true sister consult brother, and brother ask sister's opinion? If they love each other as they should,¹³ they can hardly help both asking and answering in perfect freedom and affectionate solicitude.

In fact, every marriage should be a *family* affair, and discussed in full council. Every family should be bound together by ties of perfect affection. Not a discordant note should be uttered by either to mar the harmony of all. Each should be friendly to all, and all to each. Each should experience affection for all, and all for each. Parents should love each other and their children, with all their hearts. And children their parents, and also each other, as well as each other's companions. All should open wide the portals of their affections, and enlarge their fireside circles, so as to embrace the entire family relatives. Then since it is thus important that all should be friendly with all, therefore all have a voice in the matrimonial selections of all. And that child who marries contrary to parental wishes, thereby obliges them either to tolerate and make the best of it, or else to banish both child and consort from their hearts. God forbid that either writer or reader should ever be driven to either alternative! God grant that all our family connections may be bound together in the bonds of the closest cordiality. Let none throw the apple of discord into the sacred family circle! That even no iceberg may chill its warmth or quench its fires. But that, instead, each may *promote*, not prevent, these holiest of life's relations.

Yet none should be captious. Should slight causes be allowed to engender family alienations? If either decidedly prefers one to whom others object, shall either, by being refractory, make bad worse? Shall a family quarrel ensue because some like, but others dislike, a particular match? Instead, all should "live and let live." The *flexible* policy is the best for each, and all. Contention reacts on all, and renders all miserable. Persistency in all cases injures all, but benefits none. Let all cultivate a satisfied rather than a fault-finding spirit. "Least said soonest mended."

54. PARENTS SHOULD PROMOTE, NOT PREVENT, THEIR CHILDREN'S SELECTIONS.

Why should not parents supply their children's *social* faculties, as well as intellectual or moral? Each is equally a human necessity,³⁷ and to be provided for in its natural time.³⁹ The duty of parents as parents, to their children as children, ends only at their marriage, or at least full maturity.⁴¹ Nor is any parental duty more imperious than to see their children settled in marriage. Did not Abraham pursue a true parental and every way commendable course in obtaining a wife for Isaac? That parents are solemnly bound to provide their children with creature comforts, and facilities for their intellectual and moral culture, is universally admitted. Yet should not they provide aliment for their children's social faculties as much as for their intellectual, moral, or any other? Why can, why should they not select masculine associates of a corresponding age for their daughters, and feminine for their sons? Not that they should force disagreeable acquaintances upon them, nor restrict them to single associates, but that, by making parties, introducing them, enlarging the circle of their acquaintances, and other right means, they should throw them into the society of young gentlemen, and furnish them abundant opportunities for making a suitable conjugal selection.

"But this will encourage undue familiarities."

Not at all. By presupposition both parties are innocent and virtuous, and associate together in the presence of elders.¹³

But when parents do not or can not thus supply objects of love to their children, they should not at least prevent their supplying *themselves*. How inhuman, how wicked even, to prevent their providing themselves with raiment, with intellectual or moral culture, with any other human necessity! Then, how doubly reprehensible to throw obstacles in the way of their suitable marriage! What greater injury or wrong could they do them? Yet, how many perpetrate this wrong, especially on their daughters! Though their motives may be good, their *actions* are despicable.

A loving but selfish father, having seen every child married except his youngest daughter, partly by command, partly by persuasion, induce her to forego all matrimonial proffers, in order to nurse him. She dismissed her lover for her father's sake, who lived till she was forty, when, he dying, she married, but too late to have children to soothe her in her decline. And the older she grows, the more she blames him for thus robbing her of her greatest earthly blessing. May *your* children never remember you by the suffering you caused them.

A dutiful daughter of twenty, loved most devotedly and tenderly—her social lobe being *very* large—but her parents opposed her marriage, because only she remained to nurse them in sickness and old age. At length, from pure filial devotion, she dismissed her lover, thereby breaking both *his* heart, as well as her own. But she pined by day and wept by night, sinking by littles into a monotonous, woe-begone, forlorn, listless, inane state.⁵⁰ Her health gradually declined. A terrible fit of sickness supervened.⁵⁰ She now teaches some, nurses parents when they are sick, but is a mere automaton, a walking statue, and has the look and tone of inexpressible heart-broken sorrow. An indescribable melancholy broods over her face, and gives the natural language of unmitigated grief to all she does and says; awakening pity, almost anguish, in all scrutinizing beholders. Dead sexually, she lives merely nominally, and wishes she were in her grave, desiring to live only that she may do some more good on earth. Noble martyr on the altar of filial love! Cruel parents to exact *such* a sacrifice! *They had no right to ask!* She was under no filial obligation to grant. Her rights and duties to *herself* exceed those due to her parents. She suffers terribly because she has sinned grievously. They now see their error, and wish she were married. But it is too late. She dislikes men, and shuns their society. Her love has become reversed by disappointment.⁴⁸ She loathes the masculine, excepting that she loves to teach boys, but longs to die. What parent, by pursuing a like course, is willing to incur like consequences?

Another envious father drives off all young men who seek the acquaintance of either of his four daughters, alleging, doubtless truly, that he loves them too well to part with them. He never allows them to go abroad, night or day, without him. And as he, advanced, dislikes young society, they pine and gradually decline from pure inanition, two having died of consumption, and the other sinking in a hopeless decline; while even the youngest, a lovely girl of nineteen, is beginning to fall into their declining footsteps. All consequent upon home seclusion.

Another father of a lovely girl of seventeen, a pattern sample of her sex, having first interdicted a genuine affection, watches her company, her correspondence, with so eagle an eye, that not a letter comes to her address but *he* must open, nor a young man see her at home or abroad, excepting one she dislikes, whom father and mother are determined she shall marry; and none *but* him! If married, I pity him, her, them.

Another highly intellectual, moral, and affectionate pair, on their

son of seventeen falling deeply in love with a country girl, good though not accomplished, set themselves at work to break off their affections. Though she was reputed lower in the social scale than he, yet she was virtuous, and full of true womanly sentiments, very lovely, and as devoted to him as he to her. There was no objectionable feature except in her social position. Though they admitted the match was a good one for him, yet they argued that he might do better. At length they succeeded in interrupting their love, and thereby effectually spoiled both. She married, but is miserable; while he, withering in mental anguish over their blighted love, fell into a morbid, misanthropic state; and though possessed of a superior moral tone and business capacities, as well as general talent, fell into some ruinous personal habits; is beginning to dissipate; loathes virtuous female society, and keeps company he should not; neglects business, being in a dead-and-alive state, and sinking into a hopeless decline, resuscitation from which is almost impossible. His fond parents, obliged to behold these ruinous results of their well-meant but fatal interruption of his love, now see that his only salvation consists in marriage, and requested me to make a suitable selection. I did. But, having become a regular woman-hater,⁴⁷ he absolutely refused to make any advances. There remains but this single chance for his salvation, namely, being courted and captivated by some lively but forward girl, who is not afraid to make love.⁴⁰ Glad he is not my son, but think he could be saved, even yet.

Another parental pair, finding their daughter of only *fourteen* inclining to love a neighboring lad of sixteen, brought her to me, and induced his parents also to bring him, and without my suspecting their mutual affection, asked concerning their mutual adaptation, and what traits should be cultivated or restrained in order to insure mutual assimilation. Her mother seemed especially solicitous to learn and do her whole duty in this respect, and also happy when told they were unmistakably adapted to each other. Now, was not this course both parental and politic? Should not parents facilitate and guide the loves of their children as much as their intellects? Nor should they ever interfere for, or against.

MATCH-MAKING PARENTS, however, interfere the *other way*, especially with their daughters. They hurry them into company while yet mere girls, often hastening their womanhood that they may hasten their match-making, actually exposing them to severe temptation, if they can, by any means, secure proposals. Nor are they particular what company they keep, if only rich. They party them to satiety. They dress them to death. They accomplish them to kill. Anything,

everything, to marry them off, *fashionably*, of course, before their *sixteen* beauty fades.³⁹ Let them rather consult their *ultimate* happiness, than earliest possible marriage.

Yet other parents, again, by not providing daughters with congenial home associations, or else by obliging them to support themselves, virtually compel them to marry for a home. This is tantamount to compelling them to throw themselves away. Not a few, having no peace of their lives at home, blamed, restricted, unloved, interfered with, all their feelings reversed, and rendered miserable, accept their first offer, liable to be a poor one, and spoil their entire lives, just for want of a pleasant home for a short time. Fathers should see their daughters so far provided with creature comforts, that they shall have no cause to marry disadvantageously, either to avoid an uncongenial step-mother, or being twitted and taunted on account of their dependence, or for fear they may not have another offer. Human nature shrinks from a position of dependence. True pride of character, or self-respect, should on no account be humbled by being made to feel as if dependent, or a burden. But as society now is, girls have very few ways and means of self-support, except by teaching, or the needle, both of which are overstocked. Those girls are really to be pitied who are obliged either to support themselves, or else marry to avoid dependence. Still, often those supported cheerfully by father, brother, or uncle, fancy they are considered burdensome when they are not, and accept the first matrimonial offer, from mortified Approbativeness, because more independent than they should be. True, girls should do what they well can, by kindly offices and winning manners, to pay their way—and a self-reliant spirit in man or woman is praiseworthy. But since custom discourages woman from attempting her own support by “only a needle-woman,” and pays her so parsimoniously, when a support is proffered freely it should be cheerfully accepted, without any feeling of mortification. But under *no* circumstances should girls marry for a home or support merely. Such marriages always and necessarily eventuate most unfortunately, because perpetrated by wrong motives. Always and everywhere should marriage be contracted only by virtue of its own legitimate motives. We speak of first marriages.

THE TRUE MODE OF PROCEDURE, then, is this. A young man, before paying his addresses to a young woman, should ask at the innermost shrine of his being, “Will this one or that make me the best wife?” and let the “light within” first illumine this question. He should next consult his mother; then, whoever else he pleases. He should next make advances to the girl herself. By *letter* is undoubt-

edly the best form. Not at all in the light of a lover, but only that they may mutually *canvass* their respective marital qualifications and adaptations to each other.

It next remains for her to consider and answer, not whether she will accept his love, or become his wife, but only whether she will receive him as a *suitor*. That is, whether she will enter into the discussion of their mutual fitness. Of course he should now consult his father and mother. If she accepts, their next step is to ask the consent of her parents. This fully opens up the whole subject to a frank, intellectual, affectionate discussion between all the parties interested—asking their leave, being tantamount to asking that of all concerned.

But *why* should he ask? First, on his *own* account. It is more to *his* interest than theirs, that the family into which he marries have an opportunity to express their opinions, “or ever after hold their peace.” This is equally her true policy. If needs be, she would willingly forsake father and mother and cleave to husband; yet how much better if she can cling to all three! They may, indeed, agree to marry in *spite* of both parents and friends, yet is it their interest to thus array all the members of both families against them? His happiness and success in life, perhaps in gaining her affections, will be seriously affected by their friendly co-operation, or warlike opposition. If they can marry the one of their choice, and still retain the affections of their parents merely by saying, “may it please you,” had they not better at least ask? Indeed, is it not impertinent, even downright impudent, for him to carry off her heart and hand, wholly regardless of parental wishes? As they have made her worth his having, they surely should be *thanked*, not robbed; *consulted*, not plundered; *asked*, not driven.

He may ask them either verbally, or by letter—the latter undoubtedly the best—wording it somewhat in the following fashion, or any other he may prefer :

NEW YORK, *September 1st*, 1858.

C—— D—— to Mr. and Mrs. A—— B——.

Respected Sir and Madam—I desire to pay suit to your daughter, with a view to our ultimate marriage, *provided* it should be deemed best by all concerned. Have I your permission? A full and frank expression of your feelings and opinions touching this whole subject in general, and myself in particular, will much oblige,

Yours truly,

C—— D——.

He may say more, or less, as he pleases, but should distinctly ask

permission, not to marry, but only to *confer* with her in reference to their marriage.

If this course should seem objectionable, as exposing a sensitive youth to the unfavorable consequences of a negation, the answer is—That he can not court in any other way without its being known as soon and as extensively as by this, for there is no keeping this matter secret; that the mere fact of secrecy bears an objectionable aspect, while *frankness* is always commendable; that judicious parents, so far from necessarily exposing him, would now throw them together, without awakening suspicion, whereas, if he goes expressly to see her, he would both publicly commit himself, and by discontinuing, give rise to scandal; that this form of decline would render it less public and unfavorable to him, than being refused in the usual way; that not the least taint or stigma attaches to him on account of their not finding themselves *adapted* to each other, nor at all implies that he is unworthy either of her, or another quite as good; and that this straightforward course is best calculated to secure success.

All the parties especially interested should now talk this whole matter all over, with this express understanding, that they are only *advisers*, not arbitrators; only its consulting lawyers, not either jurors, judges, nor legislators; that their prerogative is merely to *guide*, not to dictate; to say what is *best*, but not what shall be; that “Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther;” that their place is acquiescence, not dictation; that for them to interdict is an ill-bred, meddling interference with what is none of their business; indeed, is downright impudence, of which no high-toned person will ever be guilty; that as they would indignantly repel all outside interference in their own love-matters, so they should do as they would be done by, and be contented with making their own matches; that they may introduce, recommend, and urge weighty reasons, yet even this only out of pure friendship, but stop there; that even *parents* themselves may not control, may only advise; much less others.

In accepting his addresses, her parents should frankly state their objections to him, if they have any, thus giving him an opportunity to rebut them, and also tell him as far as they deem best, her main characteristics, excellences, defects, their opinion of their fitness, and whatever else in their judgment bears on this matter.

If this frank course should seem objectionable as unduly promulgating personal and family secrets, the answer is this, and is *emphatic*: first, that these secrets must come to light *some time*, and the earlier the better; that a decision as to their fitness requires this knowledge; and that the parties to whom they are confided should deem them

absolutely sacred, and on no account ever to be divulged to others. Yet, those who prefer to pursue a course more secretive and politic, are quite welcome to its eventualities, which are often most fatal.

55. SELF THE FINAL UMPIRE.

As every state must have its *chief* justice, and every tribunal its *final* umpire, so selection must needs have its *dernier* resort. When all agree, "all right." But in case of difference, who shall give the *determining* vote? Whose will shall be absolute?

THE MATRIMONIAL CANDIDATES THEMSELVES. Others may advise, but it is *their* prerogative alone to rule. They should weigh well the opinions of others, especially those of parents—and good children will deliberate long before running directly counter to parental wishes—but if there is any one human right more inviolable than any other, it is that God-conferred right of *choosing one's own* matrimonial partner. As all men are "endowed with certain inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and as nothing affects this happiness for life equally with a conjugal partner,⁵² of course this right is the most sacred of all rights. Have not all an undoubted right to select their own food? But is not their right to choose their own husband or wife quite *as* indubitable? The happiness of others is affected much, but theirs infinitely most. Outside interference is a flagrant wrong, which no excuse can either justify or palliate! Not even in parents, except where children are too young to marry. For when old enough to marry, they are old enough to decide to whom.

Nor has even *either* party a right to decide for the other, but only each for *his, her, own individual self alone*. Personality is a natural institute. Many things can be done by proxy, but not choosing a husband or wife. As each must think, talk, move, sleep, eat, live, and die *in propria personæ*, so each must make his, her, *own* conjugal selection. Those who are to live with, alone can say *with whom*.

Moreover, this personal decision is a peremptory *duty*, as well as inalienable right. Marriage is *active*, not passive. No one has any business even to *allow* interference, any more than to interfere.⁵⁴ This personal selection is a solemn obligation which no one can either forego or shrink from, but each must meet fully, and *in their own person*. Nothing can excuse it. Allowing others to decide is morally wrong, and always punishes its guilty negligents. Show me any or all of those who have either allowed others to decide for, or over-persuade them, and I will show you those every individual of whom is miserable in consequence. Must be, in the very nature of things. Indeed,

the *other* party has no right even to over-persuade. And those who do, perpetrate an unmitigated wrong on the yielding party. And those who allow themselves to be persuaded against their own better judgment, will rue their pusillanimity the remainder of their lives. Then let no human being ever marry or refuse marriage against their *own* will. Instead, let each and all assume this responsibility, great as it confessedly is,⁵² in person, and after taking due counsel, and fully weighing all arguments and conditions on both sides, finally decide it according to the best lights they *themselves* can bring to bear upon it, in and of their own individual personalities.

Then what *first principles* and facts shall guide their choice?

SECTION VI.

GENERAL MARITAL QUALIFICATIONS.

FITNESS is one of nature's paramount institutes. She adapts each and all her productions to their specific requirements—fowl to flight, horse to draft, and everything to its legitimate function.

And this fitness is everything. How much, we will not stop here to say. But a thousand-fold is no comparison. Words can not express how much more valuable for a given purpose anything adapted thereto is than not thus adapted.

Particularly is this true of *conjugal* fitness. Indeed, such fitness is the *main* requisite in a husband or wife. One thus fitted is far more suitable than one who is not. The difference is heaven-wide. Indeed, this adaptation is the very first point to be considered, and that around which all centers.

Then in what does this fitness consist? Is it natural, or artificial, or both? To this eventful inquiry, then, we now address ourselves.

These qualifications are, first, *general*, because inherent in the very nature of the marriage relations themselves, constituting a necessary part and parcel of fitness for all marriages, high and low, refined and common, old and young; and, secondly, those especially adapting *particular* persons to each other. They might likewise be subdivided into natural and acquired, natural being far the most valuable. First, then, those general and indispensable.

56. WHAT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND HEALTH?

A good, original, organic stamina lies very near the base of all conjugal prerequisites, because the great determiner of character and capacity. It is called hereditary constitution in man, and "blood" in stock. It vitalizes all functions, both mental and physical, and is to all what motive power is to machinery. Its influence over the entire character is paramount and absolute, both lying far below, and rising far above, all educational influence, and constitutes the grand make-up of the entire being. But we must refer to the last edition of the "Self-Instructor" for both its analyses and diagnoses.

It embraces physical tendency to longevity and disease, as well as

strength, stamina, and endurance, as well as all natural proclivities, intellectual, moral, and dispositional; talents of course included. Thus some are constitutionally predisposed to consumption, rheumatism, etc., others to other hereditary infirmities, while others still are sound and hardy. Other families, again, are obstinate, or high tempered, or amiable, or just, or intellectual, or musical, etc. But as our next Section will present this subject from another stand-point, we dismiss it here, remarking merely that this condition will go far to control both the mentalities and physiologies of their children as well as themselves. Being "dyed in the wool," or in-born, they "will out" in their descendants.

WHAT OF THE PARENTS, RELATIVES, AND ANCESTORS, therefore, becomes a primal question with those prospecting for a life-companion. Not that perfection should be expected, but that all these facts should be duly weighed.

Especially what of the *mother*. The more so in cases of sons who resemble their mothers, for "like mother like children." If she scolds, and you marry her daughter, beware, unless she resembles her father, and he is a good, quiet, patient man. But how much better if she is the guardian-angel and the main-stay of the family, and a sweet, good woman, because she does most to control the temper and disposition of her children. Is she spry, blithe, and hardy, or tainted with any hereditary maladies, remember that vital diseases descend more through mother than father. Still, she may be sickly now, though naturally healthy, and her children have good constitutions. Is she frank or secretive, self-sacrificing or selfish, humble or high-toned, just or partial, generous or close, intelligent or simple, meek or haughty, talkative, and what kind of talk, or demure; a downright good wife and mother, or only commonplace, a genuine woman or deficient in the womanly traits, are vitally important questions.⁶⁹

Not by any means that different *paternal* qualities are of little account, for they, too, are most important, especially as affecting daughters, and doubly those who take after their father. But having put this class of questions, we leave each to answer them in accordance with these two conditions: first, the hereditary *facts*, in each case; and secondly, the specific likes and dislikes of the canvasser. Growing out of this subject, and forming an almost integral part of it, is—

THE GENERAL HEALTH, ESPECIALLY OF GIRLS. Animal power is the great base of all capacity, all functional excellence. What is life without health? Indeed, what is life *but* health? What are sickly human beings worth, to themselves, their families, or the world? As, when a machine, however good intrinsically, and adapted to per-

form however well, lacks *motive* power, it is therefore good for nothing; so being a good *animal* is the first important prerequisite for becoming a good man or woman, husband or wife. It is a good *physique*, young man, which first attracts. It is *brawn*, *virility*, young woman, which first excites your love.

“Not at all, sir; indeed, it is *mind*.”

But can mind *manifest* itself except by means of this animal vigor? Do not all the intellectual powers, even all the moral excellences, decline as *physical* force wanes? As when stomach or muscle die, mind ceases its earthly expressions; so be one's mental capacities whatever they may, their manifestation wanes as lungs give out or stomach fails.

Besides, from time immemorial man always has worshiped, always will worship, at the shrine of *female beauty*, and woman at that of *masculine strength*, both of which consist mainly in vigorous animal conditions. Woman may indeed love sickly men as she does sickly children, yet this is sympathy, instead of love proper. She always has admired, will admire, soldiers, because they personify that strength and protection which she involuntarily craves for herself and children. Any woman, asked what *one* masculine quality she most admires, will answer “*power*” — physical, to protect my person and children; intellectual, to guide my judgment. Woman, consists not this with your own heart-experiences? You may indeed sympathize with, pity, perhaps pet, a little weakly puny husband, but can not truly love what you pity, for love can obtain only between supposed equals, whereas pity presupposes the inferiority of the pitied. Let those girls who know no better, choose little-faced, little-footed, small-boned, shriveled, soft-handed, soft-headed, nervous, white-livered Young Americas, well-nigh emasculated by our effeminating habits. You certainly do not want them. They may answer merely to beau into and out of parlor or ball-room, or escort to party or picnic, or to flirt with, if flirt you must, but will make miserable husbands. Not sick enough to nurse, nor well enough to excite your whole-souled love, so fidgety and touchy that to please or love them is well-nigh impossible. Nor do puny dandies or in-door clerks at all equal hale, sturdy farmers, mechanics, and those employed out of doors. They may indeed be more polite and fashionable, yet they lack the requisite *energy*, vitality, and force.

Hence all who remain much within doors should by all means take vigorous and daily gymnastic *exercises*, or else must suffer the decline of their manliness. And pray, are not good, firm health and a hardy constitution quite as safe a reliance for the support of a family

as capital in business? Does not ability to work exceed bank stock? Miss Young America stands badly in her own light by refusing the hardy farmer and resolute mechanic for the more accomplished but less reliable clerk and do-nothing inheritor of a fortune. The plain fact is, these anti-working ideas of both sexes are rendering them almost unmarriageable just from their muscular inertia; and ruining the future generations of our country. Judging from its present physical degeneration and rapid decline, what feeble, delicate mortals its descendants must become, in the next generation! And as few, as weakly. And yet individuals are not to blame, for it is these American educational *customs* that are thus fatal to our future. So our men rush from work to study, or some sedentary employment, or else to business. Their minds must be educated at the expense of their constitutions, and thereby to the ruin of both. Or if to traffic or business, they must become so anxious and apply their minds so long and laboriously, as to sap the very rootlets of animal power, and become poor and delicate before old enough to marry. Our nation can not long survive these enervating *habits* except by renewed importations. Woman, patronize *muscle*, not dandyism. Smile on strength, not delicacy. And, young man, in-doors and out, make *health* paramount in your prospective wife, both for its own sake and for its indispensability to the marital and parental relations.

But is it not as important that the American *wife and mother* be as healthy as husband and father? How vastly important! Else the human plants must droop and die for want of aliment. Her office being to supply them with vitality and nutrition, how shall she sustain *them* when she can not herself? How *impart* what she does not possess? And are not feeble, tiny, sickly children, crying night and day, and requiring constant doctoring and nursing, torturing parental hearts with an agony of fear lest every atmospheric change, if it does not blow them into premature graves, should throw them into an almost hopeless decline—too feeble to withstand infantile ailments, perhaps living on till parental heart-strings become fully entwined around them, only to tear them asunder over their breathless corpse—to be provided against by selecting healthy girls for their mothers? What sensible man will thus deliberately trifle with his own gushing affections, perhaps render himself childless and heartbroken, by selecting a small-wasted, little-boned, small-ankled, feeble-muscled, nervous dwarf for the mother of his children, as well as the wife of his bosom? Let those select feeble girls who will, but when taught at last by sad experience what *ought* to be by the evils of what *is*, say not that you were not forewarned.

But to crown all, after bestowing a full manly soul on a poor delicate creature, besides all the loss of her health and cost of her weakness, to be tortured with agony inexpressible by fit after fit of sickness, till, in the dreadful finale, her very helplessness and sufferings having only redoubled your tender sympathy for her, to see her torn from you by death; to inter her emaciated corpse by the side of that of your darling babe; and return a heart-broken widower to your now desolate home—your life worse than spoiled, and all because you married that delicate miss; whereas, by marrying a healthy one, you could just as well have raised a goodly family of brisk, blooming children, and had a healthy, long-lived helpmeet—really, young man, where *is* your sense, where that foresight, that business sagacity on which you pride yourself, that you lay a train for these dreadful consequences, when you might just as well have laid one for those instead?

But suppose, instead of dying, she barely lives along, feeble, full of aches and ailments; just able, by extreme care, to go about and keep from getting down sick; unable to do much, or go with you to field or garden, lecture-room or concert, ride or walk, or take part with you in your recreations or labors; tame in character because sickly; languid in all her pleasures, thoughts, and desires; exact, exacting, and difficult to please; having no appetite, she can not relish the finest peach—it is almost worthless to her because too languid to appreciate its merits—discontented; dissatisfied; practically impeaching all you say and do for her; taking everything the cross-grained way: censuring and irritating all because in a censoring mood; her natural loveliness turned into bitterness; all her mental faculties retroverted; both awakening pity and provoking anger, because like a sick baby, always in a cross mood; nothing like that sweet, soft, winning, complaisant woman she once was, and would again be if again healthy—I pity *her* much, *you* more, because either so simple as to choose a weakly one, or else guilty for allowing a healthy one to become sickly after marriage. Thank Heaven, I speak from observation, not experience; for scarcely a night's rest has been interrupted by sickness of wife or children, or day's work lost, or doctor's bill contracted; but, instead, that greatest life-blessing, uninterrupted *health*, energy, and efficiency.

Nor can a wife be either loving or lovely farther than healthy. For is not love, in common with everything else, exercised by means of vitality? For as none can think clearly, so none can love heartily, without abundant *animal* vigor. She may, indeed, shed tears when you leave her, but is it not more a sickly, dyspeptic craving than genuine love? Young man, you want neither a sickly girl, nor a do-

nothing one, but a right hearty, healthy, *helpmeet*, in all things. If you yourself lead a do-something life, which every man ought to, you need a wife who is able and willing to help you; or if a do-nothing life, you require a brisk, healthy wife, just to help you kill time. Let the following anecdote both make and illustrate its own point.

A wealthy neighbor, having lost his wife, on being consoled with, that "he had met with a very great loss;" replied, "Oh, no, not so *very* great, for she hasn't been down cellar for *five years*." That is, his loss had been trifling, because he had lost a do-nothing wife; or because she could not help make butter and cheese. In short, if your wife really *must* die, better lose a do-*nothing* one, than a do-something one. A young farmer, remarking on the death of his wife, said. "I had rather lost the best *cow I have*, because she made so much and such *good butter*."

And yet, if only healthy girls must marry, the majority of our young men must remain bachelors. Few, precious few, are marriageable according to this qualification. Most lamentable, most ruinous is the existing state of the female health! And its declination augurs worse for the future than the present. To what, in all conscience, is our country verging? When God in nature has done so much for female beauty as well as health, in the name of nature's health laws, what violation of these laws has brought and is bringing about this physical degeneracy?

Fashionable Miss Young America is generally so miserably pitiful a thing as scarcely to be worth the having. So extremely delicate that she can not rise until noon, go out in sun or cold, wet or heat; or do anything but *go out nights*. Nor *then*, only to some *fashionable* gathering! But must ride then, if even only a square off! Too delicate (indolent?) even to go a shopping except in her carriage, when nimble clerks must bring their goods *out* for her ladyship's inspection. Scrutinize closely. Where is her color? *On* her cheek, not *in* it. Where her teeth? In her *tumbler*, not mouth. Where her fine rounded form? *On* her, not *of* her. Where her fine bust? Outside. Where her flesh? Nowhere—much. Alas, almost a bundle of dry-goods-artificialities. And are these—women we can hardly call them—the prospective mothers of the rising (falling!) race? Few children at best. And they mostly girls. And half of these too precocious to grow up. Oh! my countrymen and women, where is the public sense?

Not that sickly *ladies* are blamable. Instead, they are pitiable. Causes inherent in their *education* have wrought all this ruin. They are but the hapless, helpless, *victims* of fashionable folly and helpless-

ness. The evil lies in the *ton* customs of society, not in individuals. "As well be out of the world as out of the fashion." These fashionable *habits* are working all this havoc. What habits? These two—

FEMALE BOARDING-SCHOOLS, AND ATTIRE!

That little chubby-cheeked and rosy-faced girl must be pressed into school as soon as she can fairly walk, and *kept* crowded all the time, and with all those ambitional appliances teachers and parents can bring to bear upon her susceptible nature. Allowed neither to play, nor mates to play with, because, forsooth, few are sufficiently accomplished! Must not associate with Laura Carpenter, nor Sarah Smith, and of course not play with boys—rough, vulgar fellows¹⁴—must study after and before school—must study, study, study "from early morn till late at night," and then dress to kill besides. Must sit most of her time, and in a tight-fitting dress at that. Must breathe but little, and that little poor in quality. The wonder is that she *lives at all*, not that she is sickly! Yet she must, forsooth, become *accomplished*! Must sit at the piano for days, weeks, and months. Must drink strong coffee, eat hot biscuit, fine-flour bread, condiments, rich pies, chalk, pencils, and Heaven knows what trash besides. And at that eventful period when she buds into womanhood, having but little vitality at best, and that little consumed by her brain in study; imprisoned within brick-and-mortar walls; going out only for a monotonous walk with a teacher in front, another in rear, and a third in the middle, and being required to step just so precisely; having little energy at this crisis, she withers and becomes a poor thing.

Mrs. Partington sometimes has it, when she charged *IKÉ* never, on any account, to choose a wife from a young ladies' *cenetery*. And one might about as well choose from a *cemetery* as from a seminary! Three girls from one town went from one seminary in one spring to one cemetery, because from the seminary. And from one of the best of seminaries at that. But, therefore, one of the worst. And worst because best. And the better, the worse. For in their very goodness consist their badness. Our young ladies' seminaries are our country's greatest curse! If by one symbolical blow I could raze them all to the ground, I would deliberately give that blow, and with a right hearty relish, unless I could see them remodeled upon the platform of health *first*. And the woman *educated*, instead of metamorphosed into a fashionable *thing*. My country, you little realize how fast you are falling behind other countries, because of this feminine and infantile feebleness. For when female health fails.

ALL fails. Our children are our future country. And *all* of that country. Then how meagre our prospect for our boasted "manifest destiny!" But times *must* change. These truths are *too* important long to escape public notice. We *must*, we *will* have reform.

But from what quarter is it to come? From our young *men*. They have *caused* this evil by running tandem after mere fashionable *accomplishments*, instead of genuine feminine character, and must initiate the required reform by making health a *paramount* condition of choice, and accomplishments only secondary. They indeed pay a compliment to style and ladyism; but what hinders our girls from *uniting* all the accomplishments with the most perfect health? Nothing. Robust health is perfectly compatible with the utmost refinement and purity. Indeed, each naturally *promotes*, not *interferes*, with the other. But the trouble lies in that mawkish prudery⁴⁶ which assumes that purity and play are incompatible; that modesty can not co-exist with invigorating exercise; that a tom-boy robustness is inimical to purity; and hence that delicate girls must be housed-up in parlors and seminaries, and watched with eagle eye, lest they should hear some rude word not so very proper; whereas, in fact, romps are most modest and least in danger, because all their functions, love included, are normal, so that improprieties pass "in at one ear and out at the other;" whereas, nervous sentimentality and housed-up precocity both prematurely weaken and pervert this love sentiment; keep its victims ever on the alert for some coquettish adventure; titter at the sight of young men; sniffle over love-sick novels; and become the less pure the more mawkish. Romping is as indispensable a precursor to womanliness as spring to summer, or growth to maturity. These hot-house precocities may barely last till marriage, but become insipid ever afterward, while those who have laid a good physical base in rough plays and tom-boy-frolics will both make the best wives and mothers, and last down to a good old age. Men, women, fathers, mothers, are these things so? Testify, ye who know by experience. Instead of misleading others by pocketing your own error, rather become beacons to guard others against making like wrecks on the same fatal shoal. Proclaim the honest truth. And ye who have eyes to look, and can trace effects and causes, think what must be, and let one and all help *obviate* this greatest of individual and national calamities—

FEMININE FEEBLENESS !

Let parents and public sentiment commence the reform by encouraging girls in romping, and young men help it onward by *helping on*

their matrimonial standard, "Good health, or no wives." Let them take their prospective on a ten-mile pedal jaunt, and not ask her a second time if she gives out the first. And let mammas remember, that simple food, early rising, plenty of exercise, less art and more nature, less finnified fixings and more substantial qualities, less delicacy with more stamina, less study with more play, less make-believes with more realities, less rouge with more oxygen, and less fashionableness with more womanliness, will render them infinitely better fitted for the important relations of wife and mother, and far more marriageable than the converse. Are not most fashionable usages at war with nature? Mere make-believes? Not to *be*, but only to *seem*? After close school-room application has warped the spine and distorted the shoulders, instead of remedying the error by right exercise, which is easy, it is enough to *dress* the one straight, and fill out the other with Alabama! If the form is faulty, enough that the mantua-maker makes it *appear* faultless. Not to *become*, but *make-believe* is the modern motto. Indeed, what is fashion but a practically out-and-out hypocrite—a proud, stuck-up, haughty, distant importation, a pretense, not a reality. Away with her. If she were a soap-bubble doing no damage, women might amuse themselves with her phantasmagorias; but since she not only deforms and enfeebles the body, but rifles the *heart* of nature's loveliest work; when she is effecting the wholesale ruin of lovely woman and darling childhood—let me raise voice and pen against her hypocritical sway. Think you, young man, that proud consequential miss, dressed to kill, sitting in state, walking in state, thumping the piano in state, requiring service of all, yet serving none, will make you the better wife for all these fashionable airs? Why *are* men thus taken with mere outside show? Our second volume will answer. Young man, you require simplicity and naturalness, instead of affectation. One whose feelings bubble up like a copious spring, and flow forth in unaffected channels, instead of Miss Nippy McFlimsies.⁵⁹

Thank Heaven for the new fashion of women skating! And future generations will also rejoice with joy unspeakable. We hold up both hands, and go in with might and main, pen and tongue, for its continuance and universal adoption. Reference is had to the custom beginning to be adopted in cities, of renting a few acres of contiguous ice, hiring the snow kept off, while ladies and gentlemen skate together. Such skating furnishes the very best of female exercise, and is every way calculated to benefit both sexes, and posterity. Would that every village and school district would but follow this custom. And let the female dress be adapted to this exercise, and especially allow full

lung-inflation. Would that some similar sport, to be participated in by both sexes, could be devised for *summer* recreation also—playing ball, calisthenic exercises—anything, but something, and receive the mark of *ton*. Would to Heaven that our *ton* fashions could but harmonize with true human character, and promote its development, for we would then recommend them more heartily than we now denounce them. Instead, almost every fashionable custom destroys and distorts that nature.

57. INDUSTRIOUS AND HOUSE-KEEPING QUALITIES.

Do-nothings are therefore *no-bodies*. Is it not in and by *doing* that we *become*? Natural talents, however great, must be *exerted*, or they dwindle. All, however talented, require to be inspired to effort by some great life-object. Better labor to re-augment even unnecessary wealth, than to do nothing. But those who prefer to live on their income, should choose some life-labor—self-improvement, study, politics, public business, reform, private or public improvements—something on which to spend their force. “Better wear out, than rust out” by inertia. Rust consumes faster than wear. Those who do not have to work for a living, should at least work *for fun*, but work anyhow, at something. “He that will not work, neither shall he eat.” Not that *manual* labor is absolutely necessary, but that something to do is an absolute necessity. In all conscience, girls, never marry drones.

But has nature exempted *woman* from this her *do-something* necessity? Not at all. She may choose *what*, but absolutely must do *something*. And what as natural as house-keeping? Not but that she can be a good wife yet poor house-keeper, or poor house-keeper yet good wife, but that a good wife is far better for being a good house-keeper in addition. House must be kept, and wife must do something. Then why not she keep house? Hirelings may answer, but owners how much better? As in everything,

“He that by the *plow* would thrive,
Himself must either *hold* or *drive*,”

so no family is fit to live in unless its wife and mother is at the head of its wardrobe, laundry, store-room, and kitchen. Obviously, she should prepare her children’s food with her *own* hands, for this trust is too important to be delegated. Then why not also that of the husband at the same time? In the true family it is mother here, mother there, mother everywhere, and for everything. If a child hurts itself, or a bleeding finger requires doing up, or any advice is wanted, etc., etc., all involuntarily run right to “mother.” She is

the great "sympathetic nerve" of the whole family, its natural indoor head and director, because she should love husband and children devotedly, and love always involuntarily does and keeps doing for those beloved.^{28 29} And this re-increases her and their affections. The modern error of educating woman mainly for ornament is cardinal, whereas nature requires her to become a helpmeet. A good wife must take right hold with head, heart, and hand of whatever her husband does; whereas, the fashionable idea is that he must do *all*, while she only glitters in fashionable furbelows. Not that she should not be ornate. Her natural beauties require to be shown to the very best advantage. But "handsome is that handsome *does*," more than dresses. That which *is* best generally looks best, of which fruit furnishes an illustration. Moreover, whatever is ornamental is also *useful*, and ornamental *because* useful. Use is ornament, and ornament use, the world over. The two combine in nature, and should in a wife. Nor is she ever as charming as when *doing* something to render others happy. Give me one who can bake and wash, pick and cook esculents, make bread and butter, cut and sew, and cater to the creature comforts of her family. Not that half the domestic work now required is at all necessary, nor that wife should be all work, but that she should unite the house-keeper with the lady and wife.

Yet the majority of the Miss Young Americas rarely ever do much about house, and are mortally ashamed if caught at work. If on calling to see your lady-love you find her usefully employed—of which there is little danger—she apologizes for being in her working-dress, and seems ashamed to have it known that she ever does anything useful, be careful not again to trouble her ladyship by any subsequent call. She is quite too much of a lady for any but dandies. But if she seems rather proud than ashamed to be found in working habiliments—*keep going*. Said an eminent divine :

"Obliged to leave my native town for the seminary early Monday morning, in bidding acquaintances good-bye, I called on a young woman I thought some of marrying, but was still undecided. I found her with sleeves rolled up, perspiring over the wash-tub. But she received me just as pleasantly as she had ever before done in her best dress, seemingly unconscious but that she was as proud of this as that, and without any appearance of hesitation. This determined my choice; and she has indeed been a blessed helpmeet, and made up by her economy and excellent house-keeping qualities, for the insufficiency of my salary, besides relieving me of domestic cares."

MECHANICAL SKILL—manual dexterity with the needle and scissors in whatever requires cutting, mending, and making—is also an im-

portant *addenda* to house-keeping talents. To be able to cut out as well as make up garments, and cut large ones out of small patterns, and buy cheap besides, to run a sewing-machine, and save millinery and other bills, is quite as useful an accomplishment as painting or French, besides enabling her to adorn table and parlor, boudoir and laundry, with various ornamental and useful articles, painting included, to beautify home and redouble its comforts.

But while nature requires both husband and wife to do for each other, she also requires *him* to do *most* for her, of which, however, in Volume II. Moreover, many do-nothing girls make excellent house-keeping wives. Loth to keep their father's house because not theirs, they yet take excellent care of their own. The great requisite is, that they have a right *spirit* and a willing hand in case occasion should require. Circumstances will do the balance.

Yet many wives voluntarily *over-work*, literally spoiling their lives by assuming too much family care, and keep themselves completely worn out with work. A wife is too *precious* to become a drudge. And generally, except in upper-tendom, American wives do too much rather than too little. Of which in Part III.

Still, there are many Lord Blessingtons who, having plenty of servants, and more money than they can spend, require some lovely charming creature to help use up their income; on whom dotting husbands can lavish all that wealth and masculine fondness can bestow on female loveliness; who shall be the petted mother of his petted children; she giving her whole being to him and them, and he his to her. But must such a wife necessarily be an idler? Does she not necessarily in nursing her children do most of all? Do not they who do for her thereby do mainly for them? Such husbands require neither economical nor house-keeping wives, but only "a love of a woman."

58. MARRYING FOR MONEY.

Dollars never bind hearts. Love alone ever does or can become the bond-principle of a true hearty conjugal union. Moreover, marriages for money on either side break nature's conjugal laws, and necessarily incur their penalties. Such marriages punish themselves.

Girls may and should look well to a family support, but are not good health and willing hands quite as reliable as ready money? If a proposer has any even ordinary work or business, and is then passably industrious, certainly, with a good fair start, love will guarantee the required support.

Nor should young men postpone marriage merely to first either provide a home or make a fortune, for a good wife is the best help-

meet in both. As birds always pair before building, why not also the human pair? In order that a wife may fully enjoy or keep your house, it requires to be *ours*, the joint production of your *united* heads and hands. Ours in planning, ours in building, thereby applying that *own* principle already applied in marriage.⁴⁴

However, a woman looking well to necessary creature comforts is one thing, yet marrying for an establishment is quite another. Still, how many, rendered heartless by interrupted love, turn fortune-hunters? Said a despicable female hypocrite, "I did not marry him for love, but only for his *money*." And the way such will make the money fly is a caution. Wherein do they differ from "women of pleasure," except that the one prostitutes herself illegally, the other legally, while both obtain their "establishment" by precisely the same means? Better get it illegally, and ruin but one. Worse than even to *rob* for it. And those who marry with little love and much pride, had better remain single than prostitute love on the altar of vanity; for love is infinitely sacred, and punishes all forms of its prostitution. Robbers is the very epithet for such heartless miscreants. Yet robbery is but the smallest part of their crime, for such a life as they will lead him, can better be imagined than described. And those men who have money must look sharply, for vixen snares beset them on all sides. Yet such are usually "diamond cut diamond"—all but the *diamond* part.

Yet since fortune-hunting women deserve all this, what can be said bad enough of that *masculine*—man he is not—who seeks to marry for a fortune merely? Shameless hypocrite! Pretending to *love* her, yet caring only for her *money*! Spider! Coiling your web around your victim's heart, only that you may live on her life's blood! If money is your main motive, say so in honest truthfulness, not lie right out, and in action at that; for a *practical* lie *lived* out is ten-fold meaner in itself, more destructive to its victim, more, every way devilish, than when uttered merely. And telling such a lie to a *woman* at that! And she young! And coaxing her to love you for it besides! You dastardly hypocrite! You despicable villain! Gamblers are no comparison to you in moral turpitude, because they *profess* to rob, while you rob in the most despicable disguise man can assume to woman. Verily, this is "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in!" A thief and robber are saints in comparison; for they rarely steal all, while you grasp the *whole*! They rob men, and only dollars, while you rob a *female*, of both purse *and* heart! And of heart only to *get* purse! They rob by night, while you deliberately plan and execute your damnable plot by day and night, for

consecutive months. They rob strangers, but you an intimate! They under cover of darkness, you under that of *love*! They steal keys to make duplicates, while you steal the *affections* of a confiding, lovely woman, that you may thereby revel in the patrimony her doting father has laid up for her life-long support! If there is any one human being more hypocritical, more despicable, more damnable even—no epithets can equal the reality—than any other, it is he who courts and marries a woman for her money! And deserves the direst of all penalties! Do not mock the subject by talking about deserving “tar and feathers.” Nor even the gibbet. But the hottest place at the bottom of the pit below is not too great a punishment for so great a crime. Because, mark, after thus robbing a doting woman under the guise of love, you turn round and *abuse* her! Must. Can not help it, since you live with her without loving her. Rifle her *heart*, besides robbing her purse. Robbing for dollars merely is a virtue in comparison with breaking her soul,⁴⁸ for this shortens her life and spoils it the little time she does survive this death of her affections!

Think you retributive nature will let *such* a crime “go unwhipt of justice?” If she did, “the very *stones* would cry out for vengeance.” She makes *sure* work. Her aim is *deadly*. Not one infringement of her laws ever goes unpunished. And she *apportions* her penalties to your crime. Envy not him—Satan incarnate—who marries a woman’s money; for nature will torment him while he lives, torture him when he dies, and redouble her penalties forever! She “will not let the wicked go unpunished.” And “she visits iniquity” in the direct *line* of the transgression—in this case the marital. And makes the sin the *means* of the suffering. “Not only in the *day*,” but in the *way*, “thou sinnest, thou shalt surely die.” Such sin, in and of itself, *causes* its own suffering. And thus. In and by marrying her money, you assume a *dependent* position. Are *supported*. And by a *female* at that! Verily, poltroon, if you really *must* be supported, why, do in all conscience go to the *county* poor-house, instead of the *matrimonial*. And if she has any sense—good enough for you if she has not—she will *catch* you at it, and then the way she will put you under the harrow, and harrow you worse than any other toady ever was harrowed, is a caution to toadies! Let an anecdote illustrate:

A man—rather “feller”—in Troy, married a woman’s money, she being thrown in—and it sometimes takes piles of money to render the throw-in even bearable—with which a splendid riding establishment was procured, in which she wanted to ride to Amsterdam with another man, to which he objected; when she replied: “But, sir, I would have you know it was *my* money that bought that estab-

lishment, and I mean to ride when, where, and with whom I please," and might have added, and doubtless did in feeling, "and you, puppy, must grin and bear it."

"And it was your money that bought *me too*," he mutters between his teeth. How do you think you would feel all sold out? All bought up? And by a woman at that? And doubtless cheated your buyer even then. Fie on you! Have a woman pay your tailor's bills, ha! And you dance attendance in return! But didn't she "pay *dear* for her whistle," though? "I bought you; see that you mind. I bought you *cheap*; see that you serve well." And she will thrust her money and your menial dependence into your face every hour of your life. In look, in act, in word, somehow, anyhow, everyhow. And you, poor coot, must grin and bear it, too! Good enough for you. Served you right, you hypocritical robber!

A Quaker worth two shillings, married a Quakeress worth three, who twitted him every little while thus: "Anyhow, I was worth the most at our marriage!"

Independence is an attribute of manliness. Give to me to make my *own* fortune, rather than even to inherit it. Much less to marry it. Let me not live by even the sweat of a father's brow. Much less by that of a father-in-law. Enough that I derive my life, name, and character from my parents. As soon as old enough, let me earn my own way. Is there no glory in the life-consciousness that one has carved out his *own* fortune? And let me rather support my wife, than be supported by her. Almost rather not live, than live dependent. Why, if, in this age, when energy is so amply rewarded, I couldn't support both myself and family, I would hunt up or drive up some old rusty nail, 'way down back behind the cellar door, and hang myself up on it, and dry out there, and have done with it. And yet there are poor poltroons enough standing ready to be bought for less than the price of a good Virginia slave! Outrageous! this venality of marriage. What of the marital relations of those countries and classes who practice it, of which France furnishes an example? Her marriages are mainly venal, and each wife has her "*chère ami*"—her beaux and lovers—wholly irrespective of her husband, who only possesses her purse and fortune, but another her heart. And would this were all! How long since the papers told the story of England's richest heiress, glistening in diamonds to be sure, but evincing the most hopeless melancholy in the midst of the gayest assembly. Religious herself, she had loved a divine. But her proud family insisted that she should not marry him. She paid them back by pertinaciously refusing to marry at all, and is to-day miserable in spite of

untold riches, and more hopelessly wretched than her penniless washer-woman. Nature always does and always must punish such breaches of her laws by spoiling the life of both the victims. Their doom we have already discussed.⁴⁵ to ⁴⁶ Nor is there any escape, for nature is inexorable. Did not the world-renowned conjugal difficulties of Lady Norton originate in a monetary alliance? Are not derelictions from virtue the natural results of marrying for money?⁴⁶ Have we not proved that love alone is the guardian of virtue? A rich, proud, stern father obliges his daughter to marry one she loathes. This compels her either to die broken-hearted, or else to love *outside* of wedlock, the necessary consequence of which is either infidelity, or else the starvation of her love element.⁴⁵ ⁴⁶ ⁴⁷

Or a virtuous young man tenderly loves a poor but sweet young girl. His proud mother and rich father interfere and break his virtue by breaking his love.⁴⁵ He now hardly cares whom he marries, or whether faithful to his merely legal vows. What inducement has he? Nor as a general rule is it wise to marry much above or below your own station in life, because it involves different habits, education, associations, etc. Though a poor, uneducated, but right good staminate girl may indeed make a rich man a better wife than a rich inferior one, yet her poverty rather unfits than fits her for her new station. Still, much more depends on the *girl* than her station merely. Yet, two can step together upon a given platform all the easier by stepping from a similar one.

But there are cases in which a poor man may properly marry a rich girl; especially where she loves and makes advances first.⁴⁰ Or at least readily seconds his. Where she esteems his talents, education, and virtues as an ample offset for her fortune, and loves him so well that she is right glad to bestow her fortune along *with* herself, on one she esteems as every way worthy of both. If she loves him well enough either to place him on her social position, or else herself on his, all is right. So far from being humbled or becoming dependent thereby, he but receives a complimentary present. All the better, though quite unlikely, if her parents and relatives second her. If she and they virtually say, "We furnish the money, you mind; we position, you brains; we the means, you the work; and are even," by all means let them marry. Always and everywhere *provided* that both *love*.

And many rich parents *require* that their daughters marry *mind*, and the human capacities and excellences rather than dollars. They can easily lift him upon their social platform without lowering themselves and may stand in special need of his constitution, vigor, am-

bition, talents, and soul, both to carry on their business, and keep up the talents of the family. How infinitely better that rich girls should marry poor *men* than rich *things*—intellectual and noble men in preference to rich and brainless sensualists! How many really fine girls are completely spoiled for life by being prevented from marrying excellent young men whose only crime is their poverty, but who would have been godsend to the whole family by sustaining their business and standing, and transmitting human excellences to their descendants!

Besides, think a little before you sacrifice that charming girl on the altar of family pride. Is she not too *precious*? Can you *afford* to throw away her life on a mere *name*?

In view of these principles, how unparental, how even monstrous, to disinherit children because they marry contrary to parental wishes! True, parents have an undoubted *right* to do what they please with their property, yet how barbarous to hate one's own children! By a law of nature and things, parents should love even *bad* children, and especially *good* ones *devotedly*. And does not love always *indulge*, not *cross*? Human nature can hardly perpetuate a greater *outrage* on their children than to rupture their affections. *Most* outrageous, then, for parents to cross them in matters which lie so very near their hearts, and exert so controlling an influence over their lives and destinies? No *true* parent ever *can* or *will* do it!

But worst of all, to cast out a delicate, pampered daughter upon the cold charities of a heartless world, and thereby proclaim to that world that she is so bad that even her *parents* are obliged to disown her; thereby forewarning all not to come near the vile thing for fear of contamination—really, what greater outrage can be perpetrated upon a true, loving, and genuine woman? But it reflects more on them than her.

“But my daughter has disobeyed me, and in a most important matter.”

Yet it is in a matter in which *you* had no right to command. Nor was she under any obligations to obey. Her obedience to you would have been disobedience to *nature*, and destructive to *self*.

“But she has disgraced us and herself by marrying one far below both.”

Below in *what*? In *dollars* merely! Yet is he not as far above you in human *excellence*, as below in station? And it requires but little humanity to outweigh much wealth!

The mere fact that she *loves* him is one of the strongest recommendations in his favor, unless you virtually accuse her of loving badness.

Yet granted that she loves inferiority, does not this render your darling daughter's lot hard enough without your superadding to it disinherittance, disgrace, and the loss of your affections besides?

Yet in most cases like this, the young man is *conceded* to be good, talented, and every way worthy, except in wealth. Really, are dollars so much more valuable in your eyes than human excellence? We rarely esteem what we do not possess. Because, "sour grapes to us." Hence, your estimating talents and morals so lightly, and dollars so highly, proclaims your *own* intellectual and moral inferiority, while your unsophisticated daughter recommends herself by loving genuine human excellence, though found in humble life.

But that girl who voluntarily forsakes relatives, station, affluence, and fine prospects—who sacrifices so much, and in so many different ways, for the man she loves—*deserves* all the affection it is in his power to return. And to abuse or even neglect a woman who has made such a sacrifice, no matter if she *is* faulty, is meanness a *little* meaner, and wickedness a little *more* wicked, than even marrying for money—than anything else one human being can perpetrate upon another, and especially a man on a *woman*.

And what is true of marrying for riches is equally true of marrying for station, or any or all motives other than those of true genuine affection.

The summing up of this whole matter, then, is simply this, that wealth, as such, should "have no part nor lot" whatever in determining the matrimonial choice, although unobjectionable, perhaps even desirable, when genuine love really exists. All depends on their *love*, nothing on dollars. Mutual affection is infinitely above *all* considerations, and should be held by all parties as sacred and inviolable.

59. HANDSOME AND PLAIN; OR BELLES, BEAUX, BEAUTIES, ETC.

That genuine beauty signifies true human excellence, is a fundamental natural truth, applicable alike to fruit, animal, and man, and of course to marital companionship. Nature's externals always correspond with her internals. True beauty signifies a fine-grained organism, along with mental and moral superiority, and can not well be overrated.

The determining question here is, in *what* true beauty consists? That is, *why* is this one more beautiful than that? This subject calls up that analysis of sexual beauty to be discussed in Volume II. Suffice here, that opinions on *no* subject are as vague and erroneous as on this.

What is generally called beauty is, rather, prettiness, and might properly be designated by "fancy touches." This kind of beauty is indeed only "skin deep," and of little account. Such generally make plainer women than plain girls. The great question is, not how good a looking girl she *is*, but, how fine a looking woman will she *make*? Will her good looks *last*? Marriage is for a lifetime. Mere prettiness soon fades, while a more substantial outline face grows more pleasing with years. How will that beauty look when a *mother*, and perhaps spare instead of fleshy? Pale, not florid, and otherwise changed, perhaps a plain one will be changed less; and really the best looking.

Yet a decidedly ugly-looking woman, though she may be very good, kind, loving, industrious, and much more besides, has after all some marked imperfections of character, and lacks a certain style concomitant with female character, while one who is in the main pretty, but who has some one objectionable feature, will generally be found to have some very objectionable traits.

Per contra. Belles are therefore inherently objectionable. They make the very poorest of wives. Petted, loved, flattered, besought, they are almost certain to become proud, capricious, and imperious, and require you to be like their other beaux, sycophantic, and overlook all their faults, besides virtually saying, when any little difficulty arises, "If I had married either of my *other* admirers, *they* would not have treated me thus." Beauties will do much better to flirt with than to marry, but are *just* the ones for *fops*.

Yet, simply handsome men are necessarily indifferent, for they lack stamina, force, character. They will answer for beaux, but are poorly calculated to satisfy a genuine woman's love. A weak-minded girl's they may, but *woman* loves *power* in man much more than finish. He should look strong and massive, rather than merely handsome. Indeed, men of genius are almost always both homely and awkward.

STYLE, MANNERS, PRESENCE, naturally come under this head, and are governed by this general rule. Style in a woman is most desirable, provided it is well sustained, and does not degenerate into mere stuck up pride.⁶⁹ Does she make a good personal *appearance*, and show off genteelly? Can you take pride in introducing her to your old comrades, as if practically saying, "This is my *beau-ideal*." Reference is not had to style in dress, but *address*—to a certain style of character—very different from boarding-school airs, for it is inherent, not assumed. The manners of a genuine woman will be taking, pleasant, and attractive, besides crowning all she does and says with a certain union of grace with dignity, which pleases while it sways.

Manners, the way things are said and done, are peculiarly expressive of character, and should be scanned attentively. Not that we pretend here to say *what* signifies what, but only to call *attention* to them as especially worthy of observation, because expressive of character. An affected, singular, or artificial cast of manners signifies more pride than worth, while simplicity, naturalness, unaffectedness in walk, expression, and manner of saying and doing things, signify genuine womanly nature, along with a trueness thereto every way desirable.

Nor should ladies allow dandyism, or foppery, or mere external appearance to captivate or outweigh that more manly behavior which springs from *right feelings*, though eclipsed perhaps by bashfulness or awkwardness. Instead, ask yourself whether he possesses the *rudiments* of a good behavior? Not whether he is, but whether he *can* be polished? Mark, ladies, that many rude at the core, often show their long ears in a half-genteel impudence or coarseness of manners sugared over with a seemingly refined forwardness which awakens laughter, and goes down for the moment, while others are gentlemen at heart, though retired. "Look below the surface."

Yet neither extreme forwardness nor bashfulness is desirable. Forwardness coupled with eccentricity is more objectionable than mere diffidence. Women generally rate forward young men far above, but bashful ones far below, their real merits. When extreme awkwardness is consequent on an exalted regard, amounting even to reverence for the female sex, it becomes the very highest recommendation, while a prompt, forward, familiar, and easy air may spring from the loss of this regard, on the principle that "familiarity breeds contempt." But "a word to the wise."

60. COMMUNICATING TALENTS: MUSIC.

The *expression* of genuine humanity stands second only to its possession. Conversational, speaking, and writing talent can hardly be overrated, yet is almost wholly overlooked. Its virtual excellence, in whichever form, justly challenges the admiration of the world, past and present, savage and civilized, learned and illiterate. Yet wherein does conversational eloquence differ from forensic, except in the number of its listeners? Is it not even more to be admired in the cottage than on the rostrum?

Hence, what of his talent for *expressing* himself? What of her conversational powers? are *paramount* questions, and the answers most significant. However plain, yet if her ideas flow readily, and she clothes them in appropriate and beautiful language, *this* gift recommends her more than all the boarding-school artificialities and milli-

nery furbelows she can exhibit. Does she warm up to her subject, and impart to it a certain glow and interest which delights and instructs? Does she choose words which connectedly express her precise meaning, and begin her sentences at the right end, or bungle both? Is she grammatical; or does she murder the "King's English?" Not, "Can she speak French," but, can she *talk* elegantly? It matters little whether she has *studied* grammar, for natural conversational talent will evince itself irrespective of oratorical aids, which of course help. Does she spoil a good story by telling it badly, or so tell it as to make its point of application emphatic? Is she suggestive? Does she make you *think* and *feel* as she converses? Many object to long female tongues, because given to scandal; whereas, whether one talks well or ill has absolutely nothing to do with backbiting! *Scandal* is consequent on a malevolent spirit, not a "long tongue." One may say but little, yet misrepresent that little, or talk much, yet give a true version of what is said. Neglect those girls who, looking through malevolent glasses, always represent things as worse than they really are; but patronize those who paint whatever they attempt to say or do in beautiful handsome colors.

Equally desirable is this same communicating gift in men. Should not a wife exult in beholding her husband's superior conversational talents draw admiring and applauding crowds around him? Much more, if in public he can pour forth those "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," to edify and improve mankind. Woman always has been, will be, captivated by fine speakers. Be it that they are homely, awkward, even rough, so that they speak effectively and eloquently, she admires and loves—CLAY and WEBSTER for example.

But superior *composing* talents in both are equally valuable. Even more so. They are but another form, and that the most potential, of this gift of expression. True, good writers are sometimes poor speakers, yet *all* speak as they write, and good speakers write poorly only because prevented by diffidence, or want of practice, or like causes, from *manifesting* this same talent in speaking.

Good corresponding talents, therefore, should be highly prized by each sex in the other. Choose him, her, above all others who can write a good letter. And love to write. And write *fast* as well as easily. Better still, those who write poetry and essays worthy of publication. Most of all, if during courtship they write extra good *love* letters. Smile if you will, but this gift both presupposes clear heads and warm hearts. And even those boarding-school misses who write truly excellent compositions deserve great credit and good husbands.

But neglect those who can think of but little to say or write, and

express that little bunglingly. And those girls who "dress to kill," assume aristocratic airs, and make many pretensions to *ton*, but who use coarse or common language, perhaps even "slang phrases," and an inelegant, perhaps ungrammatical style of expression, may do for brainless fops, but should be "let alone severely" by those in search of companions worth having. Would that those who take such extra pains to accomplish their exteriors, would instead take more to accomplish their mentalities.

This "long tongue" stigma on women, then, is really most creditable; and "Blue Stockings" are, therefore, superior women, and desirable wives. Admitted that they often *make* poor wives and housekeepers, yet is this not mainly because they lack appreciative husbands? Has not LUCY STONE, despite her unpopular platform, been universally admired by intelligent men? Even by those who dislike her doctrines? And makes she not as good a wife as speaker? Generally, men really do *love* speaking talents in women.

"But why lay such *special* stress on communicating talents? A desirable gift to be sure, but why so EXTRA valuable?"

First, on its *own* account! Let her with whom I have to spend so large a portion of my life, be able to improve and amuse me by saying well what will make me the happier and better, besides giving me much to think and talk about.

Again, does not love subsist mainly on *mind*? Then must not that mind be *expressed*, in order to its being loved? And is it not the more lovable the *better* it is expressed? And still more in husbands and wives than lovers merely?

Woman, do you not love those men whose conversation *instructs* you? Who give you *seed thoughts* which also make you think? To whom you can listen enchained by the hour with increasing delight? Who keep talking while walking, and instruct you to talk in return? Or like you best those say-nothing demures who keep their ideas and feelings to themselves? Or do you men like those demure girls best who, when you express ideas and sentiments which ought to call out hearty responses, barely say, "Yes" or "No?" Who, when you start conversation on this subject, let it drop, and oblige you to start another, only to see *it* drop also? Or those who sustain and contribute to the conversation? Those with whom it is *up-hill* work to converse, or easy?

But, after all, the main value of this gift centers in its *hereditary* endowment of children. One eloquent descendant is worth a score of common ones. And since mothers transmit eloquence more than fathers—of which CLAY, WEBSTER, HENRY are illustrious examples—

this gift becomes well-nigh paramount in women, and atones for many faults. My countrymen, do you fully appreciate female conversational excellence? Be it that a French lady is plain, yet if she discourses elegantly, or is witty, admiring men flock around her as though they could hardly pay sufficient court to her. Whereas, if an American female is only splendidly *dressed*, she is courted, however poor in conversational powers; while those not fashionably attired are neglected, though endowed with conversational powers really magnificent. Then is *dress* so far above *mind*? Or are American *men* at fault? Do they not run after the *personal* woman much more than the mental? And most miserable are its marital consequences.

Chirography is also significant of like mental qualities. A good, open, easy, elegant handwrite, or an awkward, stiff, pinched up, irregular one, is indicative of like traits of character.

The musical gift is but a branch of eloquence, and therefore deserves a like encomium. Yet while *per se* it stands coequal with conversational powers, it deserves less encomium here, because its intrinsic merits are less overlooked. It therefore remains only to make this important distinction, that *natural* genius vastly exceeds acquired ability. Artificialities are good enough, *as far as they go*, which is not far, either after marriage, or by way of endowing offspring. While those who make you *feel* what they sing and play, who awaken soul because they *express* it, will not neglect the one or the other soon after marriage.

Yet musical *genius* is one thing, while running tandem after the opera, and lauding foreign artists, is quite another, and amounts to little. Better practice home music. Yet concerts are good in their places.

61. SCHOLARSHIP, INTELLIGENCE, AND SENSE.

Scholarship is already so generally appreciated as to require but these two observations—that a well educated, though penniless young man, is far more eligible than an uneducated rich one; and one well read than one comparatively ignorant; that one who learns fast and easily, and remembers well, though blessed with few advantages, far exceeds those who learn with difficulty, though well drilled. But this is only another commendation of natural gifts over those merely acquired.

But intelligence is far more valuable, relatively, than scholarship, and one of the most important matrimonial endowments. Do his or her sayings and doings *commend* themselves to your own good sense and that of others? Which candidate thinks most clearly, and lays

the best plans? Which devises the best means for supplying what is required, accomplishes the most with the least, makes one hand wash the other, and can *plan* best under difficulties? That is, which has the most *intellect*, and especially CAUSALITY? The difference between different persons in this respect is indeed surprising; and staminate *sense* is, after all, the great point, and outweighs many minor qualities. One who has this will be far the better helper, provider, companion, and every way the more desirable, than one who has not. Besides being more easily cured of faults, and inoculated with right doctrines and practices. How infinitely better intelligence and reasoning faculties, than accomplishments merely, besides being the great governor of the feelings!

62. MORAL STAMINA INDISPENSABLE.

We would read no maudlin homily on the general value of honesty, integrity, and moral stamina, nor even elucidate their importance to success in business, or a good name among men; but proclaim this eternal truth, that if a high moral tone, along with uncompromising integrity are required anywhere in life, they are pre-eminently demanded in the conjugal relations. Nothing whatever averts love as soon as their deficiency. *Love must have unlimited confidence*, or perish! Moral principle naturally elicits affection, while trickery and all wrong-doing are fatal to love. Conscientiousness, located on the top of the human brain, must occupy a like *supreme* place in the conjugal relations.

Worst of all. This deficiency in a companion transmits itself to those dear children on whom you are to dote. To see them grow up comparatively regardless of the right; unrestrained from wrong-doing by a high sense of duty, and irresponsive to conscientious appeals, is indeed most agonizing, and by all means to be prevented by marrying only those endowed with large Conscientiousness.

I know a most excellent woman—pious, patient, devout, perfectly moral, a perfect pattern wife and mother—who would no more do wrong than pluck out a right eye, and who regards integrity as the highest of human virtues, by marrying a smart but tricky man, just cunning enough to escape the clutches of the law, and, being really talented, passes respectably, has borne him a son much more cunning than the father; and who, when told of her son's dishonest tricks, by which he could have easily been sent to a Southern penitentiary, and disgraced the whole family, seemed to writhe in a perfect agony of fear, as if practically saying, "My worst fears are finally realized! I *did* hope my prayers and counsels would have saved him. But no, he

proves incorrigible. I expect every letter will inform me that my once loved son, whom I nursed, dandled, and baptized, is imprisoned! My own son, of whom I hoped so much, a thief and liar! Oh, I do wish he had never been born, or were buried!" What soul-harrowing pangs must torture her by night and day, and from his first boyish roguery to her till he or she is buried! Then let one and all *forestall* an eventuality so dreadful by marrying those endowed with *moral principle*, or large Conscientiousness.

Yet one can have too much of a good thing. *Very* large Conscientiousness, with an irritable, nervous system, and active Combativeness, is worse than even weak Conscientiousness. Such think *their* ideas everything, *par excellence*, just exactly right, and whoever, whatever, differ therefrom, most wrong and wicked. To them right is so *very* right, that they will not tolerate the slightest deviation from their strait-jacket standard. While wrong is to them so *very* wrong, that its every item deserves unsparing rebuke. They are constitutionally sensorious. Whoever differs from their narrow-minded, bigoted views, they condemn with unmitigated severity, besides attributing the worst of motives to even the best of actions.

But *your* conscience is something to you, as well as theirs all to them. You honestly differ from them. War inevitably ensues. They blame you, and thereby freeze your love.^{21 23 24} You are conscientious in your views, but they inexorable in theirs. Though they *mean* as well as human being can mean, yet their bigoted intolerance and perpetual fault-finding are far worse than moral obtuseness. They "tithe mint, anise and cummin," and are shocked with holy horror because *you* do not! Nothing comes anywhere near up to their extra-scrupulous standard. They indeed blame themselves for various short-comings, yet this only makes them blame *you* all the more. And a high-wrought temperament renders matters, bad enough in all conscience before, still worse! Exact, exacting, inexorable, unyielding, retributive, eternally condemning, though well meaning; stretching you and all others on their procrustean bed, and cutting off those too long but stretching out those too short—above *all* things, deliver me from both extremes—extra large and deficient Conscientiousness.

63. DISPOSITION OR TEMPER, KINDNESS, ETC.

The natural temper or temperament is most important. The practical value of a good temper, or a sweet, pleasant disposition, in contradistinction from a cross-grained, petulant one, can hardly be overrated. It makes a world of difference whether a conjugal companion construes everything in the *worst* light, or in the best; takes things adversely

and frets over them, or smooths and makes the best of them; whether always in a fluster and a bustle, or quiet and even tempered; whether uniformly patient, or perpetually scolding; whether repelling, or attracting; irritating, or calming; rough, or gentle; spiteful, or soft; continually creating a disturbance, or making peace; resentful, or forgiving; overbearing, or forbearing; waiting on, or requiring to be waited on; claims the best for self, or gives it to others; sending off this brother with a box on the ear, and that with a spiteful push, "There, go along, and do as I bid you," or asking them pleasantly. Above *all* things, let scolds alone.

I once said, in a lecture, "Suppose while admiring the elegant manners, musical genius, and conjugal and matrimonial excellences of a splendid woman, you should hear her scold, however justly, would this manifestation of temper *raise* or lower her in your estimation?"

"It would lower her," said an auditor.

"Perhaps you know by experience, sir," I answered.

"Perhaps I do, sir," was his reply. The next day he called, saying:

"I was the one who spoke out in meeting last evening. My reason was this. I once loved and was betrothed to a girl of whom I thought the world. Our wedding day appointed—her dress procured. I rode over to spend a summer Sunday evening in her company, and having much to talk about, we protracted our conversation until, retiring, I found it too late to take my bed; when, passing around by the kitchen soon afterward, on my way to the barn for my horse, I heard my betrothed *scolding*! A cold chill ran over me! I staggered to the barn, and was for a time insensible; made up my mind never to marry that girl, and to get my walking papers as soon as possible, I danced *gayly* soon after with the belle of the ball-room, which offended her, and she gave me the dismissal I craved, and has since scolded two men into their graves, and one foot of the third, besides spoiling *me*, too, for I haven't been worth a limpsey rag since."

GENUINE PRACTICAL KINDNESS is also particularly important. Especially should a *wife* be kind and self-sacrificing, or, in phrenological language, have large *Benevolence*. And one great test of this trait in children, is *like* traits in their parents, more *especially* mothers. So is it whether the parents live happily or unhappily together. Yet trifling circumstances will also reveal the temper. An illustrative anecdote.

One of a half dozen young couple, sitting down to dinner, peremptorily ordered a certain dish, which the waiter, returning, said was exhausted; to which he spitefully replied, "Why didn't you keep some for *ME*, for you know I love it."

"I did not know you were coming, sir," was the reply. Now could not his girl have seen from this slight circumstance that he was most irritable and unreasonable, and infer therefrom that he would manifest a like disposition to her? If a lover proposes a ride, note how he manages his horse. If he avoids this rock and that rut; and drives his beast kindly and considerately, all is right. But if he lashes here and jerks there; dashes through this rut and over that rock, or shows temper or tyranny, especially *swears*, you may safely infer that when he has you, too, fairly in the matrimonial harness, he will treat you too likewise. As "watched straws show which way the wind blows," keep an eye to windward, and learn from mickles what muckles means.

64. PERSONAL HABITS, NEATNESS, ETC.

One's personal habits have much to do with their conjugal qualifications. True, staminate *character* is much more important than mere habits; but whether one rises or retires late or early; how one prefers to spend his or her time, especially evenings; whether one has, or lacks neatness of person, etc., have important conjugal bearings. It is less important whether man is tidy than woman. A slattern must necessarily make a poor wife, for she lacks refinement. Is she cleanly in apparel, and neat and tidy about head and foot, or is her hair disheveled? Does she know just where to put hand on bonnet and glove, and get ready for walk or ride in a trice, or are her things often out of place or lost? Is she liable to frequent mishaps, that is, luckless or lucky; careful or careless? Does she tear or slat out her apparel, or preserve it for a long time?

Or has your beau any bad habits? Does he smoke or drink, swear or chew? Nor does the commonness of such habits obviate their odiousness. How would a truly refined woman revolt on first seeing a man puff, puff, puff, or chew, chew, chew, and spit, spit, spit, no matter how genteelly.(?) Say what you will, practice them whoever may, or however politely, they are inherently disgusting and filthy, and so regarded in the very fact of their customary and deserved ejection from the parlor and genteel ladies' company, and allotment to some uncleanly place. Their universal banishment from car, cabin, parlor, and the society of refined women, except by permission—"no smoking abaft the wheels"—is a staring practical condemnation which ought to make gentlemen abjure them altogether; for any habit which unfits them for female society, is unfit for them at all times and places. To say nothing of their most fatal physiological objections, to be represented in Volume II.

Young woman, when proposing conjugal candidates are equally

eligible in other respects, if one chews or smokes, or both, while the other does not, by all means choose the latter! He is to spend many days and years perpetrating this repulsive habit, which obliges you meanwhile either to abjure his society, or else endure to see the man you love, smoke, chew, and spit, while *you* "grin and bear" the loathsome sight. How *can* you love one who is perpetually disgusting you with any, to you, repugnant practice? Besides, these habits necessarily impair the looks, by rendering the teeth yellow, gums all swollen, complexion fiery red or leaden yellow, linen soiled, and breath most foul and fetid. Indeed, they are so universal that we are loth to say how loathsome and injurious they really are! And it is to these habits, *as averting love*, that we invite especial attention. And is not "dipping" equally objectionable?

Yet tipping habits are still worse. Both on their own account, and because, unless resisted, they augur a drunken husband, against which every young woman is solemnly bound to protect herself and prospective children, by marrying only those who are strictly temperate, even *downright abstinent*. Young men are too hot-blooded anyhow ever to need alcoholic stimulants of any kind. Besides, occasional drinking is so almost *certain* to eventuate in drunkenness, that no woman is justified in running so great a risk.

Moreover, if "woe to him that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips," how much more to put it to the lips of *own children*, both by example and entailment? What temptations equal those which are *hereditary*? Those who become drunkards from habit or association are much more easily and permanently reformed than *innate* drinkers. A constitutional alcoholic hankering is unquenchable. Though it may be resisted for a time, yet, like the burning coal-pit, it still smolders in the deep recesses of their souls, perpetually fevering them, and waiting only some slight temptation to renew its consumption of both body and soul together. Most pitiable that drunkard! Perpetually haunted by hankerings within and temptations without! Yet doubly to be commiserated, those whose hankerings are *constitutional*! What can make amends for such an entailed thirst? The wealth of India? No, not all worldly goods superadded! But those who entail this hankering deserve the perpetual execration of their descendants. And also the curses of the community, though only moderate drinkers. Leave your children poor, if you must, but at least leave them temperate by nature, nor "bring down your *own* gray hairs in sorrow to the grave" by entailing this alcoholic hankering. Young woman, to curse yourself by accepting a tipping lover, the precursor of a drunken husband, is indeed awful! But to be obliged to behold this liquor-

loving stream flowing on to generations yet unborn, widening and deepening as it descends, breaking out here and there as it flows on, perhaps sweeping your very name and race from the earth, is indeed woe unutterable and agony indescribable. Then inscribe among your marital conditions, "*TOTAL abstinence or no husbands*;" lest in marrying even moderate drinkers, you endanger not only blighting your own affections, but also seeing your sons, otherwise your pride and support, hopelessly ruined—thus redoubling the indescribable misery of having a drunken husband, in this far deeper agony of besotted sons. Even those who escape are less intellectual and moral, and more cross-grained and animal than if their parents had been temperate.

"But, the adoption by all women of this anti-tobacco and alcoholic rule would leave half our young men unmarriageable, and women old maids!"

Instead, it would reform *all*. Young men instinctively adapt themselves to the tastes of young women, as well as women to those of men. Hence, as long as she permits or winks at smoking and drinking, or herself occasionally sips wine, gentlemen will smoke, smoke like coal-pits, and drink, drink like fish. But let her frown on drinking and smoking, and masculine gallantry will induce all men, young and old, to do and become "anything to please the ladies." This beautiful feature in masculine character not only gives the female sex perfect control over the habits of men, but also enables any individual woman to fashion the habits of her particular admirer as she pleases. And a similar conformity of woman to man gives him a like control over female habits in general, and the special habits of his wife in particular; of which, however, in Part III.

Still, if a girl can love a young man in *spite* of these habits, let her do so and bide the consequences. Yet should she not do her utmost, by winning ways and affectionate persuasion, to obviate them? And that man who really loves a given woman will cheerfully forego almost any cherished habits or pleasures for her sake—will, in case he loves her well enough to marry her, cheerfully abandon chewing, smoking, and stimulants, lest he become obnoxious to her. Nor in her delectable society merely, but permanently. Nor is he either a true masculine, lover, or even gentleman, who persists in any habit or practice loathsome to the woman he loves; for genuine manliness instinctively promotes, not infringes, on the happiness of the other sex in general and his own loved one in particular.

65. THE MARRIAGE OF COUSINS

Is most objectionable. Not because interdicted by Bible or legal

statute, but inherently. Nature interdicts it by its almost universal deterioration of its offspring. Not but that it produces some fine specimens of humanity, but that they are generally deformed, or insane, or else far below the average parental standard—sufficient at least to warn one and all not to incur so great a hazard. Mark the following from the Superintendent of the KENTUCKY DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

From ten to twelve per cent. of our deaf mutes are the children of cousins. Those marriages are a violation of the law of nature, as is evinced by the afflictions visited in almost every case on their offspring, in deafness, blindness, or idiocy. And the commonwealth has a clear *right* to protect itself against these ill-starred matches, whose offspring it is frequently obliged to sustain for life. By prohibiting marriages of this kind, and giving proper attention to infants laboring under these diseases, the number of deaf mutes might be diminished one half in a generation.

"*Hereditary Descent*" details well-nigh a thousand similar facts, of which the following is a condensed synopsis—all the children of cousins. "One child is clump-footed, another has but one eye, and all three are simple, small, and have heads shaped like a flat-iron." "One daughter, nearly idiotic." "Five girls, two blind cripples, and almost idiots—one quite so." "Three unable to walk." "Only one child, and that deaf and dumb." "Joints lapped, and utterly helpless." "Ten children, all fools." "All under mediocrity." "Three daughters deranged, the rest feeble, and very nervous." "Four men married cousins, and each had a foolish child, and all their children below par." "In twenty families, not one of ordinary capacity." Five blind; three heavy minded; one an idiot; two feeble and irritable; one with diseased eyes; some clump-footed, others wry-necked, etc. "One a loathsome idiot; two foolish; two weak; one simple and lame; one fair, but always unfortunate." "Many children, all crippled, none can walk." "Only son, an idiot." "Several died idiots." "Only one having common sense." "Three deaf and dumb." "Two blind." "One small head and causality, as well as sluggish." "All lame or disjointed." "Four helpless." "Two large but hydrocephalic." "Six idiots, and one mute." Three mutes, and two more mute idiots." "Two albinos." "Two deaf and dumb." "Two deaf, dumb, and blind." "Two natural fools." "Three hermaphrodites." "Three natural fools, too low to eat." "Dwarfs, though smart." "Two small-headed idiots, unable to feed themselves." "Dwarfed and wry-necked, though talented." "Only daughter, a deformed cripple."

The world is full of like products of cousins. We once heard a man curse his parents enough to chill the blood, because, by marrying cousins, they had entailed upon him the care of a lunatic brother, besides rendering him almost frantic. Be forewarned not to endanger a like curse from a like source.

When each takes after the parent, through whom they are *not* related, their children are less liable to be deficient or deformed than when they resemble those through whom they are related. Hence, in cases of intense love, where neither party resembles their relationship, their children may escape. Let all, by spreading light on this subject, aid in preventing such lamentable results.

66. IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE IN AGE.

Though up to *twenty-five* those who propose marriage should be about the same age,³² yet a difference of even *fifteen* years, after the

youngest is twenty-eight, need not prevent a marriage, when everything else is favorable. But a man of forty-five may marry a woman of twenty-six or upward much more safely than a man of thirty a girl below twenty; because her natural coyness requires more delicate treatment than he is likely to give. He is apt to err fundamentally by presupposing that her mental sexuality is as mature as his own. Yet, while we stoutly protest against a man upward of forty marrying a girl below twenty, yet a man of fifty may venture to marry a woman of twenty-five, possibly twenty-two, *provided*, however, he is descended from a long-lived ancestry. Still, no girl under twenty should ever marry any man over twenty-six, or twenty-eight at farthest. Besides our main reason for this opinion, which will be given in Volume II., the love of an old man for a girl is more parental than conjugal; while hers for him is like that of a daughter for a father, rather than wife for husband; *i. e.*, he loves her as a pet girl, and therefore as his *inferior*, instead of as a woman, and is compelled to look down upon her as inexperienced, far below him in judgment, too much a creature of impulse, and even unwise; which obliges him to make too many allowances to be compatible with a genuine union.⁵⁶ She, too, is compelled to look up to him more as an old man, to be revered, perhaps feared—as more good and wise—than companionable. Their ideas and feelings must necessarily be dissimilar. He may indeed pet, flatter, indulge her as he would a grown daughter, and appreciate her artless innocence and girlish light-heartedness; yet all this is not genuine masculine and feminine love. Nor is it possible for her to exert over him the influence every man requires from his wife.

Besides, does it not strike beholders as incongruous to see a gray-headed husband gallanting a girlish wife? And it *is* quite as incongruous as it seems to be. For her to assume that same juvenile girlishness and gayety so natural to youth, while he is as dignified and high toned as becomes all elderly men, is a little like uniting Fall with Spring.

More. All girls should laugh, play, and be juvenile. This has been already shown.⁵⁹ An elderly husband might not want to go to as many parties as his girl-wife. Of course she must stifle her love of company, or else be escorted by a younger, perhaps therefore more sympathizing beau, who must play the agreeable, whisper pleasant things, or perhaps expressions of love in her willing ear—and she must prefer the young beau—and is quite liable to love her husband rather as a father, but another as a lover. At least those elderly men who marry young girls must not scan too closely—must keep only half an eye only half open, and see little even with that half. Not that

their young consorts are faithless, but that they are subject to temptation.

And she, too, must look one of these two alternatives fairly in the face—either to impart to him of her own life stamina to sustain him longer than he would otherwise have lived, while she dies proportionally the sooner, or else see him die long before her, only to break her heart in case a genuine love exists, or else be obliged to transfer that love to another—from either of which she may well pray to be delivered.

Yet there *are* cases in which girls may marry their seniors. One of seventeen fell desperately in love with her teacher of forty-two. Repelled by her cold, stern father, and denied the society of young men, yet her innate love of the masculine being strong, it must of course perish, or else find some object. Her teacher, an excellent man, without one thought of thereby eliciting her love—nor would he if her father had been affectionate to her—kindly aided her in her studies, especially arithmetic, which masculine kindness, to which she was unused, called forth her love for him, on whom it fastened with perfect desperation. Both parties consulted me, and were answered, “the main objection to their marriage lies on *her* side. But to break her heart by preventing their marriage will do her far more injury than marrying her senior. Therefore, let them marry.” Still, these are isolated cases.

Still, better that elderly men marry youngerly women than young men elderly women, because paternity continues later in life than maternity. Circumstances may justify the marriage of a youngerly man to an elderly woman. We once knew a wild, injudicious, imprudent youth of twenty-two, who needed the influence of a mother united with that of a wife, to marry a widow of thirty-six, who lived very happily together—she uniting maternal with conjugal affections. An elderly woman possessing superior natural excellences may compensate for her age by her superiority; but for a young man to marry an elderly woman’s wealth, and long for her death that he may enjoy her money, “caps the climax” of crime.⁵⁸ Still, an artful woman who knows just how to play on the susceptible feelings of a young man, may so ingratiate herself into his affections that, as in the case of the teacher and the girl just mentioned, their marriage is best for him.

Yet, after all, the great question is, can a right *love* be established between them? For this is the determining point. Love should ever be held sacred, irrespective of ages, circumstances, position, everything.

67. NORMAL AND ABNORMAL STATES.

Original character is often one thing, but its daily manifestations quite another. Everything can be perverted. And, in general, the better anything is, the worse it becomes when perverted. Or thus: all functions have a *dual* action—the normal, or natural and right; and the abnormal, or perverted, reversed, and therefore wrong and sinful. Of this abnormality, some experience comparatively little, others a great deal. In some it perverts only special functions, while in others it extends to nearly all. We have already frequently alluded to various forms of this perversion, yet its great *practical* importance requires its more emphatical exposition as a *per se* condition. The difference between health and disease, dyspepsia and good digestion, sound and diseased nerves, etc., illustrates this abnormal condition in its physical aspect. But these different states affect the *mental* functions most, and pervert them still more fundamentally. We have already exemplified this perversion in Conscientiousness.⁶² It reverses all the mental faculties in a similar manner. Thus, while normal Combativeness renders one bold, resolute, courageous, and forcible, when abnormalized it engenders spleen, irritability, repulsion, and hatred. Normal Cautiousness provides against threatening evils, but when abnormalized it produces fear, trepidation, flustration, and all the terrors of fright, along with that desperation which increases additional danger, and like a run-away horse, dashes and smashes, not because of any *real* danger, but from sheer fright. Normal Approbativeness puts on a pretty, winning, persuasive cast of manners, while the same organ, abnormalized, creates cold, proud, vain, supercilious airs, along with a disagreeable affectation; and, when reversed by reproach, reverses all the other faculties. The difference between normal and abnormal Amativeness is seen by comparing ⁶ with ⁴⁵ ⁴⁶. But for further analysis of these two opposite conditions, we must refer the reader elsewhere, simply remarking that normality is always pleasurable to the subject and attractive to beholders, while abnormality is always painful to the former and repulsive to the latter. The practical difference, therefore, is heaven-wide between a conjugal companion thus normal, and therefore always happy and agreeable, or abnormal, and therefore miserable and repellant.

These states may be readily deciphered from even a slight knowledge of the phrenological analysis of the mental faculties, as compared with their daily manifestations in any given one. And this point is very much more important than can well be imagined, or than we have time to describe. Indeed, insanity, with all its horrors, is but

this same abnormal condition conjoined with excessive action, while every mental excellence and beauty of every human being is consequent on this normal action of some faculty.

Yet whether one's faculties take on this normal or abnormal phase of action depends much on the *states of the health*;⁵⁶ for all abnormal physical conditions abnormalize the mental functions. Hence the disagreeableness, hatefulness, even sinfulness of children and also adults just unwell enough to be always in a fret, as well as their attractiveness and happiness when healthy.

Yet the fact that persons *are* in a normal or abnormal state, by no means proves that they must always *remain* so; for both states are easily interchangeable. Hence it is that many a man and woman, so excessively happy themselves and delightful to one another during courtship, often become most hateful and so totally different in every aspect that one could hardly realize that they were the same beings, after being soured by an unhappy state of love. They are the same beings, only thoroughly demoralized. They have the same phrenological developments and form of face and body, but are hardly more like themselves originally, than Satan is like a saint.³⁵ And many a husband and wife are thoroughly dissatisfied with each other, not at all because of any inherent differences between them, or hatefulness in the companion hated, but because of the abnormal *state* of one or both. And more likely the trouble lies with the *hating* than the hated; for those in this state are dissatisfied with everybody, and make the worst of everything, instead of the best, and by their own reversed feelings reverse those around them, besides taking everything in the cross-grained manner.

And now please mark, and with emphasis, that love, in its normal state, is the great normalizer of all the other functions, but in its abnormal state, the abnormalizer and perverter of all. Marry one however pleasant when in a right state of love, by reversing that love you reverse the whole character. But let one be however reversed, by eliciting a right state of the affections you re-establish their former mode of the delightful manifestation of all their faculties. Even the health depends, as already seen, much on this same normal state of the affections.⁸⁹ That is, when a normal state previously exists, love will perpetuate that normality; but when the faculties have become reversed, they can easily be brought back by a right state of the affections. Hence right management after marriage can generally be made to obviate this objectionable condition, whereas conjugal alienation is certain to induce it, and thereby engender mutual repulsions.

A sweet breath is peculiarly significant of this normality, besides

being most desirable in itself, while a bad one indicates abnormality, besides being really very objectionable. But this depends mainly upon the state of the health, and especially stomach, teeth included. The breath is, therefore, peculiarly significant both ways.

68. SUDDEN LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

“Marry in haste, and repent at leisure,” is one of those trite sayings taught by the largest experience. And to be respected. Not that sudden love can not be genuine, but that it is extremely liable to be passionai and personal, unless it is absolutely the first on both sides. Those who have been kept back from company, and love till their love sentiment has acquired considerable force, may fall suddenly in love with a suitable object. Especially if their first-sight love is *mutual* and *mental*, this phase of love is one of its most sacred forms, and by all means to be respected. But all sudden love, if not mutual, is most objectionable, or if on only one side. Especially if accompanied with certain wild, excitable desperation. “The hottest love is soonest cold.” And this is doubly true when it fastens mainly on beauty, or personal charms, and if consummated, its objects are indeed to be pitied. On no account should the loved party consent to a hasty marriage; and the less the more importunate.

Yet when sudden love is mutual, genuine, and appertains to the minds of both parties, its mere suddenness is no objection. But true love fastens on merit. Hence, though a sudden instinct may suddenly perceive and as suddenly love this merit, yet a true love should begin like the opening day, and increase with years. Few of nature’s operations are sudden, except lightning, tornadoes, floods, earthquakes, something destructive. Her summer lingers in the lap of spring, and “fall in that of summer.”

Yet sudden love need not and should not be followed by a hasty marriage, for its suddenness renders it deserving the more thorough scrutiny till its genuineness is placed beyond a doubt, before its final consummation in marriage. The more sudden it is, the more deliberate should be the marriage. And the more impatient of delay, the more to be suspected, for the more it evinces that its origin is animal. Genuine love is content to be reciprocated, without demanding immediate marriage. Much more worthy every way that love which, unlike Jonah’s gourd, takes *time* to establish itself. For “early ripe, early to decay,” expresses a natural law quite as applicable to love as to everything else in nature. But, after all, its *purity* is the main thing. In that case its suddenness furnishes no ground for its rejection, but only for its thorough scrutiny.

69. A VIGOROUS AND NORMAL SEXUALITY.

Every natural production, marriage included, has, must have, some one *staminate* constituent, some absolute *indispensability*—that which is to it what foundation is to house, spinal column to osseous system, diadem jewel to crown, oxygen to air, head to body, and sun to solar system. Of course this principle applies to marriage. Then pray what is this, its *sine qua non*?

SEXUALITY, normal and abundant. This, and this alone, embodies that masculinity in man which both loves the feminine, and awakens love in return, as well as that femininity in woman which both loves masculine character, and also renders herself lovely thereto. Since love is the one natural and paramount constituent of the conjugal and parental relations,^{5 6 7} and since this sexuality is the only element which either loves or elicits love,^{4 5 6} therefore the more of this entity husband and wife possess, the more loving and lovely do they thereby become. Not that other human talents and virtues do not also contribute to love, but that this alone is *paramount*—that focal center around which all other marital constituents revolve. Since love can act only between those of opposite sexes, because only there can it find a base for action,⁶ therefore the more of this sexuality its subjects possess, the more they naturally blend, fuse, and become one; but the less in proportion as it is the weaker. This alone embodies whatever is manly in man and womanly in woman; alone inspirits and is inspirited, molds and is molded, loves and awakens love. She in whom it is weak neither influences husband much, nor is much influenced by him. Their mutual feelings and relations become proportionally human instead of conjugal, because unsexed.⁴ Hence, since woman alone can eliminate masculine character,⁵² a husband's talents, however great, must remain comparatively dormant in case his wife is poorly sexed, unless evolved by other female influences; whereas, when her sexuality is abundant, and both love each other, she will render him twice or thrice the man he could be rendered by one poorly sexed. Hence, also, those men who have risen in the world have either married—at least been under the influence of—some superior woman. *Per contra*, a well-sexed man will make twice or thrice the woman out of a given girl she could be rendered by one poorly sexed.

All other conjugal qualities sink into insignificance when compared with this, for it is the summing up of all, and likewise their embodiment—that which is to all what lime is to mortar, or tendon to muscle. Be it that a matrimonial candidate is crude and illiterate, as well as homely, yet how much *manhood* has he, should be a woman's

first practical inquiry touching her beau, and its answer should mainly determine her choice.

Has he a masculine intellect and *soul*, as well as body? That is, how much of a *man* is he? And so, likewise, he who would select a wife should inquire both as to a given female candidate and as to several in comparison with each other, how much of the *feminine* has this one or that, both individually, and as compared with each other? That is, how much of a *woman* is she? And which is the most? How much genuine female influence, both to develop me, and to help me develop myself, can this one or that wield over me? How much will she mold and inspirit me? How much *love* is she capable of experiencing and eliciting? How much female *style*, taste, and soul has she? Plain questions these, but CORE ones. Nor can our subject be at all comprehended without thus going to its very rootlets, and resolving it back to its first principles.

And this sexual element is the more important because, besides loving and awakening love, it also *confers life*, and likewise determines how *much* humanity, in proportion to the amount possessed, this or that prospective parent will transmit.⁶

Yet the amount of this sexual entity is by no means all. Whether its *state* is normal or abnormal,⁶⁷ is almost equally important. True, better possessed, though perverted, than deficient, for, like all other functions, it can be sanctified more easily than reincreased. Yet infinitely better if both hearty *and* pure. Still, the other party has much control over this matter—at least can guide and purify much easier than educe. Hence, the old adage, “reformed rakes make the best husbands,” because this element, strong, though perverted, has become re-normalized. And a knowing woman can always reform this element in the man who loves her. So can a husband that of his loving wife. Nevertheless, its perversion is a grievous fault, unless it can be re-normalized. Would that conjugal partners knew the art both of correcting its every action, and managing each other by means of this great helm of conjugality.

Lest we be misunderstood, we repeat, yet hardly need to, that this sexuality appertains even more to *mind* than person.^{4 5 6}

Be it therefore known, O man and woman in search of a conjugal mate, that this sexuality is the *one* great base and measure of both love and conjugal companionship, as well as parentage. With this you have “the one thing needful” in marriage. but lacking in this you lack in all.⁶ By means of this all other differences can readily be adjusted, though unadjustable without it. Those in whom this staminate condition is “all right” may be very dissimilar in other respects,

yet can live together happily in spite of a world of faults, whereas, without this, all their excellences will amount to little.

But this is only drawing from a deep fountain from which we have had, and shall still have, frequent occasion to draw largely.

Then, in the name of all the absolute and relative importance of this element, what are its *signs*? How can it be recognized and ad-measured? How may we know *how much* of it this one possesses, or that one lacks? How determine its amount and state? Important questions—and easily answered. For its signs are quite as apparent and infallible as those of justice, reason, mechanism, memory, or any other human capacity. Yet to attempt to point them out here would both take us too far out of our direct line of thought, besides anticipating the legitimate subject-matter assigned to Vol. II., in which this and many other like questions will be answered thoroughly, besides showing exactly what in woman man likes, and woman in man, and why. And this what *from* its why.

These general marital qualities might be indefinitely amplified, yet with these illustrations by way of putting inquirers on the right track, each and all can pursue them as far and in whatever direction they please.

Still, none should either accept or neglect this or that one on account of *minor* defects or excellences, but select the greatest *aggregate* good. Thus, one may have a minor flaw coupled with an excellency which increases the eligibility far more than a score of such faults would detract therefrom. True, all should select the greatest available good, for by the importance of a perfect love, is it important that its object be the most lovely attainable. Yet, again, our own *standard* of judgment may be erroneous, so that we may "call evil good, and good evil." All should choose the best they can, and then be satisfied with that choice.

Moreover, you are now simply selecting *materials*, not results, and require, not a conjugal partner *already* to your liking, but one out of which *can be made* what you can love—not so much what *is* as *can become*.⁹⁶ General heartiness or tameness, energy or passivity, a whole-souled interest in whatever interests at all, or a good easy make, and a right hearty shake of the hand or its mere tender, and all other like signs and functions, should be thrown into one common matrimonial equation, and general and specific results deciphered therefrom.

SECTION VII.

SPECIFIC CONJUGAL ADAPTATIONS; OR WHO CAN AND CAN NOT, LOVE WHOM? AND WHY?

“What is one’s meat, is another’s poison.”

70. DUTY OF PARENTS TO ENDOW THEIR OFFSPRING HEREDITARILY.

MAN owes certain obligations to his fellow-man and his God—duties imposed upon him along with his being itself, and by virtue of its very tenor. It is right, is incumbent on each and all, that they fulfill promises, relieve distress, worship God, etc.

But some of these duties are *paramount*, others only secondary. Yet of all the obligations one human being owes, can owe, to another, those due from parents to their children take precedence. Thus, A owes B five dollars; and though he has the money with which to pay he also has a sick or starving child. Now which duty is first—to pay B with this money, or save his child? Is not his obligation to save his darling child a hundred-fold more obligatory than to pay B? Nature says to every parent, in both the softest tones of parental love, and the loudest thunders of divine command, “*Care for your children first.*” “He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel.” To argue this point is supererogatory.

But, is it your solemn duty to care for your children when sick, and is it not a *prior* duty to prevent their *becoming* sick, as far as lies in your power? And the younger they are, the more imperative this duty of prevention. Hence, that to them before their birth far exceeds that after; on the principle that duty to infants exceeds that to those grown up. Are you not far more guilty for laying a train of causes *before* their birth sure to render them poor, weakly, puling mortals, than for neglecting them if sick, after? You recognize your post-natal duty to feed, house, educate, clothe, train, and nurse them, but wholly ignore your far higher ante-natal duty to these same children—a duty which affects their well-being, happiness, virtue, everything—a thousand-fold more than any post-natal conditions could do. By as much as it is your solemn duty to care for them when sick, is it a hundred-fold more your duty to confer on them hereditarily constitutions as free from disease as possible. And since he who neglects to provide for

his children is most guilty before God, man, and those dependent children, infinitely *more* guilty is he who almost obliges them to be sickly by entailing on them weakly organisms—especially when he could just as well have conferred healthy ones. He who, predisposed to consumption, by marrying a woman also thus predisposed, endangers the death of his prospective children by this disease, does them as great a real wrong as if he endangered their death by any *other* means. True, he kills them ignorantly, instead of with “malice prepense,” but kills them for all. How wicked to kill them by poison! But does not killing them by entailing consumption on them do them as great an injury? What though he *is* one of the kindest of neighbors, intelligent, devout, perfectly honest, and fulfills all his post-natal duties to them, and would no more wrong a neighbor than pluck out his own eye, or if he should unwittingly take a dime more than his due in trade, could not sleep till he had made restitution; yet has he not ignorantly but effectually induced the premature death of his own children, partly by hereditary entailment, and partly by neglecting their health after their birth, and thus virtually *killed* them, as effectually as if he had poisoned them? True, he intended them no wrong, because he knew no better; yet was it not his *duty* to have known beforehand? His minister did not indeed forewarn him, but his *instincts*⁴³ and own eyes did. He knew—at least *ought* to have known—before his marriage, that he and his prospective wife were both consumptively preinclined, and thereby endangered their future children’s premature death. Is he not therefore as guilty for endangering their death by consumption as by any other means? True, in having bestowed being upon them he has conferred a far greater good than evil by entailing premature death along with it. In their parental ledger he stands credited with their life, but charged with their premature death, and the balance is greatly in his favor; but does this give him the right to taint them with any constitutional disease? He follows them to their graves without one compunction of remorse, whereas he should tremble at every step as instrumental of their early death.

Or thus: Nature has certain hereditary laws. These laws, like her sun, are apparent, so that those who run may and should read. He is in duty bound to apply these hereditary, as well as all other natural laws to the best good of his children; nor has he any more right to violate these than any other. What right has he to impose on them the consequences of *any* violated natural law? Has he a right, by breaking the laws of gravity in throwing them into the air, to impose on them the consequences of their fall? Or by throwing them into water to subject them to the penalties of drowning; or fire, of burn-

ing? Or to inflict on them the dreadful consequences of violated *hereditary* laws, any more than of any other? Instead, is he not sacredly bound to obey nature's *hereditary* laws as much as her *gravitary*, or *respiratory*, or *sentient*, or any other? And to impose on them the dreadful consequences of disobeying either, is equally sinful in him, because injurious to them.

Yet there exists still another duty of parents anterior to even this. They are sacredly bound to *so order their marriage* as to secure the best possible natural *endowment* of prospective children. That natural law which imposes parentage, also requires not any children, but the very *best* attainable. And by instituting these hereditary laws, nature imposes on all the same moral obligation to fulfill *them*, as to fulfill any and all her other institutes. And as we infringe every other at our peril, so also this.

But, God be praised, she rewards their observance, equally with that of all her other laws. And these being paramount,³ their rewards and penalties are correspondingly eventful. She renders her obedient children happy in fulfilling all of her laws, but happiest in fulfilling these. She makes happy in many things, but, oh, man, woman, in what one thing *as* happy as in splendidly endowed *children*? Or as miserable as in and by those diseased and depraved? And the happier, the better they are endowed. All seek happiness. Yet by so marrying as to secure magnificent children, physically, intellectually, and morally, we can enhance our own happiness and that of our prospective children, far more than by any and all other means. To toil for those poorly endowed or sickly is better than to have none to toil for, yet how infinitely more grateful to labor for those superior than inferior! Nor does parental happiness depend a tithe as much on how they are educated, as on how they are hereditarily *constituted*.

"But this is looking a long way ahead."

Not far ahead of marriage. True, these effects *continue* as long as any of your descendants inhabit the earth, or you or they *exist*! But they *begin* soon after marriage. Then duly consider them along with that marriage itself.

"But this canvassing each other's parental qualities before or during courtship, is at least indelicate, if not improper."

Is it delicate to have children at all? Then is it not equally, indeed far more so, to provide for *good* ones than poor? Is it not far more "improper" to produce *poor* than good? Does not whatever indelicacy there is inhere in their *wrong*, not right production? "Indelicate!" "Improper!" Then is breathing, eating, sleeping, fulfilling any other natural requisition "improper." But, since "evil *is* to him

who evil *thinks*," and *because* he thus thinks, so all indelicacy inheres in the *mood of the actor*, not the nature of the case.

"But let *me* be happy in my *companion* first, children afterward."

Yet since both are governed by the very same conditions,⁴¹ in and by providing for the highest endowment of your children, you provide for your own highest conjugal happiness, because both depend on the very same conditions. Nature cruelly requires you to sacrifice neither on the altar of the other, but blessedly unites the highest conjugal happiness with the highest parental. That is, her conditions of the most perfect love are likewise those of the most perfect parentage; and all natural conditions of conjugal discord, are also and therefore deteriorating to progeny.

This parental doctrine opens up a new and most powerful matrimonial motive. Thus far, right marriage has been argued for its *own* sake, whereas this motive *superadds* that of superior descendants to the latest generation, and thereby augments, beyond all computation, the importance of a right matrimonial selection,⁵² to which we now proceed.

71. DIVERSITY, A LAW OF NATURE AND MARRIAGE.

Nature is both most economical, yet most provident. And evinces both qualities in having *diversified* the tastes and habits of all her productions. If she had adapted all to feed on but one kind of food, or inhabit but the one place, or do but one thing, great scarcity in one and plethora in another—an insufferable crowd here, but nothing there—must have transpired throughout all her domains. Instead, she has adapted some of her productions to live on land, others in water, others still in air; and one to eat this kind of food, another that; and endowed one with this gift, taste, passion, another that, throughout all her domains. She thus fills all, consumes all, and turns all to practical account. Indeed, some feed on the very offal of others, while some thrive on what destroys others, etc., illimitably.

This diversifying law appertains equally to tastes, talents, likes, dislikes, religions, and all other feelings, doctrines, and dispositions, *ad infinitum*—a natural institute, beautifully proved and illustrated by Phrenology. And how advantageous to all that men do thus differ!

But to nothing does this diversifying arrangement of Nature apply as effectually as to love—its tastes, likes, dislikes, and adaptations! And as some like one kind of friends and others another, as some even like the very same *traits* disliked by others, and hate those liked by the former; so pre-eminently of sexual likes and dislikes. One man

is all entranced by this beauty, in which another sees only commonness or deformity—the one even admiring, the other rejecting, the very same qualities. Some men like large, some small, others again medium-sized women. So of the different complexions. Equally so of different traits of character. And this difference is the more remarkable because these same men are so nearly alike in other respects.

Different women also like different men, and even different traits in the same man. One woman admires, another dislikes, the very same masculine qualities. One can not endure what perfectly fascinates another, yet each is intelligent, and judges both correctly and alike in other respects.

So the same man exactly adapted to be perfectly happy as a husband with this woman, and make her happy, is adapted to be and make another perfectly miserable. And a given woman, perfectly adapted to make this man an excellent wife, is very poorly adapted to companionship with that. And these same wives, now very poor ones for some men, are just what others require. Indeed, however important those general qualifications of the last section, are not the *special* ones of this quite as much so? We will not discuss their relative importance, but aver that *both* are immeasurably so. And what each requires is one perfect in *both*—one who, to all the *general* prerequisites of that, superadds those *special* traits adapted to his or her own *specialties*. We repeat, love, to yield all its sweets, must be *perfect*. This requires perfect *adaptation*, or, if perfection is unattainable, it should attain as much as possible, and be marred with the fewest faults.

Yet is this whole matter all hypothetical? Has it any, or no, governing principles? Run no law and order through this seeming confusion? Is there no *certainty* as to who will like whom? Can we not predicate beforehand what traits each will like in each, and why?

Indeed we can. As we predicate that fish love water, fowls air, animals land, etc., so it can be predicated with certainty what traits given men and women will like in each other. That this whole matter *has* its governing laws, is obvious, for Nature leaves no department of her works ungoverned by law.² Has not left this. Then, by learning and applying these governing laws, we can tell beforehand who can love whom. And with as much absolute certainty as, by knowing the astronomical laws and conditions, we can calculate eclipses.

Or thus, Nature has adapted the sexes to love each other.⁶ She has also adapted particular males and females to one another. And this, her special fitness, is quite as specific as her general. She creates a supply for this sexual want of each and all her creatures.³⁷ As her

creating about as many of each sex as of either, proves that each can and all should be supplied with one,⁴¹ so her creating these *special tastes*, also proves that she provides for their special supply. Her entire economies establish this. Hence, no man or woman is, or can be so peculiar but that she has peculiarly adapted some one to each of their peculiarities. Universal fact confirms this as a natural law. Then,

“There’s a flower in the garden for you, young man.”

Yet, though there, it requires some art to *select* and pluck it. Few either know just what they require, or when they find it. No first laws have ever yet been promulgated respecting it. Walker tried, and even achieved something, yet lacked only a talisman, and spurned his only philosopher’s stone, namely, Phrenology, which embodies *Nature’s* guide to any and all required companionships, besides furnishing the only reliable solution of this eventful problem—Whom shall I marry?⁵² Scrutinize well the following solution of it.

72. SIMILARITY, THE PARAMOUNT CONDITION.

This special fitness of each to each must, like general fitness, have some *vertebral* or cardinal condition. It has. With it, you have the *great* prerequisite. Without it, nothing. Then, pray, what is it?

SIMILARITY. The parties should be substantially *alike*. And by virtue of this natural law—that “like likes like,” and intermingles therewith, but dislikes unlikes. First as to the *fact*. Next its reason.

Do lions naturally associate with sheep, or wolves with fowls, or elephants with tigers? Do not elephants herd with elephants, wolves with wolves, felines with felines, bovines with bovines, etc.? And each particular *stripe* with its own, throughout insect, fowl, fish, everything in water, in air, on land, vegetable even included? Why, the very rocks follow this general law, for where there is any granite or slate, all is granite or slate. And thus of iron, coal, clay, soil, oil, water, everything. Indeed, this rule is so universal that merely to state it is to prove it—Walker to the contrary notwithstanding.

Hence, human beings like their fellow-men better than animals. Though some men like dogs, and women cats, better than their own kind, yet do these few misanthropists invalidate this fundamental law? Why, the very fact that mankind talks with and understands his fellow-man better than brutes, proves that similarity is the law, and dissimilarity the exception. To eliminate a point so clear would be to stultify both writer and reader.

Nor is this similarity the grand base of all general consociation merely; is it not equally that of all *special* likes and dislikes? Not

only does man affiliate with man better than with animals, and each animal with its own kind better than with others, but all specific differences in any race of animals affiliates most with its own special stripe. Do not "*birds of a feather flock together*?"

Equally so of the different races of men. Do not Ethiop mingle with Ethiopian, Malay with Malay, Caucasian with Caucasian, Indian with Indian, and even each *tribe* with each, far better than either with any of the others? And thus of nations, and even families?

This law of similarity is equally the great base of friendship. Even those who have any special habits love to associate together: such as opium-eaters, wine-bibbers, whisky-drinkers, tobacco-chewers and smokers, swearers, backbiters, thieves, etc. And even particular *kinds* at that. Equally so those who have any special intellectual or moral proclivities. Do not the followers of Mohammed and Juggernaut, and the worshipers of "the Great Spirit," each like each other most? Do not Presbyterians like Presbyterians, Methodists Methodists, Catholics Catholics, Progressives Progressives, old fogies old fogies, etc., better than either any others? Do fire-eating slave-holders love, or hate, rampant abolitionists? Is not similarity the law, and opposites the exception, throughout all general likes and dislikes? Clanism in all its forms, cousining included, has this same base.

Nor, not only philosophers make friends with philosophers, poets with poets, actors with actors, horticulturists with horticulturists, etc.; but each *individual* man and woman chooses for his or her intimates those as nearly *like* themselves in doctrines, habits, feeling, everything as possible. Attest, ye who experience friendship's sacred bond, are you drawn most to those like yourselves, or unlike? Are you pious, and love you best to commune with Atheists, or with Christians? And of your own particular faith, or those of another? Love you science, and love you not *its* votaries better than others? Like you best to talk with those who continually contradict, or agree with you? Let facts on the largest and most ramified scale attest. Really, does a principle so plain, so universal, require argument? Nor are those who dispute this, its wholesale aspect, worthy of notice.

And are not the laws of friendship and love identical? Indeed, is not love composed in part of friendship? Can a genuine love exist without friendship? And does not love generally commence in friendship? Sufficient to prove that the laws of either are also those of the other?

But to go right down to the *facts* in the case of sexual likes and dislikes. Not only do men like those men most who are most like them-

selves, and women women, but men like those *women* best who are most like themselves, and women, men. For example, do not men who have special beliefs love to intercommune best with those women who like the *same*? Do talented men love silly women, and talented women simpleton men? Instead, do not men of mind love intellectual women best? And thus of piety, refinement, and all other characteristics? How much more is this a law of love than of consociation merely?

Once more, and to the very point. Say, you who have chosen lovers, did you select them on the general base of *similarity*? Or of *dissimilarity*? If pious yourself, do you not feel drawn most, not only to those who are also pious, but to those who love to worship at that *same* altar which you also love best? And did you not *suppose* you were alike on the very points wherein you now find you differ? Attest, you who find yourselves discordant, whether your alienations originated in *concords* or *discords*? Comparing notes on certain points, and finding yourselves similar, you too hurriedly inferred a like similarity on other points, whereas finding yourselves unlike caused your difficulties. If allowed to choose again, would you select one similar, or dissimilar? As concordant notes delight, and discordant pain, so with concordant and discordant spirits. Eternal jarrings and gratings are the inevitable consequences of dissimilarity.

Admitted that seeming exceptions abound, yet many *only* seem. An intelligent lady rejected a lover because, as she alleged, so like herself; but, cross-questioned, it appeared that the *real* repulsion lay in his merely saying yes to all she said. He said yes to this, and yes to that, not because he thought so, but because he concurred just to please her. And she rejected him, not because so like herself, but because he lacked decision. Say, all ye who love, is not congeniality the simple base of your mutual attraction?

But enough of facts. Next, their *analysis*. For *whys* constitute the strongest possible evince of *whats*. Then please weigh well these three propositions, and their bearing on this point.

1. We like whatever renders us happy, because thereof; and in proportion thereto, but hate whatever renders us miserable, because of this misery, and in proportion to it, as already shown.⁴² Indeed, it is by means of this involuntary shrinking from pain, and love of enjoyment, that Nature drives us from the disobedience, and attracts us to the obedience, of her laws; and has therefore rendered it both necessary in itself, and a universal concomitant of sensation.

2. We are rendered happy by the normal, but miserable by the abnormal, action of our faculties. And the more so the stronger they

are. But this being so obviously a first law and condition of all happiness and misery, and so clearly established by Phrenology, we pass directly to—

3. Similar and normal faculties awaken each other agreeably, but dissimilar and abnormal ones disagreeably. Thus, large Ideality or taste delights large, and is delighted by it, but disgusted by small; and thus of each, and all the other faculties. To detail a point thus basilar and important, and apply all three principles to the case in hand—

Mr. A——, having large Ideality, and of course being delighted with the beautiful, but disgusted with the coarse and slatternly wherever he finds them, marries Miss B——, who has Ideality also large, and is therefore continually feasting his taste with new manifestations of beauty and perfection in manners, expression, and sentiment, besides pointing out to his admiring tastes a constant succession of fresh beauties in nature, poetry, and character—thus perpetually reincreasing his happiness by calling out one of his cherished faculties. Meanwhile his large Ideality is as constantly delighting hers, so that their being alike in this respect is a constant source of happiness, and therefore of love, to both.

But suppose, instead, he marries dissimilarity, or one whose deficient taste or refinement is constantly tormenting his refined tastes, while she suffers constant practical reproof from his large Ideality. Of course their dissimilarity is a perpetual eyesore to both. The practical difference is heaven-wide between marrying one who is similar, and one dissimilar.

Or a pious woman, whose large Veneration gives her a world of pleasure in divine worship, marries one who takes equal pleasure in the same worship—and both enjoy all the more pleasure in each other if they love to worship the same God, and “under the same vine and fig-tree”—her Veneration reawakens his, which makes him happy in her, and therefore love her, while his, by reawakening hers, continually renders her happy in him, and therefore increases her love for him.

But, *per contra*, he is an atheist. So far from her large Veneration being made happy by this difference, it is abraded, reversed, pained, by his atheism, and her fears respecting his eternal salvation, which renders her unhappy in him, and this compels her, *nolens volens*, to dislike him; while he considers her piety superstition, which lessens his happiness in her, and therefore love for her. Their having no sympathy in this respect mars their union, and impairs their love in other respects.

Where one loves dress, parties, style, gayety, and fashion, and the other considers them foolish, or regards them with aversion, can they be as happy in each other, and therefore love each other, as well as if *both* liked or disliked them? If both take delight in pursuing the same studies together, will not this mutual delight render them much happier in each other, and therefore affectionate, than if one liked and the other disliked the same books? Did not Milton's conjugal difficulty grow out of dissimilarity? He, talented, philosophical, poetical; but she, despising what he liked, and liking those gayeties which he held in contempt. If one, having large Conscientiousness, scrupulously loves the right and hates the wrong, while the other, having small Conscientiousness, cares little for either right or wrong, and is constantly abrading the moral sense of the other, *can* they live as happily and lovingly together as if *both* were either scrupulous or unscrupulous? Can he whose large Order is delighted by method, and pained by disorder, be as happy in, or as fond of, her whose small Order is perpetually leaving everything in glorious confusion, as if both liked order, or cared little for it? If one believes in free love, should not both—each giving and taking the largest liberties? And what is jealousy, with all its aggravated miseries, but dissimilarity in this essential respect? Is not similarity even in the wrong more promotive of conjugal concord than if one is right and the other wrong, or either condemns what the other likes? Do pointed or marked differences render the differing the *more* happy because loving in each other, or the less so? Ye who love, attest. Do you who are unhappy repel each other wherein you agree, or *disagree*? Do you love the more the more you differ, or the less? Are you unhappy because alike, or unlike? Do not *opposite* views always and necessarily engender alienations? In a recent divorce suit, in which a prominent actor acted a prominent part, was it their similarity, or *dissimilarity* which caused their collision? Say, further, ye who are happily mated, does not your own blessed experience attest that you are happy in, and therefore fond of each other wherein, because, and in proportion as, you are *alike*, instead of unlike?

Doubly is this true of the social affections. Let a public example both prove and illustrate this point. Many years ago a fair actress captivated a millionaire, who followed her from city to city, and continent to continent, strewing her stage with rich bouquets and presents, and everywhere tendering her his hand, heart, and fortune, till, finally, to get rid of his importunities, she married him. Yet this very suitor, after having followed her from Philadelphia to New York, New Orleans, Montreal, London, Paris, Rome, with imploring importunities,

was the very man to sue for a divorce ; because, loving her with passionate fondness, he required a like affectionate ardor in return. Yet her barely tolerating his ardor instead of reciprocating it, first chilled, then reversed his love, turning his ardor into animosity, till he hated her as passionately as he had before loved ; whereas, if she too had loved him as heartily as he her, their mutual happiness and love would have been proportionately complete. As well wed summer to winter, or ice to fire, as those who are passionate to those passionless ; or those who love to caress and be caressed, to those who are distant and reserved ; or one gushing and glowing to one who is stoical. Unite, they never can.

Nor must they be alike in amount merely, but also in *quality*, or kind. Is the love of either Platonic, that of the other must be equally so. Or is that of either personal, that of the other must be personal also. A universal fact sustained by the largest observation and experience. Indeed, dissimilarity in this respect is the greatest single cause of matrimonial aversion ; as similarity here is the greatest single bond-principle of affectionate alliances.

Another anecdote. An intelligent young lady of twenty-two, who received a full written-out phrenological description of her character, modestly drew from her reticule a daguerrean likeness, inquiring, "Am I adapted to this man in marriage?" Answering her question mainly in the negative, after having left town, she wrote—

"Mr. and Mrs. F——, I am in this quandary. Though betrothed to the man whose likeness I showed you, yet my *affections* belong to another. Now which shall I do, spoil *myself* by marrying the man to whom I am betrothed, but whom I do not, can not love, or spoil him by marrying the one I love?" After mature deliberation, we wrote, "Marry where you *love*, else you spoil both." She begged of him to be excused from her engagement. This hurried her gay Lothario home from California, where he had gone to dig gold that he might marry her, with the reply, "No, indeed. Think you I will give up as good a wife as you will make me? Only tell me the day you will make me but too happy by marrying me," and literally obliged her to marry him. But they have lived miserably together ever since ; and he the most so, because the most disappointed by their dissimilarity.

But Nature's *rationale* of this similarity both crowns and stamps it as her unalterable edict. Her universal motto is, "Each after its own kind." She absolutely *must* interdict hybridism, except to a limited degree, and preserve each respective *class* of her productions separate from all others. Universal amalgamation would spoil all. Suppose corn crossed with wheat, and both with oats, and all with tares, and

all these with everything else, sweet, bitter, good, bad, wholesome, poisonous, would not this intermixing of all spoil all? Or suppose animal, vegetable, human, all intermixed, fish and fowl included, would the *united* production of lion and sheep, horse and alligator, elephant and eagle, fish, fowl, and human, improve all, or spoil all? Thank Heaven, mermaids are scarce—and those *manufactured* by human hands. Mules, whose parents are quite alike, by uniting the size of the one with the hardness of the other, do indeed constitute a useful exception; but if lion and sheep should interpropagate, the lion part of their progeny would spoil the lamb part, and lamb, lion. And thus of all other different orders of animals. Nature not only keeps her human productions separate from all others, but even discourages the intermixture of the different races, by depriving mulattoes of both the Negro stamina and Caucasian intelligence, besides running out their progeny, and rendering the intermarriage of Indian with white always infelicitous. Even the marriage of a fine-grained woman with a coarse-grained man both engenders mutual animosities between them, and renders their offspring heterogeneous—"a house divided against itself"—the refinement inherited from her at perpetual variance with the coarser proclivities derived from him, thereby rendering both nugatory and insipid. Indeed, the children of dissimilar parentage can almost always be designated by their imperfect phrenologies and physiologies, and tendencies to hobbyisms and extremes, while those of similar parentage are homogeneous and harmonious. Not that all parental dissimilarity impair offspring, as will soon be shown, but that extreme differences preclude parentage,⁵⁰ while in general minor ones proportionably impair offspring.

But what institute of Nature is more obvious? What supported by a larger range of inductive facts, or established by the very necessity of things, than that "like likes like," while dissimilarity repels?

But why multiply examples either in proof or illustration of this cardinal doctrine? In phrenological language, similar developments promote mutual love, by promoting their mutual affections, while opposite ones, by creating abnormal action,⁶⁷ produce unhappiness, and therefore alienations. Indeed, both this fact and principle are so perfectly apparent as not to require even the amplification given them, but that Walker, ignoring Phrenology, that great guide in all matters appertaining to human nature and life, has blindly led the blind, till both have stumbled into this most egregious error, that opposites unite. In short, that indefinable union and sympathy, in which true love consists,⁶ springs up between those who are *harmonious*, not discordant; those who love and hate the *same* things, doctrines, precepts,

everything—those whose entire beings keep perfect time and tune with each other. Be a little careful, then, ye who would reap Nature's matrimonial and parental rewards, but escape her penalties, how you follow Walker's doctrine of dissimilarity, for she will be *respected*, at least by punishment, if not by obedience.

73. CASES IN WHICH DISSIMILARITIES ARE ADVISABLE.

"But you certainly misinterpret that Nature you claim to enthrone. Contrasts really *do* assimilate, after all. The gravest often love the gayest, and gayest, gravest. How often are stork-like men seen escorting dowdy women, and fleshy men spare women, and *vice versa*? How often have husbands and wives directly opposite complexions, temperaments, etc.? How often does cool, patient stoicism prefer a fiery Hibernian temperament; or a forcible, determined man a meek, submissive wife; or an energetic woman a putty man; or a great talker one who is demure; or one who is slovenly, one who is tidy, etc.; and so of contrasts innumerable. Do not talented men generally choose affectionate women, instead of 'blue stockings?' And common men uncommon women? Is not Walker's doctrine of contrasts right after all, and this of similarity wrong, though plausible? Has not Anglo-Saxon stock been rendered confessedly the best in the world by the wholesale *intercommingling* of the ancient Britons, Picts, Celts, and Romans, both with each other, and the Normans, Danes, and no telling how many more? Is not this superiority traceable to that amalgam? Are not nations not thus crossed either stationary or declining? Of which Spain, India, and all Eastern nations, furnish examples. Is not this influx of foreigners from all Europe, Asia, and Africa into our country its most auspicious omen of future development? Has not this very crossing law already effected all those recent astonishing improvements attained throughout the animal kingdom, and even the floral and pomal? Did not Van Mons originate every one of those delicious kinds of pears, now the pride of horticulture and diet of epicurean princes, by judicious *crossings*, yet not one by similarity? Even your own 'Hereditary Descent' shows what astonishing improvements have been and may be effected by this same union of *opposites*, instead of similarities.⁷⁴ Surely something must be wrong somewhere."

Both doctrines are correct—that of similarity applicable in one set of cases, that of contrasts in another. And Nature tells us *which* she requires in specific cases, by her *what fors*. Her entire sexual and marital philosophies are ordained to subserve the multiplication and endowment of the race.⁶ The laws of love and hereditary descent

are identical. Those who are best adapted to love each other are also, and therefore best adapted to parent the most and best offspring.^{6 41}

Nature has her inside and outside circles, within which she allows full liberty, but which she never allows man to transcend. Thus, suppose her average masculine height to be about six feet, and weight 175 pounds, she ordains that those near this standard should prefer those like themselves; but that those who are *very* tall, or spare, or large, or small, or anything else, shall love their *opposites*, so as to bring their children *back* to her mediums. She brings back the children of those who surge to either extreme by creating in them an affinity for their *opposites*, and hence cause very tall men to love short women, in order that their children may be average in height, lest, if they should marry very tall women, their progeny, naturally inheriting the strongest qualities of both their parents, should become still more inconveniently tall; and very large, coarse men small, fine-grained women, and very short women tall men, and very dark eyes, hair, and skin light ones, and thus throughout all *extremes*, physical and mental. And for a like reason. Yet those who are mediums in any respect assimilate with those like themselves in these respects. But wherein even they are in *extremes*, they love those *unlike* themselves.

Let a supposition illustrate this point. If one who is constitutionally so very excitable that his surplus excitement renders him unhappy, marries one whose equal excitability perpetually reincreases his own, and thereby constantly renders him unhappy, she makes him dislike her, while his excitability, by perpetually reincreasing hers, also reincreases her unhappiness, and therefore engenders mutual hatred, besides transmitting this *double* excitability to their children, and thereby predisposes them to precocity, nervousness, and premature graves. Whereas, instead, by marrying one whose natural calmness *quiets* his painful excitability, and soothes instead of irritating him, her calmness would render him *happy* instead of miserable in her; while his excitability, by quickening her composure, would render her happier in him than in one equally composed, besides striking the balance in their offspring; thereby also obviating the faults of both parents in future generations, which their marrying *similars* would have aggravated. By a right application of this law, those, however, predisposed to insanity, may reasonably expect not only that their children will escape all insane proclivities, but even be improved by this parental taint. Indeed, talented men are often descended from a family so extremely susceptible on one side as to be almost crack-brained, but on the other side endowed with extreme physical hardihood; their

children inheriting their mentality from the highly organized side, along with the physiology of the hardy side; whereas, if both parents had been thus gifted, they would not have possessed sufficient animal power to manifest their commanding talents, but have died on the threshold of distinction. Hence, even insane proclivities may become a decided marital recommendation.

Or, if a man predisposed to consumption should marry a woman having extra good lungs, she will both supply him with needed vitality, and also transmit vitality to their mutual children, who will inherit from him that mentality which accompanies consumptive proclivities, in addition to her abundant vitality, and thereby both escape all consumptive proclivities, besides being actually *improved* by his consumptive taint. By a judicious application of this law, not only consumption, but all other hereditary ailments can be both obviated, and even replaced with excellent characteristics instead. All required is that when either is weakly or unsound in any particular respect, the other should be sound and vigorous in this same respect. Yet this is absolutely indispensable. And, like weaknesses in the other party, by all manner of means must be scrupulously avoided. Or even one parent may be predisposed to one disease, and the other to another, yet their children escape both, *provided* the predisposition in each is *offset* by *opposite* physical qualities in the other. Yet when *not* thus offset, they are in great danger of inheriting the diseases of both.

But when one having weak lungs marries one predisposed to consumption, their mutual children, having still less of this lung element, die one after the other, thus inflicting untold agonies on their parents. Even while I write, a spare, narrow-chested neighbor, having married into a consumptive family, is burying his last child but one, and that weakly, after having buried his wife of consumption, having already followed four—two on the eve of marriage—to consumptive graves. What heart-rending agony! Yet all self-inflicted! For, by marrying one having large lungs, his wife and children might all have lived to bless him, themselves, and the world. He says, “A most afflictive dispensation of Providence; sent by our heavenly Father to prepare him to follow them,” whereas, it is the legitimate *consequence* of his ignorance and neglect of Nature’s institute. What a libel on the character and government of God! What pious profanity!

Combe’s recommending those with hereditary predisposition to disease not to marry, therefore requires this important addition, that *all* may marry, *provided* they unite with those *oppositely* constituted. Why not the Combes themselves, by following this law, have given to posterity as splendid intellectual and moral luminaries as did

their parents? Or if their parents had been guided by this interdictory doctrine, how great the loss to the race—as great as all the blessings the Combes have conferred upon mankind! Though actuated by the very best of motives, yet their partial views have prevented themselves and many others from enjoying the domestic relations, who otherwise might have been both happy in marriage, and the happy parents of healthy and highly endowed children.

Besides, infinitely better to be born consumptive, than *not to be*. “It is not all of life to live” here—is but its merest moiety. *Another* life stands in waiting! And there consumptives can enjoy as well as others. Infinitely better die while young, and exist forever, than *never* to be. Those born however feeble, should offer up eternal gratitude to their parents for endowing them with life at all, because they can now live forever! What if manifold ailments do abridge *this* life’s pleasures, increase its sufferings, and hasten death, all possible evils here are as nothing when compared with those blessings conferred by immortality! Of course all should be the more thankful the better constituted; yet those least endowed should exult in possessing even the poorest constitutions, and make the best of what they have.

Still more in point. Nature never transmits diseased, but only *weakly* organs. Thus the children of parents however consumptive, are never born with diseased lungs, but only with those small, or susceptible; so that if they generate disease by violating the health laws, it settles on those weak organs, and superinduces disease. The real cause of their death is not hereditary proclivities, but *infractions of the health laws*, but for which this hereditary tendency would have remained dormant. Nature will not transmit any actual disease, local or general, but only weakness or susceptibility.

And counterbalances even these by always obliging strong organs to succor weak ones; and likewise causing the weakest to grow *fastest*, on the principle that over-eating induces sleep by withdrawing energy from brain, nerves, and muscles to aid the over-taxed stomach. And this lingering disease consumes all the strong and sound organs before death ensues. Organs weak by nature, when the health-laws are fulfilled, will grow *stronger* with age, thus both repelling disease, and completing a good fair human life. How often do weakly children become stronger as they grow older, and make healthy adults? All by virtue of this law of growth. And all endowed with strength enough to be born, can, by proper regimen, attain a full human life, and die of old age. Nature will not *begin* what she can not consummate, provided allowed her own facilities; and hence interdicts parentage to those either too young, or old, or debilitated, or diseased any-

where, or deformed, or depraved, etc., to impart sufficient of all the human functions to enable their children, by a right hygiene, to live to a good old age. By this simple arrangement she forestalls all those diseases, deformities, and marked imperfections which would otherwise impair, if not spoil, universal humanity. "Passably good, or none. Nothing, rather than bad," is her motto. None need therefore abstain from marriage lest they taint their issue. Yet those thus tainted absolutely *must* do these two things—marry opposites, and also cultivate, *cultivate*, CULTIVATE, both their own and children's tainted organs. These two simple conditions, carried out, would rid the world in the very next generation of all forms and degrees of hereditary diseases—a natural provision, how beautiful, how infinitely important, yet almost wholly overlooked!

This same law of offsetting imperfections by marrying opposites also governs the mental faculties. Suppose a man having very large percepts with small reflectives, marries a woman having *large* reflectives with small percepts; since both transmit what is strongest in themselves, their children will inherit his large percepts *along with* her large reflectives; thus possessing the perfections of both, unmarred by the imperfections of neither. He can remember, but not think; she can think, but not remember; while their children can both think *and* remember. And this likewise improves their copartnership, as well as progeny. If he, unable to plan, should marry one equally deficient in Causation, all they attempt must fail, because poorly devised, whereas prosperity now attends them, because her large Causality does up the planning for both, and his percepts the perceiving, so that both prosper much better *together*, though unlike, than if alike. And thus equally of memory and judgment, of language and sense, of poetry and philosophy, of each and all the intellectual capacities; so that these offsettings can be made to improve all *marriages* as well as offspring. And this same principle applies equally to the moral, the passional, the affectional, and all the other human elements.

Yet unfavorable combinations *deteriorate* both marriage and issue, as much as favorable ones improve both. Thus, if one has predominate Secretiveness and the other excessive Acquisitiveness, though the Conscientiousness of each may suffice to keep both honest, yet their children, inheriting the Secretiveness of the one *superadded* to the Acquisitiveness of the other, may become rogues, whereas Conscientiousness could manage either organ alone, but not both together. Hence, good parents sometimes produce bad children, by combining two unfavorable qualities. Yet, again, bad parents sometimes produce good children, by uniting one excellent trait from one with another predomi-

nate good quality in the other. Nature's laws, like edged tools, cut both ways—are most useful when handled right, yet handled thoughtlessly do irreparable damage. But an understanding of Phrenology renders this whole matter so clear, that “a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.” An illustration.

A man having a high, long, and narrow head, that is, a predominant reflective and moral group, with deficient perceptive and selfish organs, married a woman large in the perceptive and animal region, yet no way remarkable for moral endowments. He knew he lacked both energy and selfishness to look out for number one, yet judged that she possessed enough of both to make up for his want of them, and selected her *because* so opposite to himself. And she now takes his part and that of their children, stoutly resists impositions, and inspirits him to effort, while their children inherit his excellence and moral tone, along with her propelling powers—their girls taking the most after him, but boys after her—thereby both improving their matrimonial alliance, and counteracting his extreme goodness and her selfishness, which must have eventuated from their marrying similarities. He employed Phrenology in making his selection.

“But how did he prevent her combative, destructive, obstinate, and selfish traits from imposing on *himself*?”

By the power of *love*, for both had a large *social* lobe. By cultivating her affections for him, he turned her combative arms *to*, and for, not against, him; whereas, but for love, those organs would have been arrayed *against* himself, and converted her selfishness into animosity. Thus this same Phrenology which taught him *what* to select, also taught him how to *manage* after selection. There must be sufficient similarity to cement this love, which, cherished, can be made to harmonize almost any amount of other differences. Hence, those excessively proud or vain, obstinate or flexible, good or selfish, bold or timid, gloomy or visionary, judicious or reckless, or anything else wrong or imperfect, have here the perfect antidote for their own imperfections, and those of their prospective children, both delightful in its operation, and certain in its efficiency. But, mark. The first *cardinal* condition in all such cases is to *establish*, and then to *cherish affection*. Otherwise diversity will necessarily engender animosities.

This same principle can be employed to improve all marriages and their productions, indeed the very race, to any imaginable extent. Even the most sanguine have no idea of the *extent* to which this ordinance of Nature can be applied to perfect humanity. Yet we can hardly do this subject justice without again quoting substantially from “Hereditary Descent”⁶⁵—a work containing thousands of instances of

the transmission of all sorts of qualities for many generations, and the application of the laws deduced therefrom to the improvement of the race, the intrinsic merits of which demand its widest circulation.

"All Nature's works are inimitably beautiful; yet the confluence of this principle of illimitable improvement with this law of the re-increase of organs by cultivation, constitutes her *top stone* of human hope and of divine wisdom and goodness. Which of her provisions is more promotive of human happiness than either separately? Then how infinitely more both in *conjunction*! Their united action embodies her great deliverance of our race from its present low estate, and grand instrumentality of placing it on its exalted principle of prospective perfection and happiness. A few examples.

"Longevity is both transmissible, and capable of being re-increased by a rigid observance of the health-laws. If two marry, each of whose ancestors reached a hundred, an age often attained, they can not only attain a like age, but, as their ancestors lived thus long in spite of numerous and aggravated violations of the health-laws, their descendants, by obeying these laws, can live to be a hundred and twenty as easily as their ancestors a hundred, besides imparting to their offspring sufficient constitution to capacitate them also to live to reach a hundred and twenty. Indeed, more, because of the *confluence* of two long-lived parental conditions. If, then, these children both still further improve their original life-power, and also marry companions equally long-lived, they can live to be a hundred and forty as easily as their parents a hundred and twenty, or grandparents a hundred, and parent children capable of reaching a hundred and fifty, because the parental *union* of those long-lived conditions renders their children still longer lived. As, if children of the rich should intermarry only with the wealthy, and then *augment* their patrimony by judicious efforts, the riches of their descendants could be re-increased by every succeeding generation, so the mere marriage of the long-lived with the long-lived will increase and re-increase the age of every succeeding generation, while a rigid observance of the health-laws *superadded*, will *redouble* this tenacity of life more and more every succeeding generation, till the oldest now would be almost babes compared with those who might be made to inhabit our earth in future ages. Are we on doubtful ground? Does not the union of two long-lived parents produce offspring still longer lived? And can not this longevity be still re-increased by obeying the physical laws? Then what hinders mankind from becoming as old as Methuselahs? 'What man has been, man can be.' 'As the days of a *tree* shall be the days of my people.' Who has set bounds to the improvement of man? Then why not human longevity equally illimitable? Since the 'child shall die a hundred years old,' pray, how old must their *aged* men and women be? The seeds of all this, of 'even greater things than these,' are planted in the primitive constitution of humanity, and will yet bring forth wonderfully, to the glory of God, and the infinite improvement and happiness of his children!

"These principles apply equally to strengthening the muscles, stomach, heart, lungs, and every other physical organ and function. All physical excellences can be both retained, and re-combined and transmitted with others, and our race re-perfected physically, as long as it continues, until the human physiology shall have become almost infinitely perfect throughout.

"Thus, if a splendid-looking man should marry an exquisitely beautiful woman, their children, still more beautiful, can, by marrying other types of beauty, endow *their* descendants again with both a higher order and new combinations of beautiful elements, to be re-augmented, generation after generation, till those most beautiful now will be most homely in comparison, and human vision regaled with almost angelic loveliness! And thus of all other physical qualities.

"And this law applies equally to the intellectual and *moral* improvement of mankind. Not only does improving the beauty also and thereby improve the mind *ipso facto*, but each and all the human faculties and characteristics can be equally re-improved illimitably by the application of this same law. Thus, Patrick Henry's oratorical genius was produced by the confluence of three ancestral rivers of lingual and oratorical superiority. Now suppose he had married a daughter of Jonathan Edwards, endowed with the

transcendent intellectual and moral capacities of both lines of her illustrious parentage, the union of such gigantic powers of intellect with such exalted moral sentiments, conjoined with the eloquence of a Henry, must, in accordance with this hereditary law, have produced an issue endowed with far greater and more diversified intellectual, moral, and elocutionary gifts than any yet manifested by mortal man! Yet even this only intellectual and moral mediocrity in comparison with what the right and long-continued application of this law is capable of producing!

"Franklin inherited his strong common sense and a most excellent physical stamina from his father, along with superb mechanical and mathematical genius from his mother. Suppose, now, he had married one of those descendants of Henry and Edwards, would not their issue have retained and re-increased all the gifts of *all* their ancestors, and produced specimens of humanity more illustrious than mortals have ever yet beheld? Franklin's transcendent genius was clogged by his inability to speak, and Henry's by his inability to write. But as children inherit the strongest functions of both their parents, these descendants of all these illustrious lines would have clothed richer thoughts and philosophies than Franklin's with eloquence more transcendent than Henry's, and all sanctified by the proportionally high order of the intellectual acumen and moral excellence of Edwards. How would such exalted beings instruct by their surpassing wisdom, charm by their growing eloquence, and almost transform by their moral appeals?

"But suppose their descendants again, by a long series of well-assorted intermarriages with other human beings equally gifted in other directions, should keep adding one physical gift to another, and all these to one intellectual capacity and moral excellence after another, each generation re-improving them all by self-cultivation, 'behold, oh, heavens! be astonished, oh, earth!' in view of the almost *angelic* gifts and virtues of these veritable sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! Behold our earth again the Garden of Eden, and man almost a race of angels! And even all this only the merest beginnings of those endowments of which humanity is capable! *And which man will yet attain!* God did not create man for naught. Physical contrivances thus wonderful, and mental gifts thus God-like, will not be allowed always to maintain their present low estate, or hug these moral deformities. God did not thus 'create man in his *own image* and likeness' for naught, and will not suffer this master-work of his hands to always remain trodden into its present 'slough' of depravities. 'He *shall* see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied.' Thank God, this mighty moral lever will raise it up out of the mire of corruption, and bear it aloft far above what 'eye hath yet seen, or ear heard, or it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.' Are these principles fables? Has not each position been demonstrated to be a principle of nature? Has a single point been left doubtful? Then is not this perfecting result but the *legitimate* and *necessary* products of those laws? They are sure, even without this special application of these laws, to keep on improving the race. Having spontaneously produced Bacons, Franklins, Websters, and a host of stars in the firmament of humanity, will they stop here? Even left to themselves they will, in the vast future of the race, exceed our most sanguine prognostications.

"But they will *not* thus be left. They are too apparent to lie unnoticed, and too momentously important to be neglected. Our utilitarian age will not suffer such rich mines of human happiness to remain long unworked. If this generation will not apply these laws, the next will. In the next generation, if not in this, matrimonial candidates will not thus blindly leap in the dark, but scrutinize well the *parental* as well as marital excellences and defects of every prospective companion. The traits of prospective children—whether they will be naturally healthy or sickly, handsome or homely, talented or stupid, virtuous or vicious—can be predicated with absolute certainty by like parental conditions, which can be fully seen at a glance, and admeasured with tangibility and certainty. Nor will knowledge, thus infinitely valuable, long thus remain hidden under the bushel of neglect. Shall principles already applied thus successfully to the improvement of stock long remain unapplied to that of man? Will man long be content to improve children only by education, when a tithe of the same effort employed in their hereditary

endowment will yield intellectual and moral harvests so infinitely greater? Parents dearly love their offspring, intensely desire their improvement, and this ruling passion will soon *compel* them to learn and apply these laws of hereditary descent to the production of as perfect specimens of humanity as possible, in order to their perfection by education. The study of these hereditary laws is yet to become the *great* study, and their application the great labor of man. This "day-star" of human promise is just rising above the mountains and appearing through the trees, and its momentous truths just beginning, like distant thunder, to break upon the human ear. Their voice will wax louder and louder till it rouses and electrifies the race, for its interests are *permanent*. Then will a new order of beings people our earth! A race enfeebled by no defects, crippled by no diseases, and corrupted by no vices; but, instead, endowed with all that is noble, great, and good in man, and virtuous, lovely, and perfect in woman! Then, but not till then, will the sun of millennium glory rise and shine on humanity in all his morning beauty and noonday splendor."

74. WHEREIN BOTH SHOULD RESEMBLE, AND DIFFER FROM, EACH OTHER, AND WHY.

"But you befog us. You tell us that *similar* qualities blend,⁷¹ and prove it by analogies so plausible, facts so abundant, and appeals to consciousness so effectual, as to produce complete conviction, yet under the very next head assert and prove the very converse, that *opposites* are best adapted both to marriage and parentage, and prove it by precisely the same mode of reasoning.⁷² How are we to harmonize this direct contradiction? Especially how can we be *guided* by either, since it is refuted by the other? Or is there any clear law or set of well-defined conditions, one of which requires similarity, and the other dissimilarity?"

There is. It is this: Wherein, and as far as you are what you ought to be, marry one *like* yourself; but wherein and as far as you have any marked *excesses* or defects, marry those *unlike* yourself in these objectionable particulars. And this answer is so perfectly applicable to both laws, and shows just wherein and how far each separately and both together can be applied to the conjugal choice in order to the endowment of offspring, as hardly to require argument, or even illustration.

What you *first* need, then, in order to a right choice, is a *definite* knowledge of your *own* character. No subsequent step can be taken right without first taking this; for all subsequent ones depend on this.

And this knowledge must be *precise*, not surmised. You require to know *precisely* just what you are, and are not, both hereditarily and practically. And this knowledge, like the base line of a survey, must be *exact*, because it is from this that you are to work, and to this that you require to adapt and adjust your conjugal mate. Knowledge is the most valuable of all human acquisitions, and *self*-knowledge the most valuable form of knowledge, because it contributes in so many ways

to the best interests and happiness of its possessor. But it is far more valuable when applied to the choice of a conjugal partner, than to any other life-end whatsoever. It is indeed vastly important that you, young man and woman, know, before starting out in life, for what vocation you are naturally fitted, and in what you can, and can not, succeed. Dollars can not measure the value of such knowledge. It is equally important that you know your faults, in order to guard against them, and your capacities, that you may make the most of them. In other ways innumerable is self-knowledge promotive of personal happiness—that great ultimate of life. But, oh, man and woman, in no other way, if in all other ways combined, can a perfect knowledge of *self* be turned to as good account as in selecting your conjugal partner. By the importance of that selection,^{36 52} this should be just the *very* one for you; and this requires that you know beforehand just *exactly what you require*. As the fretful child said, peevishly, “Ma, what do I want?” so you should inquire, not peevishly, but philosophically, “exactly what qualities are required in a husband or wife to blend perfectly with my own?” But in order to determine just what you need, you require first to know exactly what you *are*; because what you require depends on what you yourself are. One requires this, because thus—another that, because the other. Nature is scientific, and therefore certain in everything. As much methodical precision appertains to marriage as to mathematics, because each is alike governed by fixed laws. There is a *reason* why this one is, and that one is not; and that reason depends on *your own self*. You need what you need, because you are what you are; but if different, would require different; and must therefore know just what you are, in order to know what you require—that is, to know just who supplies this need.

Exactly here it is that Phrenology supplies a great human need. This science teaches with certainty, because *by admeasurement*, just exactly how much of each primitive faculty you possess, both absolutely and relatively. As by weighing and measuring wheat you *know* that you have exactly so much and no more, so Phrenology applies this same fixed standard of *quantity* to each organ, thereby rendering your quotient tangible and reliable. And this enables you, by a like admeasurement, to acquire a like certain knowledge of the primitive faculties of this and that matrimonial candidate; thus telling you not only just what you are, and therefore require, but also when you have *found* those qualities required to harmonize with your own. You can figure out this whole problem with the same absolute precision with which, having the conditions of an equation, you can decipher

its results, and *know*, not suppose, that your "answer" is the veritable one sought, and no other. Then, is not this knowledge, and therefore science, the greatest godsend to every matrimonial prospective? It both tells John just what traits he requires, and that Julia has them, but that Nancy has not, besides telling Julia what she requires in a husband, and that John is adapted to her, but that James is not; and Nancy that James is adapted to her, while John is not—thus guiding each to the one required, but warning against all others. And each what, because what *for*, wherein, and wherefore.

Then, man, woman, since Nature furnishes this reliable guide, are you not morally bound to be guided by it? She requires you to marry.³⁷ And the right one.^{52 70 71 72} And has ordained phrenological science as your sure guide. Now it is both your highest self-interest to avail yourselves of all her aids and assistance in making this eventful selection, and she enjoins it on all. You perpetrate a sin of omission if you do not, which is sometimes greater than sins of commission. Your own self-improvement,³⁶ your duty to that man or woman to whom Nature has adapted you, your paramount duty to endow your posterity,⁷⁰ each and all command you to guide your choice by the best lights at your command, and therefore by this. It is not optional merely, but *obligatory* on you.

"But I have little knowledge of this determining science, nor can I postpone my marriage till I can acquire it. Indeed, I have not the time to spend, perhaps not the required capacity."

But as you consult a lawyer on law, physician on physic, so why not the phrenologist on Phrenology? You need a specific kind of knowledge. By means of it you can secure a vast amount of happiness, and avoid an equal amount of misery. He can supply that need. Then why not apply for and obtain it? What question more proper, or what that could be asked more important than, "What qualities should I seek in a conjugal partner?" because what information could be turned to equal practical account? Absolutely none. While we esteem those who seek other kinds of useful knowledge much, why not these more? It may save a life of misery, and confer, instead, a life of happiness, besides highly endowing your children, instead of cursing them with bad proclivities.⁷⁰ And does not woman need to ask such questions most, because her happiness is most entwined with husband and children?

And these questions are asked everywhere in serious earnest, and by those intelligent and moral. One of the first merchants of the largest city of the West said, "I wish to visit your rooms with a lady, to have you point out just wherein we are, and are not, adapted to each

other in marriage, and request you to employ all your professional ability in rendering your verdict." Many incongruities were pointed out, one of which was absolutely fatal. The ordeal was most trying to both, and disclosed a point of absolute incompatibility, which they before had seen dimly, but now saw fully, and both were most grateful for this knowledge, because it saved them as from a precipice they were about to leap. If they had called earlier, the intense suffering both experienced from the interruption of their love would have been quite avoided.

An eminently gifted clergyman said, "Ever since your brother described me so accurately, in 1838, I have believed in Phrenology, and preached it, though not by name. I have had one good wife, and want you to help me select another. As I would say to a lawyer, 'Is the deed of that property good? I put you on your profession,' so tell me whether the woman with whom I shall visit you to-morrow is adapted to me in marriage." Both received full written descriptions, not only of their general characters, but of their specific adaptations and incongenialities. "You, sir, are thus in this respect, and require a wife who is thus and so. This woman is thus, and therefore adapted to you, in this respect. But in this other respect, being thus and so, you require thus and so, which this woman is not, and therefore not adapted." And thus of all their other characteristics. And furnished them with this full-length opinion all written out, and am ready to stand or fall by the result. I have predicated in thousands of like cases, and am willing that all should rise up to confirm or condemn this selecting by the phrenology.

A splendid young man of the *very* highest order of talents and morals said,

"I want a wife. Tell me, by my developments, whom I should marry, and if possible introduce me to one who is suitable. I want no common adaptation, for as this is a life-matter, I want a *perfect* match." Within an hour he was introduced to one whom he married a month after, and both their adaptation and love are perfect. An experienced phrenologist can describe the *beau-ideal* of almost any man or woman, and hence their husband or wife in cases of congenial marriage. Or tell whom they can love and whom not. And those who impart this kind of knowledge are doing the public quite as much real *good* as those who impart any other species of knowledge whatsoever. For if man needs information on any subject, it is on this.

"But this mode of procedure seems so strange in itself, and is so contrary to universal custom, as to prevent its adoption, and subject such applicants to ridicule."

This seeming strangeness grows not at all out of any inherent impropriety, but out of the errors of courtship, as will soon be shown. Remember that the parties are supposed to be now only *selecting*, not loving. Is it not proper that they know each other's traits thoroughly? If not, then nothing is proper. Then what shadow of impropriety in ascertaining each other's characteristics by their phrenologies any more than by their physiognomy, manners, conversation, or anything else? Surely it is not only proper, but *necessary*, that they canvass each other's traits thoroughly, as the only means of judging whether and wherein they are adapted to each other. This necessary information they can obtain from Phrenology, but from no other source. All else is hypothetical, this alone certain.

But to detail this point. Each should ascertain their mutual adaptation to each other. Now is it not proper, even necessary, that he knows whether she has Order? How can he decide intelligently as to their marriage without this knowledge? If it is not proper for him to know, pray what is proper? Nor should he be left to guess from what he sees, because she may practice deception, or, being in a love mood, be more orderly just then than by nature.³² He requires to know for *certain*. Her phrenology answers. He can judge of some things tolerably well from their manifestations—whether she can make good bread, use needle and scissors, nurse the sick, loves religion, etc., but sees her too little to judge with sufficient accuracy for his purpose. Her phrenology answers all like questions *reliably*. Is it not right that she inform him by word or deed? Then why not by her phrenology? This *knowledge* is the main thing. The mode of obtaining it is of little account, so that it is reliable.

He may require that his wife be industrious and economical. Would it be improper to ask her? And should she not give him a truthful answer? Her head gives it. Then why not consult this tribunal?

Besides, other answers are likely to mislead. For example. Always at school, furnished with plenty of money to spend, and never knowing its need or value, she has *manifested* only extravagance, just from having no purse of her own, and no need of frugality; yet is in reality frugal, if circumstances require. Both her actions and feelings, as far as she evinces either, are directly calculated to *mislead* him, and he rejects a good wife just for want of some certain diagnosis of her genuine primitive character, which Phrenology furnishes at a glance. Then why not avail himself of it? They stand greatly in their own light who are too "delicate" to do so; and are quite welcome to the consequences of their mockishness.

Or, she is devotedly pious. How infinitely important to her to know

for certain how religious he is ! Shall or shall not they canvass this matter ? Is it "indelicate" for any woman to talk over any of their mutual traits ? What conversation as intrinsically appropriate as their respective characteristics ? But conversation is liable to mislead. He has strong natural religious proclivities, but circumstances have never thrown him much into a church routine, nor called out what religious feelings he actually possesses. He tells her what he really thinks, that he has little, but misleads. Yet his phrenology shows her that he has the worshiping element large, and requires only favorable circumstances to become truly devout. Then, is it so *very* "indelicate" for her to learn, in and by his phrenology, just how much of this religious sentiment he actually possesses ?

Or, *per contra*, he has little, but having been always required to go to church and observe its ordinances, as well as been surrounded by religious incentives, he shows considerable, whereas it is only passive and formal, not heartfelt. She is misled by his conversation and life, but corrected by his phrenology. Then what "indelicacy" in her applying this science to this ascertainment ? And thus as to any and all the characteristics of both ?

"But, surely, it would be 'indelicate' for them to converse on the hereditary traits of prospective children ?"

This depends again on the *manner*, not on the fact. If they may talk respecting their prospective marriage with propriety, why not also, and for this same reason, respecting this, its most important eventuality ? If they are too *very* modest to canvass a matter so infinitely important to the life-long and heart's-core happiness of both, they ought certainly to be consistent, and be too very modest to court at all, much less to marry. Of course, "every one to his liking." But those too delicate to ascertain their mutual adaptation to each other, are but mockish prudes, and most indelicate. But enough. Those whose modesty ignores this kind of information, are quite welcome to its consequences.

"But the world has always got on well enough as to marriage without your Phrenology. Then why not do as well in the future as past ?"

How "got on ?" And what a wretched get on they have made of it, too ! Let the multitudes of matrimonial malcontents attest ! In all conscience, if anything could attest this need, the way the world has hitherto got on, proclaims its need of some *other* and better mode. And here it is—just what the world stands in perishing need of.

It got on, too, without printing, or steam, or telegraph, or railroad, but how much better does it get on *with* ? But why continue to go

on without this science, when it can be made as available in this department as they in theirs? This is old fogysm with a vengeance.

"But I will risk myself. No woman can take me in: no man deceive me."

So many others have thought before you, but been deceived for all. And those quite as shrewd, smart, and intelligent as yourself. If you do not see and feel the practical value and importance of this kind of knowledge, but choose to go on in the darkness of ignorance instead of the light of science, rush on, stumble on like them, live like them, die like them, and, like them, become a beacon to others. "Let him alone."

75. HOW TO FIND THOSE ADAPTED TO US.

"But I would marry to-morrow, if I could only *find* one just adapted to myself. But I prefer celibacy to a marriage with any one of all the opposite sex I know."

That nature commands all to marry,³⁸ and the very one adapted to themselves,⁵² and that there is some one adapted to each,⁷¹ have already been fully established. Therefore it is the duty of each assiduously to "*seek*, and ye shall find." All insects, birds, animals are required to search for food, shelter, and all supplies of their respective wants. So should man. Then why not employ the same industry to supply *this* necessary human want³⁷ as we are obliged to put forth in supplying our other necessities? Would not they be derelict in duty to themselves who would sit while they starve? Should they not *exert* themselves to find food? So are not those also who *wait* for good conjugal partners to come along, yet do nothing to find them? And is not this duty as incumbent on woman as man? Why not? Of course undue forwardness is objectionable, and, like extra haste, sometimes hinders, yet the general error lies on the other side. Many shun the acquaintance of the opposite sex who should seek it. Indeed, to seek it properly is a first human *instinct* as well as duty. And duty because instinct.⁴³ Hence, normal young ladies and gentlemen love and seek all introductions, and, introduced, try to render themselves agreeable. They do, and ought to love parties, picnics, general gatherings, and to see and be seen, as well as enjoy the circle of their acquaintances. This being *necessary* to their right choice, it can hardly be carried too far. None should shut themselves up at home, or go only from counter to meals and back, or spend evenings alone. Company fills as first human want as food, and can no more be ignored without mental and social starvation. Deliver me from those youth who rarely go out. Any other instead. Of necessity undeveloped, because unsocial.³⁰ Most heartily are public gatherings of all kinds, picnics, excursions,

giving parties, anything, everything, which brings the people together, to be recommended, and universally attended; for they break down the partition walls which bar man from man, and encourage the true republican human spirit. And parents owe it to their children to enlarge their circle of acquaintances as much as to educate them.

Not that this need induce dissipation, or even undue forwardness, for parents can aid children, and adults the young, in forming acquaintances. They may and should accompany and introduce them to friends, and these to their children and friends, and these to others, *ad libitum*.

Yet how different this from the course too often pursued by parents! How many keep their children at home, make no parties, and *prevent* their children from going, if possible, and especially discourage their daughters from receiving company! And how doubly wrong to impose this restriction on the score of pride or property! They allow them few acquaintances, and those of only just such a stripe. What if they are introduced to those who are unworthy, does this oblige them to make them their friends? The difference is heaven-wide between a mere acquaintance, and an intimate. The latter molds, the former not. Unworthy acquaintances may be treated politely, but regarded only as passing acquaintance, yet introduce to others who are worthy of friendship, perhaps conjugality. At least, since Christ was not too aristocratic to associate "with publicans and sinners," should not his followers, especially republicans, follow this as well as his other examples? Yet, how often do they seem desperately fearful lest their children should see or talk with one not just fit for heaven, and thereby oblige them to seek their consort from among only a dozen of the opposite sex. Readers, has not this parental course well-nigh spoiled some of *your* lives?

This same principle applies to correspondence. By all means let young people write to each other, of which all are excessively fond.

"But, really, would you have our children *throw themselves away* in their desperate haste to make acquaintances? The course you advise is most dangerous, especially for young women. It is directly calculated to induce most objectionable consequences."

But the *principle* which rules this point, that woman's virtue depends on *herself*, not on being watched, has been argued.¹¹ Duly trained to virtue and self-reliance, the more she is tempted, the safer she becomes. Does not watching and suspecting her in this, as in other respects, *prompt*, not prevent sin? What impairs a clerk's integrity sooner than the practical accusation implied in continually watching him? Do children learn to walk soonest and best by being *always*

carried? Virtue, like reason, memory, conscience, etc., is inherent, and therefore, like them, to be *cultivated* by *exercise*, instead of being rendered dormant by inertia. Every resisted temptation to wrong, this included, only strengthens love of right, just as persecution makes proselytes. Indeed, the more masculine acquaintances a girl forms, the safer she becomes, partly because they enable and dispose her to select the good but reject the bad, and partly by training and developing her whole nature—a result inherent in the very nature of things. Withholding all food from children does not prevent them from stealing it, or eating what is bad, as much as furnishing them with abundance, and requiring them to make their own *selection*. We commend the *law* which underlies this advice to the special consideration of all who would promote the virtue of their children.¹¹

A MATRIMONIAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE might be made to promote introductions, and facilitate a right matrimonial choice. Not one based on dollars, but on *all* matrimonial qualifications. Let an anecdote make this point. In a stage-coach leaving Philadelphia this idea was broached, only to be ridiculed till, jokes exhausted, an elderly Quaker remarked thus: “But is this idea so inherently ridiculous, after all? It is precisely what I have long needed. I have seven daughters. Able and willing, I gave them an education far above that of the young men of our village, who, fearing their deficient education would cause their rejection, have kept aloof, till every one of my daughters has grown up uncourted, save one, who accepted a proffer from a city coxcomb, and has been miserable ever since. Knowing no young men educated like themselves, they remain on my hands for life, suffering for want of companions, while there are unmarried men in abundance just adapted to make them the best of husbands, as they the best of wives, provided they had but been once introduced. Now such an institution, conducted with intelligence and truth, and every way reliable, would have enabled me, by consulting its records, to have introduced my daughters to one after another, till just the right one for each was found, and these daughters, instead of, as now, being doomed to die old maids, would have been happy as wives and mothers, and made others happy, and blessed the world with families of children. And what is it, after all, but an application of that same principle of the store, market, exchange, advertisements, etc., to marriage. As, when farmers have produce to sell, and citizens to buy, they institute a mart where both can meet and accommodate each other, so why not those who need conjugal partners pursue some similar course for ascertaining and supplying each other’s requisitions. Nor has it one single inherent objection. It could be made promotive

only of good. And how many now stand in *perishing* need of some such institution?

Of course their respective *phrenologies* must be taken into account.^{73 74} And the Fowlers owe it to the public and their own position to lead or second some such movement. And they yet will. The progressive spirit of the age will not long allow so pressing a human need to go unsupplied. All required to secure patronage is to propound a judicious plan. And its patrons could afford to pay well to be thus enabled to select a better matrimonial partner than they otherwise could. Yet this need hinder no other mode of search. And would not a young woman promote her happiness more by investing less in drygoods just to get lovers, and more in such an institution?

But, till some such institution is established, let all help one another, as well as keep a sharp look-out for self. And since woman is allowed but the poor privilege of saying Yes or No, she should at least be helped to form as many acquaintances as she well can. A more kindly act could hardly be done her.

76. WHO SHOULD MARRY WHOM; AND WHY.

Having thus expounded those first *principles* which govern selection, it remains to apply them by giving illustrative *examples*. By no means all, but enough to show plainly how, by their applications, to decide just when and wherein to select those *like*, or unlike, each other. From a task so critical and important, one may well shrink, unless emboldened by the perfect assurance of being guided by natural laws, and therefore right.

FIRST, TEMPERAMENTAL ADAPTATIONS, or complexion, stature, etc. Those who have no specialty of complexion either way—who are neither dark or light, whose hair is brown instead of being either dark or light, who are florid enough but no way extra—should, as a general rule, marry those also medium, or quite like themselves in this respect, yet need not hesitate, if taste or circumstances seem to require, to marry those whose temperaments are directly opposite to their own, either way. Men who have red whiskers should not marry fair-skinned, light-complexioned women, nor auburn-colored women similarly complexioned men—though better auburn than red—but, instead, those who have brown or dark hair or dark eyes. Being too excitable for their own good, they should not marry those equally so, but those who soothe instead of exhilarate. And the more red-faced and bearded or impulsive a man, the more calm, cool, and quiet should his wife be. The florid should never marry the florid, but those who are dark in proportion as they themselves are light.

Very fleshy persons should not marry those equally fleshy, but, instead, those more spare and slim. For this is doubly injurious to the female. A spare man is much better adapted to a fleshy woman than a round-favored man. Nor should two who are short, thick-set, and stocky unite in marriage, but should choose those differently constituted—but on no account one of their own make. And, in general, those predisposed to corpulence are therefore less inclined to marriage.

Those who have but little hair or beard by nature should marry those whose hair is naturally abundant. Still, those who once had abundance, but who have lost it, may marry those who are either bald or have but little; for in this, as in all other cases, far less depends on what one is, than *has* been—on present states, than what they are by *nature*.

Nor can or should those who have jet-black hair and eyes, and a dark complexion, marry those who are equally dark, but, instead, those who are fine-skinned, and have light, auburn, or red hair. The law which governs this whole matter is nature's requisition for proportion.⁷³ She would not that any one part of her productions should greatly predominate over the other parts—branches over roots, head over body, or body over head—but ordains that there shall be about as much strength in stomach as head, and heart and muscles as either, but no more in either than in all the others, and strives to bring whatever is seriously disproportionate back to equilibrium, both hereditarily, and by subsequently strengthening the weakest organs most.⁷⁰

Those whose motive temperament decidedly predominates, who are bony, only moderately fleshy, quite prominent featured, Roman-nosed, and muscular, should not marry those similarly formed, but those either sanguine or nervous, or a compound of both, for being more strong than susceptible or emotional, they both require that their own emotions should be perpetually prompted by an emotional companion, and that their children also be endowed with the emotional from the other parent. That is, those who are cool, should marry those who are impulsive and susceptible.

Nor should little nervous men marry either little nervous or sanguine women, lest both they and their children have quite too much of the hot-headed and impulsive. Generally, those who are small are therefore more eagerly sought than the large. Of course this general fact has its exceptions. Some are small hereditarily, others rendered so by extra action in some form—over-study, over-work, or passion excitement. During growth their nervous systems consumed energy faster than their vital could manufacture it, which dwarfed their stat-

ure. Size is one measure of power, and nervous excitability another—at least of its *expenditure*. Now those who are both large *and* excitable will expend a double amount of energy over those who are either small and excitable, or large and sluggish. Hence great size, along with extreme susceptibility, would exert any amount of power, and therefore those who are too small should intermarry with those at least good sized, in order to balance their undue ardor with the others coolness and power. And if escorting a woman of more commanding appearance than himself should mortify a small man, let him both feel proud that he could win one his physical superior, and also remember, better he be mortified a little, than all his children always. Yet she need not exceed him in stature much, especially if prominent featured and rather large framed, for a good-sized woman is but little larger than a small-sized man.

Still, a large man really must not marry a small-boned, small-nosed, small-mouthed woman. The wife of a large man really must have a large mouth, and have a tough, enduring temperament.

But the great majority of temperaments are not sufficiently extreme to warrant offsetting, except in one or two particulars. Generally, *harmony* is better than contrast, except in some minor peculiarities. And those who do marry opposites really must keep vigilant watch lest their opposite traits repel at least the first year or two after marriage; besides cultivating forbearance on these special points, and then cherishing their affections.⁷³

But leaving readers to judge from these examples, aided by the principles already given,^{72 73} when and wherein, as well as wherefore they require similar or different temperaments and casts of features, let us apply these same principles to cases requiring

SIMILAR AND DISSIMILAR PHRENOLOGICAL ORGANS. If the effects of temperament are the more fundamental, they are not more practically important, or productive of concord or discord, than their respective individual mental qualities. The more so since they involve those every-day workings of the mental faculties, tastes, and sentiments which make up the very woof of life. Wherever these are in contrast, the danger of perpetual discord and opposition is imminent, unless both make perpetual allowances. Yet, again, there are cases in which this opposition is as necessary as night to day.

There is a masculine, and also a feminine type of head and character.^{4 5 6} Our next volume will show in what they consist. Suffice it here that those men who have several peculiarities of the feminine head, that is, who take their character mainly from their mother or grandmother, should marry those who take mainly after their father,

lest there be too much of the feminine, emotional, susceptible, and affectional, both for the good of the marital relations themselves, and for the best endowment of their mutual children. Women thus constituted love only those men who are strongly masculinized, who take after their father or mother's father, and can command and control; whereas, those women who inherit several masculine traits, such as firmness and force, should marry men who strongly resemble their mothers, lest both being self-willed, they and their children should lack the fine-grained and emotional, and be doubly obstinate. The children of such women, too, are usually fewer and poorer than of those strongly feminized. But strongly feminized men need strongly masculinized women, partly to spur them to effort and encourage or help them take their own part, and sometimes to assume responsibilities and take the lead. Such men often feel incompetent to push themselves forward, and require energetic women able and willing to lead, judge, and command.

Still, this class, of which the woman's rights movement furnishes examples, are not popular—perhaps not as much prized as they deserve to be—because few such are required. They have their special place in the great temple of humanity, but are necessary in this place. Such should not marry firm, obstinate, inexorable, hard-faced men, but rather those whom they can mold. They need those “putty men” who are easily placed, and remain there, yet could not love those who are domineering or arbitrary.

Still, there are again women who are endowed with more than ordinary force, and unite considerable of the masculine, perhaps even more than the feminine, who require to marry men still *more* willful and forcible, but who unite superior *judgment* to a strong will, so that, while such women yield to the stronger wills of their husbands, they may rely on their willing and guiding correctly. And such women make those men to whom they are adapted the very best of wives, besides bearing the highest order of children, who unite masculine force to feminine fineness.

Yet when such women marry headstrong but injudicious men, who decide more from feeling than judgment, besides often deciding wrong, adhere pertinaciously to their decision, their lot is indeed hard. Firm, both absolutely, and because intellectually conscious that their way is best, yet willing to defer to superior judgment, to be domineered over by men whom they feel to be inferior to themselves, and who are constantly committing errors, the very interest they naturally take in their husband's success, and their consciousness that his indiscretions must occasion their failure, both render their situation intolerable, and

forestall all disposition to love. If such men could but see, as an intellectual problem, that such women are the very ones they require, but that they should always confer with and *heed* their advice, and call in their judgment to help devise as well as execute their mutual plans, they would render their wives' position most agreeable instead of painful, and every way most promotive of their mutual happiness and success. How important a change effected by conditions how apparently trifling!

Yet in ninety-nine cases in every hundred, such men spoil such women. They are drawn to each other at first because naturally adapted to each other, but their adaptation is spoiled by denying her her natural place in their copartnership. An example:

Fifteen years ago, a couple proposing marriage, applied to the author to determine their mutual adaptation, but received a discouraging answer, on the ground that both were too firm and combative, while her Causality could submit to his authority only when sure that his judgment was right. They however married. Years afterward they again consulted respecting the best means of obviating the very evil previously prophesied. She was sensible as well as willful, and could have been easily controlled by a husband who had a strong mind along with will, but not by one who had more will, but less judgment than she.

Hence a man whose forehead retreats, but crown projects up and back, should never marry one whose forehead rises and spreads at its upper portion, and who is also large in the crown. A woman in whom Firmness and Self-Esteem are small, or only fair, but intellectual organs large, may marry a man whose will is stronger, even though his intellect is smaller than hers. Yet much better for both if his intellect is still larger than hers, so that her intellect as well as will may repose in his superior judgment. Such a woman feels inadequate to assume responsibilities or set herself at work, and must lean on some one for a guide, and to her a poor one is better than none. Naturally dependent, she must lean, if even on a crooked stick. Fortunately, however, such a one can adapt herself to almost any man. Hence, if her second husband should be totally different from her first, and third from either, she could yet conform to each with equal ease, and if Combativeness is large, will work most effectually and willingly with and for each, however opposite their avocations, besides quietly adapting herself to extreme vicissitudes, by making the best of what is. Such, especially if Amativeness is large, make the *very* best of wives, because both efficient, yet dependent and affectionate, as well as conformable. And there are many such.

Combativeness may be large in both, provided both are cool, and

cherish affection ; but if both are nervous and irritable, as well as contrary, perpetual warfare is almost certain to ensue, unless forestalled by the highest order of forbearance and genuine affection. Still, it is a curious fact in the natural history of the affections, that Approbateness has more to do with war or peace than any other faculty. When it is very large in both, and Combativeness large, and their nerves are disordered, each is easily affected by the least intimation of error or defect, and also quick to resent, yet both are liable to say more than they mean, and each to construe what is said into more than is really intended. As both feel intensely, they express themselves hyperbolically, which each construes literally, and hence criminations and re-criminations almost inevitably follow, each aggravating because aggravated, and often blow sparks into flames, which, let alone, would die the instant they were struck. If such marry, both must realize this weakness and guard against it, make allowances for it in themselves and companion, and especially make up differences as soon as they arise.⁶⁶ Probably more conjugal animosities are engendered by wounded Approbateness than by any other cause.²¹ Nor does anything else as effectually rouse whatever conflicting elements exist in both. Pride is the product of this same extreme Approbateness, along with a highly wrought temperament, and becomes one of the best of traits if properly managed, but one of the worst if reversed. Hence, not only should a proud, stylish, aristocratic woman not marry a man humble in feeling or station, but whoever marries such a woman must feed her pride on *something*. If not able to satisfy it by dress and a stylish establishment, he must be doubly careful to feed it by perpetual commendations and declarations of esteem and affection. But if both are proud spirited, both must be doubly careful not to wound the pride of the other, for, by so doing, they stab love to its very core.

Yet, again, many, while they satisfy this faculty as far as concerns living in style, yet wound it between each other by each saying and doing what humbles the pride of the other. This will never answer. Approbateness must be respected and humored, but not crossed. And those who have married proud-spirited companions must turn pride into a right channel, but at all events gratify it in some form.

Large Secretiveness in both operates unfavorably, because it creates a reserve, an arm's-length distance between them, a suppression of each other's motives, which prevent each from expressing the love felt, and render both doubtful whether beloved by the other, which still further chills both. How many such really love each other devotedly, yet conceal instead of declaring their affections, and hence fall into mutual distrust, form reserved habits toward each other, both really

desiring to love and be loved, yet keeping each other at respectful distances, while each fears that the other is indifferent. Those who judge each other by their acts, should remember that actions speak louder than words. Better those who are reserved marry those who are frank, because the latter need occasional restriction by the former, while the former are pleased by the frank, outspoken declarations of the other. But those who are too frank, often mutually irritate and wound each other's feelings by saying more than they really mean.

An extremely cautious woman, easily frightened, should never marry a timid, hesitating man, lest, like frightened children, each should keep perpetually re-alarmsing the other by imaginary fears. Nor should she marry a careless man, lest his recklessness should perpetually frighten her; for he will commit just indiscretions enough to keep her in perpetual fear and trembling; but she should marry one who is bold, yet judicious, so that her intellect, by reposing in his tried judgment, can feel safe, and let her trust in him quiet her natural fearfulness.

Still, a timid man should marry a resolute woman, lest the fears of both render him pusillanimous. Yet he should also marry one who has sufficient judgment to be allowed the reins. Many men live tame lives, though abundantly capable of accomplishing almost anything they might undertake, because too irresolute to once *begin*; whereas, with a judicious yet resolute wife to prompt them to take the initiatory step, they would fill responsible positions.

Except where Acquisitiveness is overgrown, which it rarely is in this country, an industrious, thrifty, hard-working man should marry a woman who is tolerably saving. All the better if she is as industrious as he. Yet the education of our girls prevents their seeming to be as industrious or economical as they really are. Every want gratified by indulgent fathers, they have no idea of the value of money, and perhaps at marriage take no interest in a husband's pecuniary affairs; yet, if his circumstances require it, soon become industrious, saving, and even penurious. As the "almighty dollar" is now the great motor-wheel of humanity, and that to which most husbands devote their entire lives, to delve alone becomes up-hill work. Much more if she indulges her extravagance. It becomes doubly important, therefore, that both work together in this respect. Yet if either has property enough to create in both a feeling of contentment, the Acquisitiveness of the other is less important, yet opposition here often engenders opposition elsewhere.

If either loves good living, it is important that both should also love it—he to provide table luxuries, she to serve them up, and both to

enjoy them together. Indeed, a good appetite in both can often be made a means of harmonizing their discordant points. Much more in both to promote concord.

Those men in whom Ideality is large, should by all means marry women in whom it is also large; yet women in whom it is large may venture to marry men in whom it is only fair, provided other matters are favorable; for a man of taste can never endure a slattern, while a woman of taste can bear with a man who is careless of appearances, and even love him, provided he has sufficient power and stamina of character to divert her in matters of taste by his sturdy sterling characteristics.

The author once examined publicly a clergyman of commanding talents, superior eloquence, and the highest moral worth, and undertook to describe his wife from his head; ascribing to her superior taste, refinement, personal neatness, beauty, elegance of manners, poetry, and many other like expressions denoting large Ideality; but was laughed at because she was the reverse of all this, yet commended as having given a correct description of *himself*. The event, however, virtually proved the correctness of the prediction, for he lived unhappily, and spent much of his time from home, because he could not endure her coarseness and slatternly habits, and *never took her out with him*. He had married from other motives than those of love, and was anything but conjugally mated or happy, so that the prediction was right in principle after all. The rule was proved by the erroneousness of its wrong application.

Similarity in religious matters is probably more important than in any other respect, except that of the affections.⁷² The wife may and should be the more devout, yet if she is devout, he should not be an infidel. If the other points of union are strong, they may indeed bear, he with her, to him, superstition—she with his, to her, “hardness of heart;” yet how much more congenial if both love to worship devoutly, but at the *same* divine altar. If she is tortured by fears lest he should be eternally lost, while he merely tolerates her religious enthusiasm just to gratify her whims, this disunion, being fundamental and inhering in the highest human faculties, is quite liable to alienate both. Still, if either has more affection than religion, that one will gradually adopt the religion of the other, so that they will virtually become one in this respect. But those who are actuated by a deep and sincere piety feel, with Micah, that their *religion* is their all, and hence mutual sympathy here is of the utmost consequence to both. Still, if they hold religion in light esteem, religious differences matter the less, while religious union becomes the more important in propor-

tion as they esteem religion the more highly. Those who differ fundamentally respecting religion must indeed be well adapted to each other in other respects to prevent this difference from proving serious. Attest, ye who experience this difference, if it is not indeed formidable! And ye who, devout yourselves, love those who are devout, if you do not find religious sympathy your strong incentive to mutual affection? Even when parties marry in religious sympathy, but one changes, this difference becomes a wall of separation between them. Still, if their adaptation is marked in other respects, and both can tolerate this difference and yet cultivate affection, they can both avoid any open rupture, and get along passably well together. But one who has a low, short head on top, never can satisfy the moral sentiment of one whose head is high, long, and wide on top.

Even if neither care for any particular tenets, their moral tone and atmosphere will be so different as to repel each other continually. Such a difference will prove most irksome to the moral one, and disgusting to both. Marry, "but *only in the Lord*," says Paul.

It is also important that the habits and associations of both should resemble each other as nearly as may be. If one is fond of concerts, parties, lectures, and the like, the other should be equally so. Or if either prefers a quiet fireside to any kind of public gathering, it is very important that both should be equally fond of home. If one has any special passion, say for horticulture, or fine horses, or any particular study, or kind of reading, the more the other has a like proclivity the better—another reason why both should marry substantially from the same plane in life.⁵⁸

"Yet is a poetic love sure to follow this intellectual decision?"

Absolutely certain. Rendered so by this law of mind, that love always follows admiration. All involuntarily love whatever they admire. Then, as a man who admires a pretty hand naturally falls in love with the girl who has pretty hands, and because she has them; as he who admires a small waist instinctively loves only one who has this admired wasp-like waist—and the smaller her waist the larger his love—as she who admires nobleness or talent loves only those who possess the loved quality; so, by a law of mind, love involuntarily follows admiration, and this intellect. The standard of admiration once established on a correct base, love naturally supervenes, and instead of being difficult, becomes spontaneous. In short, the intellectual perception that a given object is exactly adapted to us in marriage, almost compels those having clear heads and loving hearts to bestow their affections on each other.

But having already covered this point, we shall allow these illustra-

tions as to who require similarities and differences to so far illustrate the *law* which underlies this subject, that each and all can apply it to the selection of those who harmonize with them wherein they require harmony, yet offsetting any of their liabilities to extremes, physical and mental.

The accompanying engraving, of one of four idiotic children, furnishes a practical illustration of the evils of the union of two low temperaments. Though both his parents passed tolerably well in society, and were fairly sensible and intelligent, yet all their children were *non compos mentis*, and this one so very a fool that he could never even feed himself; whereas, if they each had married a more spicy temperament, their child would doubtless have been brighter and better than their parents, instead of as now lower.



77. INTUITION, OR "THE LIGHT WITHIN," THE FINAL UMPIRE.

"There is an inspiration in man, and the breath of the Almighty is in him."—*Job*.

"Man knows the right, and yet the wrong pursues."

"But you entangle this matter more and more as you proceed. You first make us tremble in view of the influence love necessarily wields over us. You then frighten us with the direst penalties if we neither love nor marry.⁴⁰ You next show how infinitely eventful for good a right, for bad a wrong marriage. And, to crown all, climax this whole matter by showing both how exceedingly important that we choose one exactly adapted to ourselves, and also how many conditions make up that adaptation, and then call in this Phrenology and the rules with which few of us are familiar. All this seems true, but is enough to intimidate all but the reckless from even attempting so difficult a task as a right selection. Pray, is there no guide that is *simple—certain* one neither elaborate nor doubtful, by which the illiterate as well as the learned, by which even 'the wayfaring man, though a fool,' may be conducted to a right conjugal choice?"

Indeed there is. Nature makes known her requisitions by her *instincts*.⁴³ These instincts proclaim her matrimonial period,³⁹ and

duality of love,⁴³ and also constitute a sure and certain guide to its appropriate object. This instinct has three bases. First, the general base, that all Nature's instincts, human and animal, harmonize with, and proclaim her requisitions; secondly, that the love sentiment, like appetite, will have a natural relish for that specific object, exactly adapted to its individual want, in each particular case; and thirdly, that there is an "inspiration in man," a "light within," a personal "philosopher's stone," which proclaims universal truth and universal utility. Its base is the phrenological organ of Spirituality. See analyses of this faculty in the author's recent works. Though reason is man's governing faculty, yet he is often required to choose in cases where the data requisite to enable reason to decide correctly has not yet transpired. He must, therefore, be obliged to "leap in the dark," unless guided by that premonition, that "feeling it in the bones," that "intuitive presentiment," that "waking clairvoyance," which becomes a guide more and more perceptible and reliable in proportion as the temperament is more fine-grained and mental, both of which usually accompany each other. Ignore this guide, if you will, by calling it too visionary, too much on the airy-castle order to be relied upon in deciding matters so eventful, but it constitutes one of Nature's guides to her children, with which none can afford to dispense. Having applied all the other faculties to their fullest extent, having fulfilled all her other marital guides respecting both general qualifications and special adaptations, perhaps having found several who are eligible, and now wishing to select the *very* best one of all for yourself, retire within your own soul, throw yourself into that musing, meditative mood already described,⁴² and consult this interior oracle. As when Habakkuk would prophesy he used means to induce the prophetic mood, so all can and should induce a like mood, in a greater or less degree, in reference to whom they shall marry, and consult this mood for days and months. Ask yourself how this one or that, considered absolutely or relatively, strikes on this inner sense, or this deepest, most interior recess of your soul? How do you *feel* in view of this marriage or that? Does this one or that seem the most desirable? When your mind is previously occupied, and instantly recurs to this person or that, does he or she strike you in the most pleasing, inviting aspect? Or comes there along with it a repulsion, a cold shiver, as if you were about to take some fatal step? Of several proposed candidates, which suddenly strike this inner sense as *just the very* one? And *both* should experience this interior sanction—both a certain peace and quiet, in view of their marriage with each other, as if it was the very step presided over and directed, as it were, by some

“ministering angel.” Unless both experience this presentiment, its genuineness is doubtful.

But above all things, whenever you find yourself musing over this or that proposed marriage, if you experience a certain indefinable shrinking therefrom, if a kind of “cold shudder” comes over you, as you contemplate it, as if some guardian-spirit whispered. “No, there is death in the pot,” on no account consummate it. By all means heed this premonitory forewarning. You will find salvation in heeding, but destruction in disobeying it. No matter how apparently plausible everything seems, as if all were just right, if the proposed party comes recommended well enough, is wealthy enough, handsome enough, and however much besides, yet if you experience this internal repulsion, your marriage will prove disastrous. Say, ye who are uncongenial, whether, though looking back from this distant stand-point, you can not even now remember this interior aversion, as if your soul sickened at the thought, as if preparing for a funeral, as if some calamity impended. Perhaps it did not then fully arrest your attention; yet did it not make itself felt on your interior consciousness, so that even at this distant day you recollect its aversion to your marriage more distinctly than any other event then, or since? Say further, ye who married in spite thereof, whether you have not ever since loathed that fatal day? Those who are married can almost always recall such premonitory forewarnings. Some felt as if a dark cloud hung over their future; or as if they walked on the verge of a precipice; or, when preparing for the marriage, as if making preparations for something dreadful, instead of desirable; or were startled in their sleep by some awful impending consequences; or as if about to sign their death-warrant; or as if lost, spell-bound, and almost unconscious of where they were or what they were doing, or obliged to submit themselves to some dreadful fate; but all recognize this emotion in some form, and in a greater or less degree. Those who thus “feel it in their bones,” but ignore this feeling, will have aching “bones” the balance of their lives.

But, *per contra*, attest ye, who are happily married, if you did not feel involuntarily drawn to this particular person; whether you did not contemplate this marriage with a certain poetic revery, as if it seemed delightful—not with a wild, false excitement, but with a calmness, along with involuntary drawing thereto, as if it exactly met with your specific wants, and harmonized with your consciousness; as if it were “precious, and every way desirable.” When a proposed marriage *seems* thus, it is thus, though circumstances make against it. If the one toward whom you feel thus impressed is poor if outside opposition

interposes, or if even quite serious intellectual objections exist, they will generally be found to be, after all, but men of straw. Nor will it answer to allow these seeming objections to prevail. Such marriages are Nature's behests, and on no account to be set aside.

But this feeling must be *mutual* in order to be genuine. If Nature does thus sanction, she will attest her sanction by bestowing these delightful whisperings in the ears of both. One alone does not suffice. "It requires *two* to make this bargain." Love must be mutual. Any sentiment not mutual is something else than genuine love. *Both, or neither*—a point, however, the full force of which we can make apparent only in Vol. II.

When such an instinctively mutual inclination is felt by each party toward the other, neither should allow anything whatever—neither parental authority, nor outside opposition, nor circumstances however untoward—to prevent their marriage. If you can not marry to-day, bide your time; but make your vow, and wait till time and circumstances shall bring you together.

"But you have, all along, insisted that pure *intellect* and reason shall determine this point. You give us, seemingly, excellent rules of selection, but practically ignore them all by subjecting all other conditions to this one indefinite mythological feeling, which often proves contrary to reason, and yet make it the final arbiter."

Generally, spiritual guidance should act in *conjunction* with reason, but never contrary to it. Reason, intellect, judgment, all the faculties, along with all the directions already given, should be brought into full action beforehand; say all they have to say, and all their objections be duly considered; yet, after consulting all, and reasoning on all, let this instinct or inner sense *sum up* all, instead of overruling either. For it is based in the expressions and wants of all. Nor will it ever sanction two. It may say Yes to both, but loudest to the *best* one. Nor should any marriage be consummated when everything seems to make against, instead of for. In such cases, pause or abandon.

Socrates was executed for preaching a kindred doctrine, namely, that a good spirit attends us to guide and instruct. We do not now pretend to enter into the philosophy which underlies this internal guiding, but only to present its results; do not say that, or but that, it consists in a certain inherent property of mind, which obtains most in those most highly endowed. But be it what it may, it nevertheless *is*, and is applicable to all our other decisions, but most to marriage. It confers that instinctive perception of truth which is inherent in mind, and assures all who read or hear in an unbiased state,

that this is true, and that false. Yet it must not be confounded with those morbid feelings consequent on disease or nervousness, which, Jeremiah-like, "prophecy only evil continually."

78. THE PROPOSAL, ACCEPTANCE, AND VOW.

By presupposition, this whole matter, having been thoroughly canvassed, and all its conditions duly considered both ways, he has made up his verdict—has decided on a particular girl as the very one to become his wife.

A *definite proposal* is the next step in the natural order of its consummation. Granted that this underlies their entire conference touching their mutual adaptation, still it has thus far been only problematic. But if he has fully made up his mind, his next step is to *propose* himself for her acceptance or rejection. True, her consent to the canvass implies acceptance, provided all is found to be right; yet a summing-up *test* in some form has now become a necessity. And for these reasons: to bring this whole matter to a focus, and to furnish a proper time for a full, fair statement of all objectional conditions. Of course objections, real or imaginary, and greater or less, must exist. Each is capable of being improved in the eyes of the other. They would like each other the better if somewhat different in some respects. These objections may be only seeming, not real. At all events, if they have not all been already fully disposed of, it is proper that they be put on record, by the objecting party stating and waiving, or the other agreeing to obviate them. And the proper time to state them definitely is, he, in his letter of proposal—she, in hers of acceptance or rejection, "or ever after hold their peace."

This proposal and acceptance, along with these objections, and the way each views this whole matter, ought by all means to be in *writing*. The verbal form will answer, but the written is every way preferable, especially as facilitating future reference. Their relations, in case they marry, are to have a long *future*, and to be able to look back from any subsequent point to this sacred season—the very point of their union—will be found most desirable and profitable. Yet, in order thereto, they require something *definite* and tangible. Hence, committing this consummation of their union to paper is peculiarly appropriate, and can be done much better when each is alone and quiet, with all their faculties at command, than when flushed at the false excitement incident to a verbal proposal.

"But my appearance on paper would be so awkward that I should not wish to look back on myself in so sorry a plight."

Instead, genuine human nature is always commendable, however

dressed. A diamond is none the less a diamond because set in clay. The mode is of little account provided the *reality* is there. Besides, now is the time to manifest whatever excellences are possessed. And all required to appear to good advantage is, simply to feel right, and express naturally just what is felt. Rhetorical flourishes are not necessary. A straightforward, direct expression of what you have to say, is all required. Suffice it that the tender is unreserved, or if dependent on contingencies, that its conditions are plainly stated, and a right heart and head will sanctify any error in manner.

The acceptance or rejection should be equally unequivocal. Or, if dependent on contingent conditions, they should be fully stated. If these contingencies are minor, they should be stated only to be waived; but if fundamental, should be disposed of in some way, or else put an end to their relations.

Mutuality and unanimity now become most important. If existing differences can neither be obviated nor compromised, they should break up the canvass, so that each may know the mind of the other, and look elsewhere for companionship. Or if any bones of contention exist between them, which can be buried, now is the proper period for their final interment, never again to be disturbed. Or more properly, this is the period for taking the initiatory step for perfecting each in the eyes of the other, by stating these objections, in order to their obviation.

Without at all pretending to give model letters of proposal or acceptance, because circumstances and the feelings of each will of course vary them *ad infinitum*, yet the following may serve as a sample form from which to work. But bear in mind that, up to this point, their relations are purely those of business. By presupposition no love has yet been allowed to spring up between them; for neither has any right either to love, or to allow himself or herself to be loved, until after they are affianced to each other.⁸⁴

C. D. to Miss J. B—:

Much esteemed Friend—As I have already made, and you accepted, a proposal to canvass our mutual adaptation to each other in marriage, and as I have fully and finally canvassed this matter in its various aspects, it is about time either to consummate, or else to dismiss, this proposal. As for myself, I have deliberated fully, and decided finally; and am now prepared to act. Heretofore I have but investigated your character, and our mutual adaptation. And this investigation has awakened in me a desire to consummate the relations proposed. I appreciate and could love others, but frankly confess that you stand first

in my estimation. I admire your many excellent qualities. All I have been able to learn respecting you has but confirmed that high regard for you which dictated my proposal. To me your manners are pleasing, and your mode of saying and doing things agreeable. Your intelligence, taste, prudence, practical kindness, and many other excellent qualities, too numerous to mention here, have awakened my highest admiration. May I, then, be allowed to *love* what I so much admire?

True, I could wish some things different—that your health were more robust, yet this can be improved; that you rose earlier; that you were interested more in housekeeping, and less in the fashions; were more serious, and less impulsive—yet all these minor matters sink into insignificance in comparison with your many excellences. I especially admire your glowing affections, and those evidences of a warm and devoted *love* obviously inherent in your nature.

But my affections are, to me, infinitely sacred and precious. Nor can I, on any account, bestow them on any one who can not fully *reciprocate* them. I will bestow my love on you, on condition that you will bestow yours on me. But on no other. Only *mutual* affection can render either happy. Having canvassed all the conditions, and also inquired at the inner temple of my own being, I am satisfied I can love you with all my heart, provided you also can love me with the whole of yours. Have I, then, this privilege, on this condition? And for life? Forever? I crave to make you my wife; to live with you and for you; to offer up my whole being a living sacrifice on the altar of your happiness; and to make you the guiding star of my hopes, labors, and life. Shall I, then, enshrine you as the queen of my soul? Can you return my love? If I have imperfections in your eyes, which I doubtless have, and can obviate them without doing violence to my own nature, and consistently with my duty to my Maker, you have only to say wherein, and I will do my utmost to make myself every way worthy of your perfect love.

Rest assured this is no trifling compliment I thus pay you in making this candid confession, and asking this important question. I have duly weighed the eventualities they involve. In my estimation, this offering to become your husband, and requesting you to become my wife, is the most sacred affair in life, and fraught with consequences the most momentous, and the farthest reaching possible. Yet I voluntarily offer to fulfill them to the very best of my abilities. If fidelity to business, and honest, assiduous toil, coupled with whatever talents I possess, can be made to contribute to your and our creature comforts, it will give me the highest pleasure of my life to do whatever

lies in my power to render you happy. Do you accord me this privilege?

I would not, do not, urge your acceptance. I tender you willing hands and a warm heart. Yet if you can not accept them cordially, by all means decline them. Unless you can really and truly love me above all others, send me a negative answer. But if you feel that you can and will reciprocate my affection for you, and enter with me upon the life before us, say Yes, and thereby add my gratitude to admiration, and prescribe your own time and mode for its legal consummation.

I would not hasten your reply. This is indeed a life-time affair. Deliberate fully. And if, in order to a judicious decision, you require to know more of me, "ask, and you shall" be answered. Yet as soon as you can well decide wisely and fully, be kind enough to favor me with your reply. Nor hesitate to give a negative one if you feel disinclined to the proposed union. Meanwhile, with the highest esteem and regard, I hope ever to remain, as I certainly now am, yours truly,

C. D.

Of course a genuine woman can write a much better *reply* of acceptance or decline than a man. We shall not even pretend to give a model one. If it were yet time for a genuine sentimental love-letter, we would not profane the subject by making even the attempt. But both parties are yet in the region of intellect. Thus far the transaction is a purely business one. But if we can not write a woman's letter, we can tell what reply we should *like* to receive. Its spirit might run somewhat as follows:

Boston, Oct. 11th, 1859.

MISS J. B—— TO MR. C. D——:

Dear Sir—Your proffer to me of your hand and heart in marriage has been duly received, and its important eventualities fully weighed in all their respective bearings. I consider consummating the conjugal relations indeed no trifle, and have deliberated my answer accordingly.

I accept your proffer. And on the only condition you propose, namely, that I *reciprocate* your love. This I can and will do *with all my heart*. Many traits in your character have already awakened my admiration and respect. I admire your frank, open, and manly course in this whole matter; your appeal to my parents, whom I trust you will learn to prize and love as I do; your intelligence, frugality, and industry; and hereby surrender myself up to you, in the perfect assurance that you, or rather we—for I shall insist on working *with* you—can provide ourselves with all the necessities, if not luxuries of life.

If all your capacities and excellences have not yet been brought out by culture, allow me, my dear Charles—for I may now address you by that affectionate appellation—to help you improve yourself. As you are now mine, allow me to make the most of you, that I may love you all the better.

I like your address well, yet it can be greatly improved. And if I should occasionally suggest *wherein*, I know you will gratefully second my endeavors to better it and render you as perfect as possible. More prudence, too, would improve you in my eyes, for you sometimes venture almost rashly—an error I trust you will correct, which you are abundantly able to accomplish. Yet I very much admire that energy of character of which it is the redundancy.

But you have one habit, dear Charles, abstinence from which would greatly enhance my estimation of you. You know my prejudices against tobacco. I, too, know your love of it. I by no means insist, but I do request that you abandon its use. I can love you with it, but much better without; and if you will relinquish it to please me—and this will also benefit you—I also will do as much or more to conform myself to your wishes. But having expressed my preference, I now leave you either to continue or abandon this practice as you yourself see fit.

And now, dear Charles, as you have proposed that we unite hands, hearts, and fortunes, and become one for life, and I have accepted, and on your own terms, I hereby offer, in return, my own hand and heart, and consecrate my entire being, soul and body—all I am and can become—to you, and you alone. I both accord to you the "*privilege*" you crave of loving me, and crave in return a like blessed "*privilege*" of loving you with all my heart, soul, might, mind, and strength, "for life—forever."

Shall we, then, now consider this anxious question finally settled? Are you in very deed mine? And am I indeed yours, to live with and for, to love and be loved by, both for this world and the next? Thank Heaven that I have at length found a resting-place for my affections—one with whom to sympathize, by whom to be guided, and in whom to put my trust. And one so every way *worthy* of my fullest confidence and affection. And wherein I am not all you desire, please only tell me frankly, and I will do my utmost to render myself in every respect worthy the exalted estimation implied and expressed in your letter of proposal, besides doing my utmost to obviate those imperfections which I frankly acknowledge exist, and which you there so kindly point out.

I shall always be most happy to see you, or hear from you, and ar-

range the time and preliminaries of our marriage. But whether it be consummated sooner or later, or whether you are present or absent, I shall now consider myself as all yours, and open wide the portals of my affections to receive, with a grateful heart, whatever expressions of regard you may feel prompted to proffer, besides assuming the sacred "*privilege*," as it is now my pleasing duty, to express that gushing love for you I feel even now swelling and bubbling up within my own soul, and calling for utterance. Fondly hoping to hear from you early and often, and see you soon, I am, and shall remain, in the highest esteem and most devoted love,

Yours, ever and forever,

Miss J. B——.

Of course, "pleasing manners," "late rising," "energy and intelligence," "using tobacco," etc., are used only as examples of other excellences and faults, to be pointed out according as they exist in either. Of course, too, the style and details of such letters should be the product of the head and heart of the writer. Different circumstances, too, require correspondingly different letters. But the two main points are, his unreserved proffer, and her cordial acceptance.

There yet remains just here another important step—the *vow*, and its tangible witness. As agreements must first be made, then *attested*, so after your engagement is fully decided on between you, yet each requires both its unequivocal and mutual reciprocity, as well as mementoes, to be cherished up for all time to come, as its living witness. A formula of the vow itself has already been given.⁴³ Some tangible plighting of each to the other, some form of sacred, solemn abjuration, embodying the general substance there expressed,⁴³ is due to and from each, and between them both, and, indeed, to the sacred nature of the relations, both in the present, and for the future. Nor can the vow be made too strongly. Nor held too sacred. Having deliberately put their hands to the plow, they should attest it with the highest, holiest oath of affirmation mortals ever do or can adopt, so as to prevent even their ever trying to "look back," and preclude it if they would. They should bind themselves to one another with cords which neither could break if they would, or would if they could. Nothing *can* be too *good* and *strong*. The stronger, the better. If calling God to witness will strengthen their mutual abjuration, swear by Him and His throne. Anything to seal "this fixed fact."

Next comes its *witness*. By no means necessarily human. As "Abram set up a stone for a perpetual witness" of a certain transaction, so it matters less *what* that witness is, but it should be *something*. A ring is often selected. But there should be two witnesses, one for

each. And ought to be a third, to be treasured up by *both*. Each may make some keepsake gift, worked by their own hands, which will greatly enhance its inherent value. Or it may be plain, or be more or less valuable. Yet what is especially wanted is a *token* of their hymeneal vows. They may choose two lockets, each containing their likenesses, together with a lock of the hair of each in that of the other. Or each, consulting their own tastes, may ask, "By what do I *prefer* to keep the other in 'perpetual remembrance' of our sacred vows?" It ought to be committed to writing, and each transcribe a copy in his and her own handwriting for the other to keep, while both treasure up the original between them as commemorative, and all three, along with the witnessing tokens to be enshrined in their "holy of holies," as the most sacred relics of their lives.

Not till now should either party even dare to love. It is neither right, nor politic. Thus far, like those selecting and bargaining for a farm, a house, they are only examining their mutual *eligibility*. What right has he who is yet negotiating for a farm to its products, or for either to love till engaged? Of which, however, hereafter.⁵⁴

79. PARENTAL CONSENT, ELOPEMENTS, AND RELATIVES.

Their next step—for both should now move in concert—should be, if possible, to obtain the consent and blessing of their parents. Though their consent to the proposed canvass⁵⁵ is a virtual consent to their marriage, in case they agree, yet it is now appropriate that he write her parents somewhat as follows :

NEW YORK, Oct. 15th, 1859.

C. D. TO MR. AND MRS. A. B—— :

Respected Sir and Madam—You some time ago gave your consent that your daughter and myself confer together relative to our marriage. Having deliberately and mutually considered our joint adaptation to each other, and found, as we believe, that we are thus suited, we have engaged ourselves to each other in this sacred relation. It but remains that we inquire whether we have your parental consent and blessing. Whatever you have to say concerning this, to us, all absorbing subject, be assured we shall duly consider. I do not request that you part with your daughter, but only that you accept me as your son. And rest assured that the exalted esteem in which I hold her—and words can not express how exalted—is a tribute of filial gratitude and love with which I crave permission to regard her parents.

Your early answer, coupled with whatever suggestions you please to make, whether objective or suggestive, will much oblige,

Yours, in filial regard,

C. D.

If they assented to the canvass, they can but consent to and bless their union. And parental blessings on their proposed marriage is indeed most desirable. If, from motives of pride or dislike, they object, let them form their own answer. We will not soil these sacred pages, or prostitute this love-prompting volume to help them. But in case they sanction, one in the following *spirit* is now due from them to him.

BOSTON, Nov. 4, 1859.

MR. AND MRS. A. B.— TO MR. C. D.:

Dear Sir—Your own and our daughter's proposal to enter upon the sacred relations of husband and wife meet our unqualified approval, and have our hearty consent. More. Along with her father's and mother's assent, you also have their parental *benediction*, and best wishes.

When you have arranged between yourselves the time and mode of your marriage, you have only to state your wishes, and it will give us the greatest pleasure to further their consummation. Please consider yourself always a welcome guest at our house and table. Come evening or morning, with or without special invitation, and you will always be welcome. And allow us to treat you, not with the ceremony of an acquaintance, but with the "*sans ceremonie*" of an intimate friend, or, rather, as you yourself propose, which we cordially accept, of our dear *son*.

Yours, in right hearty parental affection, MR. AND MRS. A. B.

But what if parents send a rejection? First, let both parties try whatever means lie in their power to win them over. And they should patiently ask, rather than demand. Not that this course is binding, but politic. Their opposition is neither to be despised nor provoked. Nor can their acquiescence hardly be secured by too much argumentative perseverance or patient assiduity. And both should be loth either to deny their authority or defy their opposition.

Yet there *are* parents and occasions which deserve both. As long and as far as parents pursue a true parental course, they should not fail to express a great deal of filial affection and obedience. Yet "to err is human." And parents err quite as much in these matters as in any others. Sometimes their very parental love blinds their better judgment, and incites them to pursue a course most reprehensible. Their partiality is liable to overrate her real value and underrate his. Accustomed to command and be obeyed, they forget that here the scepter has now passed from their hands to hers.⁵³ Perhaps inflamed by spirituous liquors, or tobacco, or "pork and cabbage," or over-work, or disordered nerves, or other physical conditions, they make a most

desperate time, and bluster and dictate as if the rightful arbiters of their daughter's affection, whereas, no longer a child, but now mistress of herself, she has acquired the right to marry where she pleases. It has now become *hers* to command, theirs only to acquiesce. Those who do pursue this reprehensible course deserve rebuke.⁵³ Indeed, a *bold* card may be your very trump. Fremont loves and is beloved by Benton's "Jessie." Benton, enraged, storms and forbids Fremont his house, besides locking up his daughter. But they defy him, elope, marry, return, and Benton, fairly outgeneraled, surrenders, makes friends, and becomes Fremont's firmest backer.

But in any event, and at all hazards, your duty each to your own self and to each other, is paramount to parental authority. If you find yourselves really and truly attached to each other, and have a genuine love-sympathy, God in nature hath therein, and thereby, and therefore joined you together, and "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."⁸² Much less anything else. You belong, not at all even to parents, but only to yourselves and *each other*, and your first bounden duty—that most obligatory on both—is to *obey God*, by fulfilling the love he has established between you. This is not a may be, but a *must* be. Not only will its fulfillment be blessedly rewarded, but its neglect incur a terrible penalty; for sins of omission are visited with a retribution as sure and effectual as sins of commission. A wo is just as sure to follow your refusal as thunder, lightning. Nature will not be neglected any more than violated. By her love instincts she commands you to marry. And by all the blessings of love and curses of disappointment should you obey. By the sacredness of love are you both solemnly bound to each other, yourself, and your God, to consummate your love. Therefore, let neither adverse circumstances, nor fear, nor want, nor temper, nor persecution, nor wounded pride, nor any personal alienations, indeed, nothing short of absolute impossibilities, interpose between you. You are traitors to the highest obligations of your nature, and sure to spoil each yourself and the other, if you do; for by the pre-eminence of love itself, or even life, should you defy all difficulties, and even dangers, to consummate your love. If one must go abroad, await a joyful return. If you must bide your time, bide it, but watch it. If parents interdict your communications, set your wits to work to communicate for all. If parental tyranny locks her up, let your "love laugh at locksmiths." Adopt elopements only as a *dernier resort*, but when all other efforts have proved futile, why, *steal* her, if, as of course, she *wants* to be stolen. Anything short of personal violence. If she will jump from her window into your arms, catch her, and, Priam like, scale the battlements of Troy with your

devoted Helen in your arms. Of course, she must first be willing to "forsake father and mother, and cleave to" you; but if thus willing, wo to both if you do not carry her off "a willing captive." Be wise, but *prompt* and determined. Make a *sure* thing of it. So lay your plan that it can not miscarry. No "faint heart" here. *Courage!* "On, Stanley, on!" And God crown your efforts with success. And a strong *will* always finds a sure way. Defy consequences. Snap your fingers at whatever interposes. Tell them to "whistle."

Still, to elope just for the *sake* of the thing is despicable. The girl who was sorry her "father consented to her marriage, because she could not then get in the papers by a 'romantic elopement,'" was simple. Yet all sensible persons must see that all interference only increases their determination and re-insures their marriage.

But if parents may not thus interfere, much less relatives. We have already shown *how* far they may go, "but no farther."⁶³ It but remains to point out their true course, namely, a pacific one—to help, not hinder. The fact is fixed. They are mated and betrothed, and all right-minded outsiders will now *promote*, not interrupt their love. How despicable to alienate husband and wife! Yet is not alienating those betrothed quite as despicable? They are married in *spirit*.⁶⁴ Nor can its *legal* formality reincrease its validity. So make the best of it.

Sometimes relatives interfere thus. A brother says, "Sister, come and help wife start housekeeping." She goes. Rendered envious by seeing him lavish upon another those caresses he once bestowed on her, she watches her opportunity to show him that his wife is not the pink of perfection after all, and poisons his mind. Such sisters (?), if they ought not to be pitched headlong out at the window, at least deserve to be told, doors open, "Viper, your *room* is far better than your company." Those who have not a really devilish spirit, will try to heal, not engender differences. Suppose he is her superior, does his knowledge of it unmarry them? What iota of good does it do? Is it not an unmitigated evil? Is not his lot hard enough already, that you must make it ten times worse? Granted that he is deceived, how infinitely better that he enjoy this deception, than suffer inexpressibly by its discovery? Sometimes "ignorance is bliss." Her being perfect *in his eyes*, about equals her being perfect *per se*. And is far better for him than her inherent perfection without his appreciation. As he thinks she is, she is to him.⁴⁶

And Nature always *pays back* such sisterly (?) deviltry in its *own coin*. Show me one who has thus served a brother, and I will show you one who is herself miserable in her affections; for her spirit would make

an angel wretched. Suspicious, watching her husband's every motion with eagle vigil, and hated because hating. Her apparent affection is but a hollow tree, seemingly sound, but rotten within. A case.

A married woman once consulted me thus: "On the death of my mother I filled her place to my youngest brother—fed, clothed, petted, loved, fitted him out for college, encouraged, sympathized with him in his troubles, and triumphed when he graduated with honor, only to be chagrined by seeing him fall in love with a beautiful 'sewing girl.' A good, sweet girl, to be sure, but to see my brother, on whom I doted, the rising hope of our proud family, who could have commanded the wealthiest heiress in Detroit, marry a mere seamstress! I remonstrated, but he persisted. Provoked, I finally told him, 'If you marry her, she shall never be *my* company.' '*Nor you mine,*' he replied, and banished himself from my presence. He never even recognizes me when we casually meet. Already has this coldness of one I have thus loved *broken my very heart*. The more, because I live miserably with my own husband. Before, loving my brother eased my aching heart, but I am now dying because I have no man on earth I can love."

Poor miserable victim of your own false pride. "Your sin has found you out." Your sufferings, though great, deserve no pity, for they were self-inflicted by conduct actually diabolical. In attempting to rifle your brother's heart, you but rifled your own. Served you right. God is just, and Nature is inexorably retributive. You deserve all this. And its continuance, and even aggravation. You should have said, "Brother, if you only could have married one from our aristocratic circle, how glad I should have been! But since this is mainly your own affair, for your sake I receive her as your wife into our proud ranks, and shall treat her at least politely, and will try to love her, and render her worthy of my noble brother." Which course would have rendered her happiest?

80. DISMISSAL OF LOVERS.

But the proffer might not be acceptable—though *such* proffers would almost preclude their rejection, and would go far to secure its reception. In all cases she ought to decline *pleasantly*, not in a haughty mien, as if she disdained to come down from her proud place to dismiss an inferior, but by a kindly, soothing, affable tone and manner to discontinue the relations so gently that he will hardly realize the blow, and continue to esteem where he may not love. Most of the dreadful evils of disappointment are consequent on attendant hardness,⁴⁸ avoiding which will greatly mitigate the evil. Mutual respect and friend-

ship almost obviate it, whereas hard words always and unnecessarily aggravate it beyond measure.

Love affairs which merge into friendship are even beneficial to both. Hence neither should give or take occasion for offense. And, surely, their past relations should preclude future ill feeling. Refusal is bad enough in all conscience, especially when the affections have been enlisted, without coupling it with a practical insult besides. None but stuck-up, giddy *things*, not worth having, will ever decline in a proud, haughty tone. Vanity-fair stuck-ups, elated mainly by the very proffer now despised, may flaunt it haughty, little realizing that they owe to him this very hauteur. A vanity-struck bauble may glory in having "given him the mitten," just to have something to boast of; but, discarded swain, console yourself that you have escaped a life of matrimonial misery; for one capable of conduct so unlady-like and unfeeling would have rendered you miserable always. Yet like the boy stoning frogs, it may be fine sport to her.

Yet *she*, too, is doomed. Has no reader thus discarded to her cost? And without sufficient cause? She must necessarily wound his sensitive feelings and pride, blight his cherished hopes, and more or less impair his future chances. And, if a true woman, will administer the bitter pill as gently as circumstances will allow. And should she not be too truly grateful to him for paying her the greatest practical compliment mortal can pay mortal, to decline abruptly?

The negation itself is almost cruel. All reversals of feeling shock and injure. Much more when they come suddenly, than gradually. Hence, as informing a wife of a husband's death should take hours, not seconds, so she should let him *gently* down the inclined plane. Nor that too steep. Instead of throwing him off a purpose, she should now express this objection, then that, and patiently hear his replies; but by no means cruelly shake him off as a poisonous and despised viper.

Especially should she *give ample reasons*. Nothing as effectually allays bad feelings as showing *why* the proposed union would prove injurious to him, as well as her. Let an anecdote make and expose its own moral. An attractive young lady, partly under my guardian care, was waited upon by a man much her senior, somewhat after this fashion:

"Miss B., would you like to go to the Young Men's Association to-night to hear E. H. Chapin speak? It would give me great pleasure to accompany you."

"Thank you, sir, I should like well to hear that distinguished orator speak." They went.

"Miss B., how would you like to go to the Museum, to-night?"

"Very much, I thank you, sir." They went.

"Miss B., would you like to take a ride this pleasant afternoon, and see the lions of our city, its environs, and the surrounding country?"

"I should, indeed, and be much obliged."

"Then I will call for you when you say." They went.

"Miss B., the moon is in a fine altitude for observation to-night; we have a splendid telescope, and I am acquainted with the managers of the Observatory; and it will give me great pleasure to introduce you to our astronomers, who will offer you every facility for observation."

"Oh, I thank you really very much. I have long desired to look through a telescope at the 'queen of night,' and gratefully accept your kind offer." They went.

Finding his invitations multiplying, I said to her—

"Do you intend to make him your husband?"

"No, indeed. I never once thought of such a thing."

"Then why accept all his invitations? If you continue to say Yes, he will soon ask your hand, and expect you to say Yes, as ever. When will you begin to say No?"

"The next time. I will cut him off short."

"By no means. Ease him down gently. Accept some, decline some, and always in a pleasant, lady-like manner. As your encouragement by action has been gradual and considerable, let your negation be as gradual by the same action. Hesitate a little the next time, and decline as if reluctantly, and lower his raised hopes by littles."

Instead, she cut him short off. This stung him to the quick. He had been elated by his success, but was now humbled by her refusal. He had boasted to his rivals, who now turned his triumphs back upon him in ridicule. Wrong in them, for he had not deserved this refusal, saving that he was too much elated. But this revulsion of his feelings induced a severe cold and a terrible fit of sickness.⁴⁸ He was really an injured man. Yet neither intended wrong. Call it the fortunes of war, if you will, but she did him an unintentional but serious injury. Her own lady-like feelings, if she had but stopped duly to consider, would have told her better, whereas fear dictated her course.

Yet it sometimes becomes a *man's* duty to dismiss his girl. He should have less occasion, because he made his own selection, while she is only allowed the poor privilege of saying No. It therefore becomes his duty, the more so because her feelings are more sensitive than his, to choose the most acceptable time and manner to occasion her the least pain or injury possible, even continuing a friendly correspondence if both prefer, or else supplying his place by sending her

another lover. Yet let no momentary reluctance to dismiss incur a life of marital unhappiness. Nor postpone, for delay only increases the difficulty. Nor nurse this delay, for her and your heyday of selection is both short³⁸ and precious.³⁷

But a change of feelings or circumstances may, after a time, render the re-opening of their correspondence desirable. One or both may not realize how much they love till after they have separated. In such cases by all means re-open. If a former affection can be consummated, by all means re-open negotiations.

But the *dismissing* party is of course the proper one to send the re-opening letter. The other may, after a time, appropriately inquire whether the other retains their dismissing sentiment, for "there is no harm in asking;" but even if the girl has dismissed, improper as it might seem for the female to make advances, she is undoubtedly required to recommence them. An anecdote.

A young doctor of commanding talents and presence, after courting and loving a good girl most devotedly for many years, was, through the intervention of parents, dismissed, to make way for another richer, though poorer. His heart broke, and constitution, though the best in the world, gave way. He pined and sunk for years, and was finally resuscitated only by a voyage to Europe. After seven years his affections rallied,⁴⁸ and fastened on a worthy young lady, who causelessly dismissed him, but ascertained to her cost that she really loved him. Making me a confidant, I advised her to send a re-opening letter. This she utterly refused to do, on the ground that a woman should be *sought* after, not seek.

"But your dismissal precludes his making any farther advances till he is somehow informed of your change. Why should you both perish in disappointed love for each other, when only one kind word or act is wanting to bring you together. You say he has offered himself, yet you have declined, but changed, and yet find your life-happiness impinges on his love. Now will you spoil both, rather than send him a letter that your sentiments have changed? Or let me tell your father, if you will not, to invite him to your house, and you show or tell him the change. Or send some friendly token, for love is sacred, and to let so very a trifle as your coyness spoil both, is really wicked."

BREACHES OF PROMISE

deserve the following obviously common-sense remarks.

First.—When either party has deliberately called out the affections of the other under promise of marriage, and then *causelessly* broken faith, as no other treatment is equally criminal or cruel,^{48 83} so no pun-

ishment should be more severe or certain. And as appropriately punishable by law as any other crime. Yet dollars but poorly express the amount of "damages."

Second.—But suppose the declining party has discovered some repellant or disgusting trait, some heart-sickening conduct, some marked flaw which has proved fatal to love, the "damages" in reality belong to the *defendant*. As a misinformed purchaser ought not to be compelled to fulfill a contract made under false representations, so here those *causes* which have induced this change should be allowed full weight, and might throw the damages on the *other side*.

Especially should ample allowances be made for *young* fancy-fascinated girls and love-smitten masculines, doubtless deliberately "captivated" by the artful, but whom reflection has brought to their senses. Inexperienced minority releases from other contracts. Then why not also from this? No girl who engages before nineteen, but afterward becomes sick of her engagement, should be required to fulfill it. And whoever takes a young girl's promise should hold it subject to her revision when older.³⁹

Third.—Whenever either party, from any cause whatever, such as instinctive repugnance, or more mature reflection, or having found another liked better, or discovered certain traits which have reversed love, the refused party should cheerfully release the refusing, if not in the spirit of generous magnanimity, at least in that of self-respect and self-interest; for a marriage reluctant to *either* will be fatal to the life-long happiness of both. *Mutuality* is an eternal law of love. Reluctance on *either* side must inevitably spoil the happiness of both—a law the reasons of which will be given in Vol. II. The refused party can do themselves no greater "damage" than to oblige the discontented to fulfill a disagreeable engagement. The true *policy* of the one disliked lies in releasing the other, and looking elsewhere; the temporary painfulness of replacing the affections being far less than the life-long misery of living with a dissatisfied repellant companion, or even one who is passive, or merely *tolerates* the marriage, because duty-bound by an "*engagement*."^{42 72}

Thus much of Selection. Say, ye who have made either a good or a poor choice, whether these directions are or are not worthy to become the guiding landmarks of the young? What one but is intrinsically adapted to promote the conjugal happiness of all who follow them? And are none of you smarting under the consequences of their ignorant violation? In short, are they not eminently *scientific*, and therefore reliable?

Next, then, of COURTSHIP and its eventualities.

February 11

From

to

1891

1892

PART III.

COURTSHIP, AND MARRIED LIFE: THEIR FATAL ERRORS, AND RIGHT MANAGEMENT.

SECTION VIII.

WRONG COURTSHIP; AND ITS FATAL CONSEQUENCES.

81. IMPORTANCE OF A RIGHT COURTSHIP.

GOD is infinitely good. Boundless and endless are his provisions for the happiness of all his creatures. Superlatively so those for that of his highest work—man. And throughout every department of human life. *How* great the pleasures of motion, of sight, of eating, of other creature comforts! Greater those of mind; for, *voluptas animi major est quam corporis*. And those of intellectual and moral elevation greatest of all. But how incomparably a right social life enhances every pleasure of existence? Let the most gifted imagination—let each and all—in those hours of revery when the soul mounts highest on its “wings of Pegasus,” but imagine how inexpressibly happy they could be if married to their liking, and they *can* be happier than the utmost stretch of their imagination can depict. Here reality exceeds fiction! “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man” to conceive the happiness inwrought with a perfect love. For, besides its own *per se* enjoyments, it incomparably enhances and exalts every human function.^{Sec. II.} Superlatively happy he, though poor, humble, ignorant, and poorly supplied with human necessities only, who, blessed with a congenial spirit, is perfectly happy in his love. Well may that rich, honorable, high-toned, and even talented man, who is honored by his fellows, holds office, or even occupies the presidential chair of this great nation—that most august terrestrial seat mortal man can ever fill—who has all else that heart can wish, but who is trammelled by conjugal incongeniality—well

may he pray to change places with those, however poor, but happy in a perfect love. And that poor washerwoman who dresses in ragged calico, and feeds upon the coarsest fare, but who is happy socially, need not envy that rich heiress, however splendidly attired, or loaded with jewelry however costly, and glistening from head to foot with diamonds however brilliant, surrounded even with palatial pomp and luxuries, and all that heart can wish, but who is miserable in an unhappy love. How incomparably, and in how many innumerable ways, does a right love sweeten all life's other joys, and redouble all its usual value !

Yet to what do life's other pleasures amount to without love ? And how does domestic happiness remedy all life's other ills !

Then, oh, youth, with all thy other getting and provisions, be persuaded to provide amply and certainly for domestic felicity, for then shall other terrestrial blessings be added thereto.

The first step in this provision is to make a right conjugal selection. Yet on this we have already treated.^{Part II.} Nor did, nor could we overrate its importance.⁵² It is love's first step, and must be taken about right ; for no subsequent ones, however right, can retrieve, however they may palliate a first error.

But its second step is quite as important. Taking this wrongly embitters all, spoils all, even though the selection may be right. And the earlier any step, the more eventful its consequences for good, if right ; for bad, if wrong.

COURTSHIP is this second step. And quite as eventful as selection. Indeed, a wrong courtship even spoils the very best mutual adaptations. In fact, more of the evils of married life are attributable to errors in courtship than selection. Moreover, most of the errors of selection could be measurably relieved or mainly obviated by a right courtship ; whereas, a wrong one renders a poor one ten times poorer than it need be, or would be under a right courtship. At all events a right courtship is an absolute indispensability to a happy marriage. And can be made measurably to augment all its other joys, while a wrong one necessarily aggravates all other marital errors.

And there is quite as much a right in courtship as selection.⁵² And equally a wrong. And every error in courtship will surely work itself out in matrimonial wretchedness in proportion to that wrong. Nature is infinitely retributive both ways. As far as any of her laws are obeyed, she rewards ; but punishes their every infringement, in courtship included. Is obliged to inflict an incalculable amount and variety of marital misery by way of punishing wrong courtships.

Then, let all those who will court—as all should do who are old

enough³⁷—see to it that they court *right*. Not about right, but *just* right. “Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing *well*.” And this *best* of all. Bungle whatever else you will, but see to it that you do up this “according to Gunter.” It has its *right*—its governing laws—its science. Then see to it, ye courtiers, that you court *scientifically*. Nor is it permitted to you from your cradles to your graves to make as perfect a “strike,” or as fatal a blunder as in courtship. “There *is* a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its ebb, leads on to fortune. But *this* lost, *all* is lost.” And this tide is courtship. And all are under solemn obligations, by the very tenor of their being, to conduct it in accordance with Nature’s requisitions.

Nor have any any business to court wrongly, any more than to violate any *other* law of their being; for no one has any right to injure themselves, much less another; for a wrong courtship injures the one wrongly treated in a most fatal manner. Those perfectly isolated, if that were possible, might do wrong, and suffer its consequences if they chose, but all stand interrelated to others.⁴⁹ And in this case it is to one of the opposite sex, who should be cherished, not preyed upon.¹⁴ And doubly in a matter so vital. And that one is interrelated to others, and they to others still, all of whom your wrong must necessarily affect.

But in order to conduct courtship aright, one must needs *know* that right.² To attempt to do anything without knowing both what and how, is to spoil your work, and make a failure. Intellect, knowledge, and right *principles* should guide courtship, as much as everything else. Nor have any a right to attempt to court until and unless they know how, for those old enough to court, are old enough to conduct it scientifically.

“But, how *can* I, unless some one shall guide me?⁶ And who ever either taught or learned anything about it? Indeed, courtship is the last thing on earth to take lessons in.”

Yet humanity *should* both teach and learn. Why not as well respecting this, as grammar, figures, or anything else? Is it less important? And those whom experience has taught, should teach others—parents their children, seniors their juniors, and all each other. Especially those who see where they have erred, and thereby warn others off those fatal reefs.

But Nature has another and a higher teacher. We can learn much from others, but most from *ourselves*. Our own normal instincts are our highest teachers. And infallible.⁴³ By this instructor Nature teaches each and all her children who will learn. Whoever is courting right or wrong, will be told so by a “still small voice” within, if

they will but listen. None ever yet made a false step without being told thereof, in and by the very step itself. And those who stumble here must fall in this respect, as those who stumble in others, must fall in them. And sometimes "great indeed is the fall thereof." We would here press and re-press until we thoroughly impress each and all with the fundamental principle of following their own inherent *consciousness*.⁴³ Courtship has its consciousness. And it, too, must be kept inviolate.

Then, oh, courting youth, throw yourself on your own interior sense of propriety and rightness, as to both the beginning and conducting of courtship.⁷⁷ And have no fears as to results, but quietly bide them in the most perfect assurance of their happy eventuality.

This naturally calls up a right courtship. Yet it sometimes becomes necessary to tear down an old house in order to the construction of the new. In courtship pre-eminently; because the customs of society most wofully pervert this whole matter, and lead almost all astray. Not only have our youth no correct ideas of its proper conduction, but guided by the motto, "As you see others court, so court you," almost all violate their own interior consciousness by courting as they see others court, whereas, left to themselves, they would court right.

"But where are we to find a right way of conducting courtship pointed out?"

In Phrenology. Being a correct transcript of primitive human nature, it therefore becomes a perfect guide to a correct human life. Matters of courtship of course included. And we shall proceed to expound its application to a right courtship, after having exposed some of its errors. To do which effectively we must first prove and apply the principle that

82. LOVE CONSTITUTES MARRIAGE.

Love is infinitely sacred.⁴³ And on no account whatever to be trifled with, or interrupted.⁴⁵ What proof could be stronger or higher of any truth than that already educed in proof of this truth?^{Sec. II.}

More. *Reciprocated love is marriage.* Marriage consists, not in a score of things, but in some *one* thing. But does not consist in the mere law, for man makes marital statutes, but God makes marriages. Therefore a merely legal marriage does not, can not, make a true Heaven-ordained marriage. If it did, it would be one thing one foot east of the Ohio and Indiana line, but quite another one foot west of it. And a very different affair in England to-day, as compared with two years ago. And in Africa, compared with New York. And as changeable as are all human statutes. Besides, human laws are often very

imperfect, while marriage is divine. Legal statutes are alterable, while matrimony is eternal. It consists in an interior sentiment, not in any human ceremony. And is "the same from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof." And from the beginning to the end of the race itself. And even in animal as well as man.⁴² To make marriage consist in law, is to drag it down from Heaven, and consign it to HADES. To supersede its divinity by rendering it human. To put it upon this merely legal base, is to disrobe it of every particle of its sacredness. Human law is fallible. Divine, infallible. Will you then debase this God-ordained natural institute by humanizing it? God forbid! Your own souls should rebel thereat. The very stones should cry out against so base a degradation!

Not but that it should be *regulated* by legal enactments. At least, law may and should *record* it. Yet as the county records neither make nor constitute the mortgages, sales, and transactions there filed, but only *proclaim* them, so of law and marriage. It is undoubtedly well, as a means of preventing, by punishing, abuses and impositions under the name of marriage, for law to record and regulate marital as well as other transactions, and punish its infractions. But this is one thing, while *basing* it in law is quite another. Though law may properly legalize marriage as it does land-sales, yet be it always and everywhere understood, that it *merely* publishes, but "has no part nor lot" in its *creation*. That creation is divine. And one of the divinest acts of Divinity. And infinitely above all legal enactments and requirements. And how infinitely more obligatory this view renders it than that. Assume that law creates it, and you render it nominal. Admit its divine origin, and you require every human being, concomitant with the very tenor of being itself, both to fulfill it,^{36 37} and conduct it *aright*. Deliver individuals and society from both the deterioration and the degradation of reducing it down to the level of human law! How infinitely rather put it on that "*higher law*" instituted by the Supreme Lawgiver of the universe, and thrown over every human being!

Besides, be a little careful, ye who claim to be *par excellence* the protectors of marriage, lest, in attempting, by your cautious jealousy for this institution to *steady* this great ark of humanity, you *overturn* it. And remember that, by all the stress you put upon *human* law, you but take *off* that much from its divine sanctity.

Moreover, the sentiment is almost universal, that genuine "marriages are made in heaven." That is, are divinely ordained. And this idea expresses a practical truth. God *does* make all true marriages. Yet how many merely legal ones are made which He does *not*

make ! Or if He does, is bungling work ! Not that He says absolutely, "Samuel Brown, I ordain that *you* marry Mary Smith, and that Ann Jones shall marry John Clark," but that He has obviously created and adapted the male and female sexes to each other, and also *particular* individuals of each sex to particular persons of the other.⁷¹ That this general, and also specific, adaptation is incomparably perfect, is rendered doubly obvious, first, by the general proof of all Nature's adaptations, and re-enforced by the very consciousness of all who experience a genuine love. They *feel* that they are exactly and specifically adapted to each other—that so perfect an adaptation *must* be the work of a Divine hand. And this consciousness is the highest of all proofs.

Yet this does not say that the same Divine hand has not also adapted *another*, or even a thousand others, to you, either of whom would make you just as perfect and as Heaven-ordained a union as this.

Besides, have *you* no hand in this matter ? Does God ordain you for each other, as He does that pair of doves ? Not at all. He creates a vast many, either of which would make you just as good a sexual mate, though some of course much better than others.

But now mark. After He has created them, He requires us to *select* for ourselves. As He creates different kinds of food, but requires us to choose this or that, so we may, must, make our own marital choice. And He allows us to choose the wrong one if we will, and then punishes us therefor. He ordains will-power. He can not, will not, should not prevent its exercise, either in this, or in any other matter. He even requires it. PART II. shows that He requires that that will be guided, yet He never overrules it. And holds us responsible for being guided by His laws. Or thus : having created right objects for our choice, He now tells us to choose this and refuse that, whether right or wrong, as in our own sovereign will it may seem best to us.

"But everything is '*decreed* from the beginning'—marriages of course included. 'Tis in vain from our fortune to fly.'"

Let those preach and defend this doctrine who will. We do not now discuss its metaphysics, but treat it in our revised "*Religion*." Suffice it that we are conscious of possessing a power of choice, and ought thereby both to exercise it, and of course make our own matches. If God makes all earthly marriages, He makes some miserably poor ones ! Beware how you saddle on Him all the miserable mistakes of ignorant, blind, and passion-led marriages, thus falsely charging *Him* with making so many most ill-starred marriages, and accusing Him of what belongs to mortals. Lay not so great a charge at His feet, lest you engender infidelity in reflecting minds.

But this He does do. Having created the love sentiment, along with its proper objects, and then requiring us to choose of our own free will, He ordains our marriage by that self-perpetuating feature of love already established.⁴² By this means He may properly be said to make all true marriages—rather to sanction and consummate our choice. And renders it obligatory upon us to *continue* to love the one we once begin to love. Whether we love each other voluntarily or involuntarily, He marries in and by that love. *Our love constitutes* His marriage. We repeat, NATURE'S EDICT IS GOD'S LAW. Her true work is His work. And true love is her veritable work, and therefore His. Who *but God could* have ordained a union of hearts so heaven-born, heaven-tending? Human law is but its terrestrial record. Then, by all the sacredness and imperiousness inherent in the will of our God and Father, is it obligatory on us to fulfill His marital requirements.⁷⁹ His will let us execute.

And now, please mark, as God ordained marriage by concentrating it in one love, and by rendering that love self-perpetuating,⁴² and confining it to but one,^{Sec. IV.} He commands each love-subject to love, that is, to marry only that specific one beloved. And of course abundantly rewards those who consummate that marriage aright.² But punishes each and all who break her marital or love-law by diversifying that love. By the importance of a right love and marriage,³⁶ is the terrible penalty of the breach of this natural law.⁴⁸ By the eternity of God's throne is the certainty of such punishments.

Then do not those parents, and all others who interfere to break up a true love, thereby interfere with God's requirements just as effectually as if they sundered their marital bands *after* their merely legal marriage? Neither minister nor legal officer marries them, but God has already married them in and by their mutual love. And this love is their Heaven-sealed marital certificate. They break that who sunder two willing hearts cemented by love. What right have they to unmarry those *God* has married? And will He not terribly punish those who undo His perfect work? So be careful, parents, relatives, *all* you who interfere in love matters. It is sacrilege. It is *God's* most holy sacrament, in his most holy temple, "not made with hands"—the human heart. Yet this has been urged from another and better stand-point—a natural law already expounded.⁵³

Nor have any a right to *permit* such interference.⁷⁹ Shall I permit sacrilegious Vandals to tear open my heart, any more than to pluck out my eyes? And am I not equally guilty and punishable if I do when I can help it? But this point has been also already noticed.^{55 79} Nor has any human being any business to break in upon their love any

more than to pluck out their eyes. As God created your tongue, and you have no right to mar yourself or impair your usefulness to others by plucking it out, so what right have you to break your own hearts by choking off a genuine love? God will punish those who do. Yet another is also concerned. Nor have you any right to break up *their* love. In and by allowing him or her to *begin* to love you, you virtually obligate yourself to continue to love, and thereby put all power of retraction beyond your control, for each desires to keep loving, and have put themselves under mutual obligation to the other.

Then bear in mind, oh, loving youth, that reciprocated "LOVE IS MARRIAGE." Its *all*, its very *soul*. And *nothing else*. That whoever, after having proffered love, and allowed themselves to be loved, therein, thereby, and therefore, *marry each other*. That he who, having made love to a girl, discards her, perpetrates as veritable a divorce as if he had effected that divorce *after* their legal marriage. That crime, how monstrous! Yet this is quite *as* monstrous. And as *punishable*, too. Nor need those who perpetrate it ever expect to be other than most miserable; for, having "sown the wind," Nature will compel them to "reap the whirlwind."

Then be careful, giddy youth, how you ever *begin* to love, unless you *consummate* that love by marriage. Until and unless you bring a special "permit," sealed with Nature's privy seal, to break up marriages by sundering love-cemented hearts, be careful how you *cement* them. Then beware how you "court just for fun," or make love "only as a pastime," or indulge in "only a flirtation;" for Nature renders it obligatory on whoever voluntarily *commences* a love affair, that they continue and *consummate* it, *ad eternum*.^{42 43} This calls up

83. COURTSHIP'S FIRST ERROR—LOVING BEFORE ENGAGING.

No human being has any business to love until *engaged*. Nor to discontinue that love when once commenced.⁴² And yet, until after their *formal* engagement, lovers usually consider themselves at perfect liberty, at any time, and any how, to break off. And for reasons however trivial, or even without cause. So far therefrom, the very fact of their beginning necessarily obliges their continuance, unless they are willing to violate Nature's first love-law—its perpetuity.⁴²

"But have we not the same right to break off, we had to begin?"

Not unless willing to "foot Nature's bill." It may, indeed, be better to "pay up" now than redouble the account; for *all* her dues *must be paid*. Yet how infinitely better not to *open* the account! Yet most lovers, by breaking this love-law of perpetuity, go on "gathering up wrath against the day of wrath." They may sin ignorantly, per-

haps—innocently they can not, for their own natures told them better—but does Nature mitigate any of her penalties because her sinners sin ignorantly? Woman, if, having prompted a man to pay you his love-addresses, allowed him to love, perhaps caress you, and expressed your love for him, you should watch with eagle range of vision, lynx-like scrutiny, and tiger-like ferocity, from your cradle to your grave, for an opportunity to do him the *very* greatest wrong and most vital damage woman is permitted to perpetrate on man, his dismissal, under such circumstances, is that greatest, save possibly his murder. And quite likely he might prefer even death itself! Oh, do not so cruel a thing! Inflict not so great a wrong on even a beast! Much less on a human being! Most of all on a *man*! And above all, on a *young* man. And that even after he has paid you that greatest practical compliment of loving you! And after you, your own self, monstrous monster, have manifested toward him that tender fondness and exalted regard inherent in love! Perpetrate almost any other crime if you will, or inflict any other torture, but oh, for your own sake, for his sake, for God's sake, spare yourself and him this torture!

Then what of those *men* who thus draw out the affections of young women only to blast them? The effects of that blasting have already been presented.^{Sec. II., 45 to 48} Only those who have thus suffered can begin to realize them. Nor they any more than merely begin. Yet you, culprit, inflict all this anguish on a fellow-being—a child of our common Father in heaven! And that a *female*! Should not men promote the happiness, not cause the misery, even of beast? How much more of man? Most of all of woman? It is barbarous for savage Indian to torture hapless victim by slow but agonizing inches, till his sturdy frame sinks in death! Then shall civilized man inflict an agony far more protracted, and as much more agonizing as mental sufferings exceed physical pain? And thereby render that loved being almost a wreck or blank? And that being a *woman*? Monster incarnate! Cruelty to the opposite sex is doubly distilled barbarity!

And that woman *young*! However horrid for an old man or a boy to torture an old woman, or for a young man to torture an old woman, for a young man to torture a *young* woman, as much as any man must who has called out her love only to blast it—and by your own showing she loves dearly, else why you love her?—is cold-blooded cruelty a little more desperate, and devilishness a little more devilish than even a very devil incarnate will or can perpetrate! And all this after you your own self have voluntarily *asked* her to love you! Even if she had made the first advances, and you only assented thereto, how cruel thus to congeal her love! But whereas society awards to her

but the poor privilege only of accepting masculine proffers, while it allows you that of *making* them, for you then to select your victim, as the owl his sleeping bird, and prey on her *soul*-vitals—let the God-cursed serpent charm his bewildered victim only to destroy, but oh, what intensity of Divine wrath which mortals can be made to endure, here or hereafter, can duly punish so great a sinner for so great a sin!

But Nature will devise and execute adequate punishment. Leave that to her. “The soul that *sinneth*, it itself shall die.” And a death commensurate with the sin. For God is infinitely just, infinitely retributory. He punishes partly by that *terrible* tormentor—memory. Behold that murderer! No human eye saw him do the deed, but its very doing itself struck such an awful *terror* into his soul that, go where he will, do what he may, by night, by day, awake, asleep, the startling vision haunts him ever—horrifies him perpetually. You who have called out and blighted the affections of a lovely woman, have thereby branded “the mark of Cain” into your innermost souls! Her memory you must carry with you ever—must recall her sweet look as she drank in your expressions of love, her open, expressive eyes, her glowing cheek re-beautified by the blushes of young love,⁹ as only the Divine limner can paint, her tender, thrilling love tones as she praised her idol! You pray to forget, but can not. Now how changed! So pale, so sad, so literally broken-hearted.⁴⁸ How pitiable the sight! Yet no eye can read the half that mournful visage tells! Nor face tell half her wretched spirit feels!⁴⁸ A lovely human being almost spoiled! And “*you* did it, yes, *you*,” “*thou* art the man,” staring you ever in the face! In vain you dash into business, or seek pleasure in the club-room, or flowing bowl, or gambling “hell.” There sticks the soul-struck brand for all. Nor do even you begin to realize how deep that brand! And Time forever re-deepening it! Then what must eternity do? If there is “forgiveness of sins,” in God’s name let such seek it first, for of all others they need it most. Yet deserve it least.

And she, poor despoiled mortal, perpetually exclaiming in spirit, though words are only mockery, “How could he! Oh, how *could* he be so *very* cruel!” She may not seek vengeance, but her own wounded spirit becomes its own avenger. Nature has this law. As “the blood of Abel crying to Heaven for vengeance” avenges itself, so both the blessings and cursings of man on man, do verily bless and curse their objects. Her wounded spirit’s sorrows become your curses. Her troubled state of mind hangs a mill-stone pall about your doomed neck. Go! Hasten! Make confession, and seek forgiveness, ere too late. And how many such miserable women and exercised men throng our

busy earth! They congregate at club-room and the public gathering. They fill counting-room, parlor, and even vestibule of religion. God only knows who or where they are *not*! Oh, young man, who have not yet cursed your future by thus wounding woman's spirit, be entreated never to allow any woman even to *begin* to love you till willing and ready to enthrone her queen forever of your heart and life! That love is infinitely precious! How precious, we have yet to show. But her heart-broken mourning is *your* death-dirge—if not burial. At least of life's zest.

"But I never asked her to love me; then how am *I* to blame?"

Sure you "never asked?" Called you not often to see her? Waited you not on her, time and again, to concert, picnic, church? And in your best dress of mind as well as broadcloth? Looked you not so blandly, seemed you not so happy when with her, as if you could not bask enough in the light of her beaming countenance? Did not your actions—and they always "speak louder than words"—tell her but too plainly that you both loved her, and asked her to reciprocate that love? And when finally, reluctantly, confidently, she took you on your *act*, did you not, by inviting her affections, proffer her *your own*? And that far more directly than words could do? If not, then are actions but farces. You asked her, by special gallant attentions to her, to love you, which, in their very nature, implied that, if she only would love you, you would unite your love and life with hers. Outrageous thus to solicit and accept her love, without implying that you will repay her affections in and by returning your own! Far less a robber he who asks a merchant his price for his choice goods, appears satisfied therewith, and *takes the goods*, but refuses to pay, and then sneaks out, with, "I never *promised* to pay."

"But, sir, your very *taking* the goods *was* your promise, implied and expressed in the very nature of things, to pay for them. And all law, all justice, hold you thereto," would be any business-man's reply. And *is* woman's, in and by a like asking and accepting her love.

As long and as far as you pay just as much court to *all* ladies as to any one, and that only a gentlemanly deportment, you do not commit yourself, however gallant. But to single out one girl in *particular*, proffer her your escort and gallant attentions, manifesting toward and receiving from her looks and expressions of affection with satisfaction, etc., is a virtual promise of marriage, the highest and strongest you can make her.

Besides, what *business* have you with her love *except* as your wife? Her love is her wifeness. And all of it. To render her a wife and thereby mother, alone was it created. And, other things being equal,

the stronger it is, the better a wife does it render her. And your calling out and blasting it, *de facto*, spoils that wifehood. Or if not, no thanks to you, for you did just the very thing *calculated* to spoil it. What pleasure, except temporary, what but protracted pain, can she derive from loving you, unless you both love her, and make her your wife? And does not her loving you unfit her for loving another, and becoming another's wife?⁴⁵ You will both spoil her, and thereby that man she may yet marry. Or, perhaps, by sickening her of you and your sex,^{46 47} you prevent her marrying at all, and thus rob some man of all the happiness he would, but for your having called out her love, have derived from her as his wife.

More. In injuring her you injure those to whom she is related. Thus, her fond parents have done all they could do to render her a superior woman, wife, and mother. You call on her as her suitor. At least this is your natural language. So they understand it. And as such, and only on that account, do they tolerate your visits. If they supposed you came merely to fritter away her affections, they would, at least should, deny you their house. You call in the guise of a genuine courtship, and thereby bind yourself by its implications, namely, that, unless some special reasons prevent, you will marry her. Being her natural guardians and protectors, it is their duty to see that her lovers do not "come as wolves in sheep's clothing," but as genuine prospective companions. And they can and should eject you from their premises, and with the utmost indignation, even violence, if they supposed you came for any other purpose. Under this false disguise you undermine her affections, and by doing her all the damage already described under broken hearts,⁴⁸ you thereby injure her parents, and all her relatives; who are justified in inflicting the same summary punishment for this false courtship that they would be if you came to assault her virtue; for you are doing them and her as great an injury.⁴⁵

To crown all, you prove traitor! You coax out her love. She thinks you mean as you act, and therefore confides her affections to you. Now confidence is intrinsically sacred. Even between friends it should on no account be violated. Much more between the sexes. Most of all in this very matter of love. If break faith you must, break it as to dollars, as to word of honor, as to veracity, as to even friendship, but God forbid that you break a confiding woman's faith! And, above all, in this holiest of all matters, her *affections*!

"But these girls are so very tender-hearted, that one can not even treat them politely, hardly look at them, without their getting in love."

Yes you can; for no true woman will ever bestow her affections

till *asked*, in word or deed, by the one on whom she bestows them—at least till after twenty-two. Nor then, without first asking and getting *leave*. And a virtual promise of its return; for Nature has thrown a wall of maidenly modesty around female love proportionate to that love, which restrains undue forwardness on her part, till her love is first drawn forth. Let the self-consciousness both of every woman, and of all close observers of the female sex, testify as to this point. Granted that these boarding-school “semitery” mushrooms are indeed “so very tender-hearted.” They are rendered so by that extra cerebral action, along with physical inertia, which begets unnatural cravings of all kinds, those of love included. Yet even these, while they take advantage of even slight proffers to court right hard, yet wait for *some* manifestations of preference before they manifest theirs.

But woman does indeed cling as with the grasp of desperation to the man who elicits her love. To shake off either is well-nigh impossible.

And this is as it should be. Woman *ought* to be as loving as she is. She is the terrestrial angel of love. And if man should thank God for any one earthly blessing, or female characteristic, it is that, and *because* she is thus affectionate. It is this alone which either makes her a good wife, or any wife at all, for that matter. And the stronger it is, incomparably the *better* a wife does it render her.⁶ So that, by the value of woman in general, and wife in particular, is the value of this her uxorious constituent.

But shall man therefore take *advantage* of this crowning jewel in the diadem of woman's nature to *despoil* her thereby and therefore? And then taunt her therewith besides? So far therefrom, is he not bound to stand *sentry* around her love? Rendered thus loving more for his good than hers, shall he not guard her affections with greater vigilance than any other female quality? Shall self-invited guests, having no rights but those of sufferance, seize on the citadel, and work ruinous havoc just because its gates open on too slight application? Shall not this very easy opening awaken a generous *protection*, instead of Vandal sacking? And the more easily man can get woman's love, the more studiously should he guard against calling it forth, except in and for marriage.

And every young woman should repress her bubbling love, if needs be even steel her heart against all affectional overtures, unless and until accompanied by *proposals*. Her love is her all, so that she should “set her face as a flint” against all forms of courtship, unless first well-nigh certain that her affections can and will be reciprocated,^{41 to 44} and eventuate in marriage.³⁸

And shall man guard his own and woman's love, and shall not she also guard hers, and likewise his? Shall she allow him to wait on and proffer marks of special regard, when she has no intentions of marrying him?⁸⁰ She may not do him as great a wrong by allowing his attentions as he her, by proffering her his "just for fun," but does she not do him a wrong which no true woman should ever do any man? By the mere fact of receiving his special attentions, she practically encourages their continuance, and promises her own in return. Nor should either sex allow any affectional manifestations till affianced. *Mate* first, then love, and consider as in Nature, so in yourselves, that *loving is marrying*.⁸²

84. SORTER COURTING, AND SORTER NOT.

A young Hoosier once asked a young Hoosieress, "Sal, is anybody courtin' on you now?"—meaning to inquire whether his own addresses would be acceptable—to which Sal replied:

"Wall, Sam, there's one feller, a sorter courtin' and sorter not, but I reckon as how its more sorter *not*, than sorter."

Is that the way you court, you "sorter" good-for-nothing nobodies? Do it up "*brown*," or else let it alone. This half-courting won't pay either party, except—"over the left." But there it "pays big." Especially the courted. Her selecting period is short—only from eighteen to twenty-one.³⁹ It therefore becomes her to "make hay while the sun shines." Let not her love hay-day be frittered away. Nor has any man any right to any more of her precious mating period than is absolutely necessary for selection. Hence to call and keep calling every now and then, just enough to encourage her hopes, yet discourage others, and after wasting all this her most precious marital seed-time, to thus discard her, is a flagrant wrong, of which no human being should ever be guilty. Nor will any true man. So you who are "sorter courting and sorter not," just hurry up, or stand aside.

Yet, after all, woman has her redress. And is culpable if she does not put it into requisition. It is this. Say virtually, either in words or actions—and acts speak loudest—

"When you have any *definite* proposals to make, it will give me pleasure to canvass and consider them; but till then, I must beg to be excused."

This will bring him to his bearing—extort a proposal, compel a declaration—or else clear the coast, and prepare the way for another application. And she who allows herself to be thus cheated out of her mating period, perpetrates on herself an incalculable wrong, for which she may yet be obliged to *atone* by a "life of single blessedness," or

an unfortunate marriage. Nor should she be too *mealy-mouthed*. Nor even too patient, for here, pre-eminently, "forbearance both ceases to be a virtue," and becomes a crime. And that against herself—the last earthly being on whom she should impose.

Yet young ladies sometimes dally. But if man has no right to keep woman in suspense, should a woman delay making up her mind any longer than obliged to? She is entitled to all the time requisite for deliberation and consultation, making all requisite inquiries, but should ask and take no more.

But our object is simply to prevent undue delay, yet not to encourage undue haste; but rather to advise as much promptness and as little vacillation in this matter as the nature of the case will allow.

85. TRYING EACH OTHER'S LOVE: TEASING.

"Now I should just like to know for *certain* whether that girl I am courting really does love me, or not. And I mean to find out, too. I am just going to play off a little, and court another, and see how her ladyship likes it."

How *should* you know? You never asked her. As when you desire other kinds of information you ask for it, why not for this? She can and will tell you. How *could* she before? Must she betray her personal feelings to you unsolicited? And in a matter thus delicate? She should, doubtless will, wait either till you declare yourself, or else ask her for a declaration. And custom renders it manifestly your place to declare and propose first. Perhaps after she is twenty-two she may lead off; hardly before.

But you forget that by "trying" her love you spoil that of both, and likely yourselves besides.⁴⁸ Twice before we have said—and it deserves to be, and will be twice repeated—that human nature loves what makes it happy, but hates what renders it miserable. And in *proportion* thereto—a law as universal and as necessary as gravity to mechanism. Than this courting another, nothing else could as effectually outrage, reverse, pain her pride, anger, affection, all her faculties, and thereby throw her whole being into the most painful condition possible.^{Sec. II.} And this embitters both her love and life, and thereby necessarily and always engenders hate. Nor can this result be avoided. Can she *help* being made wretched thereby? Or shrinking from, repelling, and even hating what causes this pain? Impossible! You have done her a palpable wrong. Yet what has she done to *deserve* all this? Or if she had, "*turn the other cheek*," not smite a woman back. She is innocent, but you the aggressor. And you thereby thrust a barbed poisoned arrow into her heart, which will ache and

fester, perhaps even break it.⁴⁸ This you have no right to do. Are most guilty for doing. And must atone to Nature and her therefor.⁸³

Moreover, this is the very worst policy possible. What *good* does it accomplish? Does it disclose the desired secret? Instead, does it not repress it? Engender her hatred it may, should, must; but if it does not reveal her love, it at least bears it down deeper under a mist of impenetrability, for whoever discloses this sentiment to those who provoke indignation? Is not this a law of mind?

Besides, suppose you finally marry her. You must either confess your guilt somehow, beg pardon, and be forgiven, which puts you in a humbled position—that of a self-convicted criminal, pleading for mercy—or remain condemned in her mind as well as convicted in your own, but *unrepentant, unforgiven*. And this state of mind is almost certain to beget alienations on other points, which otherwise would not have risen. As a broken bone breaks all the easier, and heals all the harder a second time, so this hardness begets ill feeling on both sides in other matters, which would otherwise have united instead of alienating you.

To wound each other's feelings is as if both were drinking the most delicious and soul-inspiring nectar in overflowing abundance from one common goblet, which Nature refills faster than you can drain it, till your own accursed hand—it had better be palsied—drops in a bitter pill, which continues to dissolve and embitter, while you sip on till you have drunk enough to fill a hundred goblets, yet the bitterness still remains. But suppose further, that this pill, besides its own inherent bitterness, contained a chemical element which, combining with some otherwise sweet ingredient of the nectar, turns them also into bitterness and poison, and thereby continues to re-embitter and re-poison this nectar the longer you drink, while you are both compelled to drink, drink on, on, on, its unmitigated poisons through life.

Everything in Nature *grows*. Time augments vegetable, tree, animal, man, and all her functions. *Crescendo* is a natural law. And as "great oaks from little acorns grow" in the world of seeds, so doubly in that of the human passions and emotions. As a small crevasse on the levee of the great "Father of Waters" soon widens and deepens, till it finally overflows "all the country around about," doing millions of damage, and that from a beginning so small that a single spade of earth, seasonably and rightfully applied, would have prevented all; saved all; so anything which, during courtship, causes pain, endangers an irreparable breach between two who otherwise would have remained perfectly happy together. And the earlier, the more fatal. And the more assiduously to be guarded against, or ar-

rested in its very beginning. If love can be allowed once but fairly to establish itself by being cherished without interruption for a year or two, the affections become so confirmed that to sunder them will be well-nigh impossible. During this period let both stand sentinel, and neither give offense nor take it—neither causing pain in this or any other respect, because, whatever causes pain, whether ignorantly or intentionally, necessarily impairs love. This love-law is final and absolute. Nor has it any exceptions.

86. LOVE-SPATS.

Horrid monsters! *Hate-spats*, rather. "A rose by *any* other name."

Most lovers know by sad experience what they are, yet few realize how dreadfully fatal their eventualities to subsequent affection. As well a blighting "sirocco" sweep over a fertile plain teeming with life, as any of these poisonous blights of love cross its flowery pathway. Their effect on their future affection is almost paralytic. Nor should they on any account be allowed. Indeed, what is settled marital hatred but a prolonged "spat?" And the oftener they recur, the more fatal to love. They are the sting of the hornet thrust into the eye of affection. "The poison of asps is under their lips." The first is like a deep gash cut into a beautiful face, both rendering it ghastly and leaving a frightful scar, which neither time nor cosmetics can ever efface. They induce that pain just shown to be fatal to love,⁸⁵ and blot that sacred love-page with memory's most hideous and imperishable visages. Can not many now unhappy trace back to one of these as the beginning of that alienation which has embittered your subsequent marital cup and spoiled your lives? With what inherent repulsion do you look back upon them? Every memory of them is horrid, and their effects on love correspondingly destructive.

But their *analysis* alone reveals their inherent deformity. In what do they *consist*? Wholly in mutual animosities and reproaches. They imply, and generally express, that each has done or is doing the other a deep willful wrong, which justice, self-respect, all their faculties, require them to resent. And which they *do* resent. And that most positively. Even though they sustain this most sacred relation of lovers! It is bad enough in all conscience for mere acquaintances to thus "fall out," no matter which is right or wrong. But for *lovers*—those who have lavished their mutual affections upon each other, and again expect to—it is perfectly abhorrent to all the higher, finer feelings of human nature. If they express their implied grievances, the accuser thereby charges the accused with conduct too outrageous to

be borne, both condemning each other in the most unqualified language and manner. But if they sulk, they go even further, by implication. As if like "grief too deep for utterance," words but mock the evils they endure, till they abominate each other too deeply to deign to speak. What condemnation could be more condemnatory? What is it but the utmost disdain?

But what is as diametrically contrary to the spirit of true love? Is it not to love what a black frost is to vegetation, or ice to fire? Always, necessarily, and *ipso facto*? What else can it mean, unless that the accusing party is most wicked? For one man to accuse another is no trifle. It is a perfect outrage for a merchant to charge his clerk with embezzlement, or any one to call another a liar or reprobate. If the accused is innocent, does not the accuser perpetrate a crime quite as great as that charged on the accused? Why slander, false imprisonment, etc., punished so severely, but by virtue of this principle? Well-behaved human beings, be a little careful how you charge wrong upon others unless their guilt is so palpable that neither doubt nor palliation remains. Common law and justice presuppose all innocent till *proved* guilty. Then should not the accused, unless a poltroon, resent such indignities?

But how much worse for the *sexes* to falsely accuse each other? The accuser becomes quite as bad as the accused would have been, if guilty?

But doubly worse for those who have reciprocated that sacred sentiment of love! "If mine *enemy* had done this, I could have borne it, but it is in the house of my *friends*, with whom I have taken sweet counsel."

Of all those causes which revert and avert love, these "spattings" are the most fatal. What are they but disappointment in its very worst form?^{45 to 48} And necessarily and always productive of all its terrible consequences? A first law of love compels this eventuality. Nor can anything prevent it.

"But as thunder-storms clear the atmosphere, and promote vegetation, why not these love-spats equally *promote* love, instead of marring it."

Because their very nature is in direct hostility thereto, and this answer is conclusive.

"Nevertheless, they often *do* promote it."

That they always might, is admitted, on a principle applied to "broken hearts,"⁷⁴⁸ but that they often *do*, is stoutly denied. True, Nature's economies permit the worst misfortunes to be turned into the greatest of blessings. Yet no thanks to the misfortunes. Good often

comes of evil. But "shall we therefore do evil that good may come?" Is wrath the less wicked, *per se*, because often made to "praise God?" Or evil less evil because overruled for good?

But as fits of sickness do sometimes purify the system and improve health, so love-spats may, by proper management, be made to strengthen love, instead of weakening it. This depends on how they are terminated. If the wronging party—and in most cases both are usually wrong—come too, confess, beg pardon, and promise never to *sin* thus *again*, and both mutually do forgive, re-vow, and re-resolve to do better ever afterward, thus virtually *re-mating*,⁴⁸ they will reunite, instead of alienating. But it is this *re-cherishing* of love which both staves off this dire alienating consequence, and substitutes re-increased affection instead. When the "spats" work out their own legitimate eventualities, they always, by virtue of their own inherent nature, reverse and destroy affection. And that in proportion to their frequency and intensity.

Say, ye who have experienced them—and how few have not—how did you feel afterward? As if a terrible storm had chilled and drenched you; as though a lightning flash came near destroying root as well as searing top; as though snatched from the very edge of a precipice, and saved from a yawning gulf; as though ashamed, and humbled, and "so *sorry* this difficulty ever happened;" "would have given the world if it had not;" as if renewed efforts were required to repair its breach; as if "this never ought to recur again."

Nor ought it. It is a most dangerous experiment. And its frequency only reincreases its fatality. (Even the strongest loves will not endure many. Nor any love become strong with many.) Their final impression is, "I will overlook this once, but don't provoke me a second time." They leave your love on a plane far below that on which they found it. Nor on a familiar, but at least a suspecting, if not a hating one. They substitute distrust for confidence. And induce a feeling of commonness, if not contempt, in place of exalted admiration. Both now eye each other like two curs, each watching lest the other should gain some new vantage-ground of assault. All their looks and actions totally changed! Before, so tender; now, so cold and hardened! Before, so cosy and familiar; after, how reserved, distant, hard, and austere! Before, how talkative; after, how demure, as if attending to something else, and trying to forget that each other is present! Their mutual platforms and stand-points respecting each other, how strangely altered! And only for the worse.

Or if they make up by confession, the confessor feels so mean, as if caught stealing chickens, and suffering its disgrace. All the worse if

both confess and forgive, for it obliges both to assume a humbled mien toward each other; for forgiveness implies both inferiority and pity, from which all that is manly in man revolts, and which all that is womanly in woman abhors. But better this than continued animosities. Yet how infinitely better not to have had *occasion*!

“But these ‘spats’ can not be helped. They are almost universal, and seem inherent in the very nature of the different views and feelings of the parties. Indeed, the more they love, the more they are aggravated by each other’s faults, of which these ‘spats’ are but the expression and correction.”

False, every sentence. So far from being universal, they are incidental only to very *imperfect* love. For that which is perfect necessarily precludes them. And by virtue of that perfection.

That they do indeed essay to expose each other’s faults is admitted, but this exposition naturally and necessarily re-aggravates them. They consist in that very reversed^{46 47} or *abnormal*⁶⁷ action of the faculties in which the alleged faults themselves consist, and by increasing this *abnormality*, of necessity reincrease the faults themselves. Sexual blame never makes better, but always only worse;²¹ while love obviates faults by praising the opposite virtues, or else hiding the faults, not reversing Approbativeness by censure. Nor can they be justified in any single aspect whatever. Every view of them, both experimental and philosophical, condemns them as being to love what poison is to health, both before marriage, and after it.

And precisely the same principles and results apply to all disagreements and discords after marriage as to those “spats” before. Every law of mind, indeed the very nature of the love sentiment itself, renders them antagonistic thereto. And by any and all manner of means to be always and everywhere shunned as you would shun the deadly adder.

“But how can they be helped!”

By *forestallment*. Let all who reciprocate love mutually begin by swearing to each other that they will neither *give* nor *take* occasion to feel hard. That each has too much confidence in the other to for one moment presuppose they can intentionally do wrong. That however apparently wrong the actions of either, the other will not think the least wrong was intended. That the offenders *mean* right, and have some other reason for their conduct than intentional guilt. Let both but start their love career on this presupposition of the other’s innocence indigenous to love, and they can hardly even begin to feel hard. Or if they do, will seize on any extenuating condition, and make the very most out of all palliating circumstances.

Instead, most lovers make the least. They often assign the blackest motives to the commonest actions. They not only take offense without cause, but when disinterested beholders see no wrong in action or intentions. That is, imperfect love often becomes most exacting and censorious, whereas genuine love is neither. But forbearing, forgiving, and indulgent instead. Love is too often intermingled with reversed Cautiousness, Approbativeness, Combativeness, Conscientiousness, etc., and when thus alloyed, is in that half-jealous state which produces this very action. That is, it consists in Amativeness, Adhesiveness, and Conjugality, awakened toward each other, but also partially *reversed*, instead of in their quiet, normal mood. This is bogus love. Is to genuine love what jealousy is to Conjugality.⁴⁶

“Then, pray, what is its *analysis*? In what does it consist?”

In the *retroverted* state of the love faculties.^{45 46} In love *ab-normalized*,⁶⁷ and therefore ab-normalizing the other faculties; especially Combativeness, Cautiousness, Conscientiousness, and Approbativeness. And tears out the very life-core of its pitiable victims.

This analysis points out a second preventive—establishing a *perfect* love in its very beginning. Usually reversed Cautiousness, or fear that they are not duly loved and praised, is their greatest single cause, and reversed Approbativeness, or mortified pride, the next. Anything which at any previous period of their love has awakened fear or wounded pride in reference to anything, has paved the way for these “spats,” by having reversed these faculties, which reversed states, remembered, reverse love. Then let all who make any pretensions to love, do these two things—first, guard against all beginnings of the reversed or abnormal action or any of their faculties toward each other, from the very infancy of their affections; secondly, strangle these hate “spats” the very moment they arise. Not only “let not the sun go down upon thy wrath,” but not even an hour. Let the next sentence after they begin quench them forever. And let those who can not court without “spats,” stop trying to love at all, for if you must spat before, how much more afterward?

It but remains to apply this principle to the contentions of married life. They are all the more fatal after marriage than before, and absolutely without excuse. Strangers might misunderstand each other, and wound each other’s sensibilities, yet those who have lived long enough together to fully understand each other, ought to have their love so firmly established as to preclude discord. Loving and spatting are antithetical and incompatible. Pure love can no more co-exist with these “spats” than health with disease, fire with water, heat with cold, or life with death. As disease must conquer the

constitution, or the constitution the disease, as water must overcome fire, or fire water, so either love must succumb to these "spats," or they to it. Though "making up" by renewed love-pledges may turn their evil into good a few times, yet their frequency annuls their virtue. It is but re-sinuing and repenting, which soon turns these very making-up into animosities. Just think, for one moment, how antagonistic they really are to the entire nature and spirit of love, and let this constitutional hostility warn all against carrying on this deadly conflict, lest love be killed, and mutual hatred substituted instead.

CURTAIN LECTURES are but these very "spats," "all on one side." But, having discussed them elsewhere,²¹ and now from their negative stand-point, we dismiss them here with this most earnest entreaty to all whoever desire each other's love, never, by the sacredness of that love and odiousness of hatred, on any account whatever, or for any earthly reason, even to attempt them. All Mrs. Caudles are therefore deformities. And all wife-scolding husbands, *ipso facto*, monstrosities. No language can adequately explain the outrage they perpetrate against nature's sexual institutes.

"Then, in all conscience, how can we obviate a companion's faults? Or must we let them go on unimproved, because unproved?"

We shall, in its place, show how to obviate each other's faults, but are only showing how this can *not* be done. And we do hope these reasonings will be duly considered, and warnings heeded.

87. EVERY-DAY CLOTHES, *vs.* FALSE APPEARANCES.

Veritas prevalebit.

Nature loves truth, but abhors falsehood. "Truth will out."

This is doubly true of marriage. It is meet, is right, that each should *know* the other. Else, how can they love? Affection can fasten only on known or supposed virtues. Hence, when genuine excellences exist, either absolutely, or as regards each other, the more they know of these mutual virtues, the more they love each other. And the less the less.

But a knowledge of each other's errors and imperfect adaptations must, in the very nature of things, repel, and engender mutual dislikes. Yet this is too apparent to be questioned, and this inference is palpable and most forcible, that, in order to decide whether they can love each other, they must first obtain a correct *knowledge* of each other, their tastes, likes, peculiarities, and all each other's characteristics, *faults* of course included. Once irrevocably married, ignorance of each other's faults might perhaps be bliss, and knowledge folly. Yet not of each other's virtues.

An honest frankness, therefore, between both parties contemplating marriage, becomes indispensable to their future love, while any successful concealment during courtship must inevitably sooner or later undermine and destroy their love. The very nature of things requires and obliges them to know each other's qualities some time. Marital experience, if nothing else, will compel this knowledge. If they ascertain them beforehand, and deliberately marry notwithstanding, they will naturally expect and make up their minds to tolerate them always, yet love for all. This prior knowledge is almost tantamount to their obviation. It facilitates, almost compels allowances. Yet let either suppose before marriage that the other had this excellence, yet find out afterward that they are the very opposite, and the deceived one feels "sold," as if "taken in," wronged, outrageously cheated. And this reverses Amativeness, Self-Esteem, Combativeness, Conscientiousness, Ideality, indeed, all the faculties, which of course turns love into hatred.

/ But suppose the faulty one could reply, "But I *told* you beforehand. Yet you accepted me for all. If you could overlook then, why not now?" This reasoning would be final.

But, *per contra*, suppose he drank and chewed, both before and after, and on her finding it out she should say: "George, did you not solemnly assure me, before I consented to become your wife, that you never did, never would drink or chew, whereas it appears that at that very time you were actually doing both. Have I then married a deliberate *liar*?" How much less occasion to reproach him if he had said before marriage, "I do sometimes drink and chew, but will try to reform." Which would be most favorable to her subsequent affection? And thus of every other fault of either.

The plain fact is, a clear, open frankness is the only true *policy*, and alone will *pay* in the end. Suppose you do carry out a successful deception till the Gordian knot is once tied, what has that legal knot to do with your love?⁸² That your own character and conduct alone determine. And any deception, while it injures, cheats the deceived, reacts on the deceiver. By wronging him, she turns his love into hatred, and thereby causes *him* to wrong, perhaps abuse her in other respects, and thereby alienate her in return. She now considers herself the worst abused woman in the world, and says, "How shamefully he does treat me!" all because she first wronged him, which alone put him into this abusing mood—whereas, but for her prior wrong, his *mood*, and therefore treatment, would have been all right.

"But thus proclaiming one's faults beforehand would forestall and prevent alliances."

Probably promote, instead. He must certainly admire your candor, and only love you all the more for your frank avowal, and, being in a love-mood, virtually say, "But she has so many good traits, that I don't mind this little fault."

"But if it would break off your match, it *should*. If his knowing it beforehand would have prevented your love, his knowing it afterward will be sure to kill it. And that after your marriage prevents your placing it anywhere else; whereas, if it had prevented this marriage, it would at least have given you an opportunity, now precluded, of obtaining another.

This principle applies to all false appearances. You make him think, by millinery fixings and a given array of drygoods, that he is about to marry a splendid form, whereas, on marriage, he finds he has married only a splendid sham. Now, just imagine what a fatal *cold* this *fact* must give his love! And the more, the more he esteems or is enamored by your supposed personal (?) charms. Or your teeth are false. You succeed till after marriage in deceiving him with the idea that they are natural. He then becomes doubly mortified, first because deceived, secondly because married to a practical hypocrite.

A splendid young man in New Orleans, whose sanguine temperament gave his large Amativeness possibly too personal a phase, married, as he supposed, a beauty, but who proved to have a slight personal blemish, no way injurious, *per se*. Yet it so completely reversed his love and disgusted him, as instantly, on its discovery, to engender hatred for the blemish, while he still loved many of her excellences, which division among his faculties was far worse for him than all hatred; while she, too, suffered more than tongue can tell; all of which might have been prevented by its mere mention.

Or he, getting gray, dyes hair and beard, or makes believe younger than he really is, or richer, or better, or more amiable, while, in fact, more irritable, or misinforms her in any other respect, does he not thereby lay a train for subsequent love-explosions fatal to both? The fact is, lies won't *pay*. Instead, they always punish the liar. And *practical* lies worst, because most wicked. Throughout God's domains "*honest is policy*," and "*truth will triumph*;" Nature punishes whatever bears any form of "false witness." And does not "thou shalt not lie," apply to the marital even more imperiously than to any other human relations?

Or should either conceal their ages? Or should women be so loth to tell their age? Does not this very lothness, by practically saying, I am so old that I am ashamed of my age, in reality imply that the age is greater than it is? And she who, by gay attire and forced

juvenility, tries to make believe younger than she really is, is unmasked by Nature's unmistakable proclamation of her age by infallible age-marks which none can erase. Or should, because it is due that it be known to whoever knows her. These practical hypocrisies always react, and always ought to. Truth alone is policy.

Hence, instead of trying to deceive each other in anything whatever, both should make a clean breast of each other's traits, good, bad, and indifferent. And this before either loves, or they engage. And in order thereto.

"But this would disclose fatal secrets, whereas, who would willingly let all the world know all their faults? The best would be injured thereby, and the balance ruined."

All who court should start with this first pre-understanding, that neither, nowhere, and on no account whatever, shall divulge any disclosures each may make to the other; and those who do, thereby brand themselves with infamy, scarcely less infamous than that of Cain. What could be meaner? What more detestable, and utterly contemptible and wicked? But we leave this whole matter upon the highest human sentiments of one and all, simply adding that it is doubtless best for the parents, at least of the girl, to tell him her virtues and failings. It is but due that all parties should know all about each other in some way. And those to whom reference is made should conscientiously tell the whole truth.

Analogous to and forming an integral part of this subject, is courting in every-day clothes. This having stated times when both appear before each other arrayed in their best habiliments of character, as well as attire, is not adapted to proclaim their genuine characteristics. After engagement, each may "put their best foot foremost." Indeed, love naturally does this. And hence it is requisite that they should see each other as they really are, in their every-day clothes, about their daily avocations, and as they are likely to appear after marriage; each occasionally "popping in" upon the other informally, familiarly, and as an every-day acquaintance, that each may see the other's habitual *natural language*, appearance, and actions.

PRESENTS BEFORE ENGAGEMENT

are every way objectionable. Their object and tendency is to awaken love, whereas no love is allowable till after engagement.⁸² They also embarrass the decision, for she who has received presents does not feel as free to decline a proffer as if not placed under grateful obligations by having accepted presents.

88. DAY vs. NIGHT COURTSHIP. SUNDAY EVENINGS.

By common English and American consent, Sunday night seems consecrated to courtship, when all the "fellows," arrayed in their handsomest broadcloth, and all the girls in their gayest attire and loveliest smiles, expect their beaux if they have one, and desire to get one if they have not. And how many young men go to church day times to see and be seen by the girls, and at night to "wait on a girl home?" And go no girls there less to worship than to see and be seen, and "waited on home?" And "stayed with," besides?

Not that we seriously object to this Sunday-night courting on account of its appropriating "holy time" to a secular matter. Let the guardians of this "holy Sabbath day" raise this objection. But for those who claim such extra Sabbatarian strictness, while they either court or let their daughters be courted, yet forbid them to go out of doors, read anything but Bible or Catechism, or even "think their own thoughts," seems a little like "straining at the gnat, and swallowing the camel."

Not that "holy time" is too sacred for love-making, this most sacred of human transactions, but that night courting is most objectionable, and courting all night outrageous. Everything has its season, but night is the time for sleep, a demand too important for the young to interfere with. That it injures the health is evinced in its causing them to appear the next day as if "badly stayed with."

But this, its physiological evil, is by no means its worst. Its *perversion* of love is both most fatal and reprehensible. Interrupted sleep causes the false and abnormal excitement of all the faculties, the love sentiment of course included. It naturally tends to put their love more on the animal base than daylight courting by pleasant talks, walks, and enjoying the beauties of nature together, the constitutional effect of which is to purify. All evil deeds, like evil beasts, naturally seek darkness, and "hate the light, *because* their deeds are evil." Then why thrust courtship into this category? Why not bring it "to the light, that its good deeds may be made manifest." Of all others, true lovers are the very last to "hide their light under a bushel." Instead, they should "let their light shine." For nothing is more intrinsically beautiful than true love-making.

Nor need, nor should it be in private. Instead, as we express Conscientiousness, Benevolence, Causality, Friendship, all the other faculties before others, why not also true love? Why make it a specialty? Why not intermingle it with them all as their natural savorer? Why not court at picnic and party? In rural walks, talks, rides, and

expressing before others that mutual regard in which love-making consists? Especially why may and should it not be done before the "old folks?" Whatever is not proper to be said or done before them, should not be said or done at all. And this chastens and purifies its exercise, besides banishing all shadings of animal love.

"But love, by your own showing, combines with Secretiveness."²⁰

And so it does in its incipency, and till once declared, when it assumes the opposite phase, and makes no secret of freely expressing its preferences. Only animal love seeks darkness, which that darkness naturally promotes.

And be a little careful, judicious parent, how you allow your susceptible daughter to "sit up" alone with a beau all night if he likes, and all but them asleep! And that with one who has expressed no matrimonial intentions either. And is courting "just for fun," for aught that appears to the contrary. Call you that "proper?" Then nothing is "indelicate." And yet you require her to be even prudish in other respects.

Passionate youth should not be thus tempted. How *can* mothers thus expose their daughters? And this temptation all the more severe because, having watched her every previous step and hour with lynx-like vigilance, they now expose her to the severest temptation possible. If thrown upon her own self-protecting responsibility at *other* times, she would be safe even here. But to exclude her from all contact with the other sex at all other times, yet now allow even artful and depraved men every possible opportunity both to tempt and *repeat* temptation, is a wicked exposure, to which she ought not to be subjected. If it were necessary thus to "lead her into temptation," it might be justifiable. But it is neither. And she who can withstand this temptation needs no watching elsewhere. Such mothers proffer their daughters an incentive to a life more Frenchified than virtuous. An anecdote.

A most indulgent mother, wealthy, fashionable, and occupying a high social position, took board for herself, her beautiful daughter of eighteen, and her daughter's lover of twenty, choosing contiguous dormitories for them, and allowing them the most perfect intimacy, to which, as they were understood to be "engaged," none objected. She even justified their familiarity, urging that "courtship" is the only genuine love-season of life; that marriage is fatal to love; that, therefore, lovers should make the most possible out of this, their only sunny gala-day of life, and that, as she would indulge her in dress, jewelry, everything else to please her, so she would treat her to one good, long, bright, balmy, luxurious life-period in courtship," which she prolonged by postponing their marriage.

But her charming daughter must make other conquests, and accept a more "advantageous" offer. She therefore broke off this match, spoiled that superior young man whom she had encouraged to caress her daughter till his whole being was bound up in love for her, by inflicting on him God only knows how much misery, and vitiating his love by interrupting it⁴⁵—a wrong she had no right to inflict, and especially on her daughter's confiding lover! Nor could she have more effectually beclouded her daughter's future? What if she did make other conquests and flirt on—and she did both—was she therefore happy? And makes she a good wife and mother? Then, a sweet, innocent girl. But what, think you, she is now? What are her ideas of virtue? Ought she not to *curse* such a maternal education? Then let her example be a warning to other mothers not to tempt their daughters in like manner.

And pray what prevents all sensual single men from taking advantage of this custom to turn all our dwellings into houses of ill-repute, and gradually but effectually undermining the virtue of all our daughters, besides plying, under a guise the least suspected, but therefore most dangerous, all those wily arts they know how so insinuatingly to employ, by first eliciting her love, only thereby to pervert it?⁴⁶ Parents should tremble, not sleep, in view of their daughters' temptation! Or, rather, save them the disagreeable necessity of dismissing beaux by asking them "to call at a more convenient season."

"But this would seriously offend, perhaps break up the match."

How break up what has not yet been formed? He has asked neither your nor her permission to court in view of marriage,⁵³ but may have come "just to have a good time." The natural protectorate parents are bound to exercise over their daughters, protests against their allowing her to *be* courted, unless with the implied and *expressed* design of a matrimonial alliance.⁵³ They should stand sentry around her love as well as virtue, and repel whatever endangers either. They should *know*, not surmise, that his courtship is not a frolic on either side, but conducted with serious marital intentions, in case all proves favorable. And protect her against all others.

Besides, if his intentions are honest, his own common sense will show him that your request is proper, and by awakening his admiration, will promote, not prevent the match. Nor do you want a son-in-law who could take offense at a request so reasonable; for such would be too easily offended after marriage. Better for her that you drive off such "cattle" at the start. And the sooner the better, for they are utterly unworthy a place in your family or your daughter's affections.

89. TAKING AND ALLOWING "LIBERTIES."

Genuine love is instinctively Platonic, and constitutionally pure. Indeed, the animal is in perfect abeyance to the mental. It consists mainly in the communion of minds and *souls*, not in any carnal longings. To a genuine love nothing is more perfectly disgusting, and even abhorrent, than to drag it down from its pure union of spirits, only to put it on this animal base. Nor is any other one thing equally destructive to that love. Ah! its *animalization* is the fatal shoal on which most loves become hopelessly shipwrecked, and all their rich cargoes of connubial bliss not a total loss merely, but a loathsome dungeon-hold—dark, cold, nauseating, full of bilge-water and vermin, and utterly insufferable, yet from which there is no escape!

Nor do girls realize how many lovers they lose by allowing these liberties, however innocent in themselves. For reasons to be expounded in Vol. II., man is a most jealous animal. His physical inflammation, likewise, renders him doubly and most unjustifiably so.^{44 45} True, no man has any real claims on a woman's exclusiveness till "engaged," but, reasoning as if he had, he says practically afterward, "She will concede to others also what she concedes to me. If she will let me kiss, caress her, of course she will let others, and though I will keep calling just to keep getting kisses, yet nothing would tempt me to marry a girl so free and familiar," whereas she very likely barely tolerated what was repulsive to her because solicited, and she hated to offend him by a denial. Those whose Amativeness has become much inflamed, as is the case in most men, thereby become extremely exact and exacting toward women. They crave freedoms, yet despise her who even barely tolerates them. And those are generally the most easily offended who are themselves the worst (hence doubtless better for her that he becomes jealous thus early); yet though the blame is mostly theirs, still, until she is engaged, she should admit him to no intimacies—they belong only to marriage—and has but this one course to pursue toward all who knock at the door of her heart—not merely a virtuous one, but one almost prudish. To this her innate modesty naturally prompts her. She ignores these promptings at the peril of hopelessly alienating her lover.

The fact is, as "God is God," so "right is right," and prospers, while wrong is wrong, and curses. Love is both dual and sacred.⁴² As "love is marriage,"⁸² so all sexual freedoms are still more marriage, and utterly unjustifiable, except between those already engaged. And only after a considerable period subsequent to that engagement, even

then. They have "no part nor lot" whatever, even in the earlier stages after engagement.

Nor till love has acquired a maturity sufficient to prepare for and justify their entering together upon those parental relations which constitute Nature's only ultimate of this whole sexual department of human life.

And this develops the great vertebral doctrine of these volumes, to be doubly re-enforced in Vol. II., that Nature demands that love shall be kept pure, in order that its productions may be angelic; that since its sole office is to transmit, it must be preserved mainly on this mental phase, as Nature's means of transmitting the parental mentality to progeny; that she punishes every iota and instance of its violation from first to last; and therefore that a girl's only winning card is neither to participate in, nor allow any approaches to, the animal manifestations of love.

Then what of that man—man? brute!—who *solicits*, and especially takes these freedoms? Is virgin innocence to him only what beautiful bird is to remorseless vulture—merely to be *preyed* on? In all conscience, girls, infinitely better offend and drive off the viper by denial, than allow him to coil himself around your very heart only to cast you off as unclean after having robbed you possibly of your virtue.

But a virtuous course will *not* offend. The worst of men can but admire it as they admire sun. Indeed, at the shrine of nothing terrestrial does even sensual man worship as devotedly as at that of virgin virtue. Nor will anything as effectually rivet his love and produce a matrimonial proffer as the right manifestation of female propriety. Nor stands even the lowest sensualist as deeply self-condemned at the bar of his own conscience as before virtue declining his improprieties. If

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees,"

much more the veriest debauchee before the gentle reproof of female purity. That reproof literally petrifies every masculine, however passionate, to whom it is administered, and both kills his passion, and compels repentance. And this "natural law" renders a virtuous woman who is self-possessed, safe anywhere, with even the blackest-hearted and most artful seducer. Only she is in danger who dallies.

("Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.")

But seen too often and complacently, is too oft embraced.

Yet a woman need neither take offense without cause,¹⁴ nor decline in a tornado of wrath or abuse. This maddens instead of humbling, and spoils the stunning effect of her more gentle reproach. Fierce wrath is her least effective weapon, except when "violent hands" are laid on her, when no amount of combative or destructive violence can be too violent.

And, young man, though you have no respect for yourself or for virtue, nevertheless, if you have even one faint desire to gain or sustain the affections of any virtuous female, see to it that whatever you feel, you at least manifest toward her no passion, *per se*. She whose virtue is already dethroned might not hate you therefore—respect you even she could not—but to manifest animal love toward any true woman whose hand or heart is at all worth having, is the very most disgusting conduct she can ever witness; will put you lowest down in her estimation, and the most effectually enkindle her resentment, and thereby annul your prospects.

Then let all who pretend to court put themselves on their own highest manly and womanly deportment toward each other, and neither take nor give any more freedoms in the most private apartment than they would before all the world, for what is wrong "before folks" is wrong *per se*, and insures Nature's avenging rod.

But need we dwell longer on the errors of courtship? Either of these will prove fatal to any love and marriage unless counteracted by some powerful antidote. Yet most who court perpetrate nearly or quite all of them. And often others. Indeed, they seem inwrought into the very customs and habits of Anglo-Saxon descendants. Of all the customary errors of young *America*, none are as fatally destructive as those of courtship. Or as blindly senseless. But that they are habitual, their every perpetrator would be "drummed and hooted out of town," or "tarred and feathered." Unperverted humanity would not let them go "unwhipped of justice." Nor will nor does Nature. These are some of the breaches of her laws which she punishes with terrible severity in and by their eventuating in unhappy marriages. Her provisions for connubial bliss are so ample and complete, that all might and ought to be happy. And would be, but that they perfectly outrage them. As those for perfect health are so effective that, but for the utmost and long-continued outrage of her health-institutes, all would continue perfectly healthy, so her love-provisions are so wonderfully efficacious that, but for many wide-spread and perpetual violations of her love-laws, all not only might be, but could not *help* being, inexpressibly happy throughout love and marriage. These evils are not accidental, but *caused*. Are not due to "Adam's fall," but in all

cases to the wrong love-life of each individual sufferer. And to be atoned for. And prevented only by a right courtship. Indeed, it requires an immense amount of wrong-doing to incur discord: By all the potency of the love-element itself—and what human sentiment as potential?^{Sec. II.}—is its instinctive proclivity to a right action. And the difficulty of perverting it. And yet how few escape this perversion! Evinced in their being so few perfectly happy marriages. Nor are the happiest anything like as ecstatic as all might and would be, but for these and other customary love-perverting errors of courtship and married life.

But though we have already pointed out enough in all conscience to produce that almost universal discontent and alienation, almost animosity, so prevalent in married life, though either of these errors must spoil every love affair in which they are perpetrated, and though many others remain unspecified, yet it hardly requires to extend these expostitions for these obvious and conclusive reasons:

First, the true way to obviate any and all sin or evil, however great or fearful, is, not so much to expose its enormity, as to *point out a more excellent way*. And we have dwelt thus long on these evils mainly because of the opportunity thereby afforded of presenting those principles which underlie this whole subject of love, by this *per contra* exposé of the evil consequences induced by their violations.

Secondly, much already said, by way of showing the right mode of procedure, particularly ^{40 43 45 48 53 54 55 58 77 78 79 80}, and many similar passages, unfold the true course most effectually by exposing the wrong.

In short, the entire subject-matter of this whole volume, and likewise that of the next, is a totality—is but the trunk, tap-root, side roots, rootlets, branches, foliage, blossoms, and fruit of that great natural institute, SEXUALITY, or love, its laws, and right exercise. We therefore pass from these wounds, distortions, and gangrenes of love to that far more agreeable subject, *true* courtship and married life, or, what amounts precisely to the same thing, for both are one—*true love making*, that is, how to elicit and perpetuate a *perfect* love and whole-souled conjugal devotion—a subject the most intrinsically important of all, because their very embodiment, and “altogether lovely.”

SECTION IX.

COURTSHIP PROPER: AND THE TRUE MODE OF CONDUCTING IT.

90. ITS FIRST CONDITION: AN EXALTED ESTIMATE OF EACH OTHER.

COURTSHIP! A theme how delightful! One around which gather associations how charming, and memories the dearest known to mortals!

But instead of being that merest pastime, that lover's bauble, with which to while away a few fancy hours, it should embrace a *great life-work*, and accomplish one of the greatest of human objects. Its greatness consists not so much in the magnitude of the labor done as in the momentousness of its eventualities. No labor of life is equally portentous.

Then *exactly what* requires to be done? To enkindle each other's love. To establish between you that eternal affiliation which will ever constitute you "twain one flesh." To cement each other's affections past all possibility of future rupture. To become *one* in object, in doctrine, in feeling, in spirit, in everything.

This may be an easy task. But it is quite likely to be both a tedious and a great labor. You may have one or more points of constitutional difference, requiring time for their mutual assimilation. And many more dissimilarities than you had supposed at your mating. But be it hard or easy, it should now become your one mutual object and labor. You are just starting together on the journey of life! Indeed, you are virtually just beginning to live. And it makes a world of difference whether you direct your steps this way or that. Then in what consists your *great* preparation, your first right step?

AN EXALTED REGARD FOR EACH OTHER.

A hearty and normal sexuality in each sex naturally places a most exalted valuation upon the other. Till Amativeness has become deadened or perverted, men consider women as but little lower than the angels, and women men as sublime heroes, almost demi-gods. A young backwoodsman, starting out to obtain an education, found himself, after a long journey, in the family of a New England divine. A couple of highly cultivated young ladies, who arrived the day after, were treated with marked distinction by their hosts. He conceived

the idea that they were so far above anything mortal, that, when he saw them actually sit down and eat, he wondered that beings so ethereal could descend to what was so material, yet considered them angels for all. This almost worshipful admiration by each sex of the other is as spontaneous as breathing. It swells up in every well-sexed soul—is its very strongest sentiment. To a true masculine, all feminines are perfect, and to all true feminines whatever masculines say or do is most noble and grand.

Yet these attributed perfections depend not at all on their *real* merit, but on those perfecting *glasses* through which they are beheld.⁴⁶ The very nature and spirit of normal sexuality is to see only good, which it magnifies tenfold, and admires in proportion. To well-constituted minds all nature seems beautiful, glorious. But of all terrestrial beauties and glories, woman is infinitely the more glorious to true man, and man to true woman. The true female considers the male, independent of all his acts, and by virtue of his sex merely, as pure, true, noble, manly, learned, truthful, worthy, capable of everything good, but nothing bad, and will believe nothing wrong unless compelled to; and then excuses it. And the higher and truer her female nature the more exalted her estimate of all masculines, especially those about her own age. And the converse is true of young men as regards young women. Look back, ye who have past this poetic period, and say whether you did not literally idolize the opposite sex till something occurred to “open your eyes,” as you call it, but rather to *chill your heart*. You now think, “What a fool I was to esteem them thus! but I have learned better.” *Worse*, rather. You were then right, are now wrong. Women *are* by nature all that men ever do or possibly can estimate them. Even a poetic imagination can not overrate them. And so of men.¹⁴

Then how much more highly should those esteem each other who have *chosen* each other as just the *very* one of all others for life-companionship! As a perfect time-piece should be the more highly prized by a “conductor,” to whom exact time is everything, than by one to whom it is of little account, so, by all the adaptation of each to the other’s conjugal wants and happiness, should each hold the other in the most exalted regard. What on earth could render him anything like as happy as it is possible for her to render him? Or what make her as happy as he can render her? Duly to estimate this happiness each can confer on the other, is impossible. “Oh, I would give the world for one good breath,” said one recovering from a congestion of the lungs. What would not a shipwrecked mariner, perishing with hunger and thirst, give for just one good draught of water or supply

of food? Words utterly fail, then, to express the estimate in which each sex should hold the other, because words can not measure the happiness it is possible for each to confer on the other. Each should think the sun actually rises and sets in the other—not only that of all the creations of earth the other sex is the most perfect—but that “of all its other specimens this *one* chosen is the *very* most perfect, at least for me.” The heart of each should swell with gratitude to the Giver of all good that he has created one so perfectly adapted to promote their happiness. And this exalted estimate should and will grow in wedlock. Every true husband thinks his wife a *little* the best wife that ever did live, just as every true wife idolizes her husband as the *very* best of all the good men there are.

Let courtship be begun and continued in this spirit of worshipful appreciation, and neither ever can or will offend or be offended by the other. Instead, each will re-enamor the other more and more by every moment of their every interview. That same law of love which begins by magnifying the good traits of the other, only reincreases itself. Love looks upon every little act as admirable and most charming, as perfection perfected, on the principle that love perpetually re-perpetuates and re-increases itself.⁴² And wo to that one who first does anything to break this hallowed spell. “A good name” is capital in business, is most desirable in everything, but far the most so is a good matrimonial reputation in the eyes of the other.

With this almost worshipful regard for each other, the treatment of each by the other will be just right—without it, all wrong. As to treat others genteelly we must first *esteem* them highly, so to treat each other right, each must almost worship the other. This will season all their sayings and doings, and render them inherently right, because their heart's-core promptings are right—like sweet water bubbling up from a sweet fountain.

It therefore becomes desirable that each should see the other, after engagement, in their best attire, mental and physical. The French lady will allow her lover to see her only when attired in her most gaudy and fancy robes. Then, since mental adornments are infinitely more charming than physical, each should appear to the other in their most captivating mental mood. And as nothing at all compares with love, either in its beautifying effects or power to charm and captivate, both should cultivate toward each other that affection which is to each other their highest ornament.

91. ASSIMILATION AND PREPARATION.

+ You are now setting out together on your life-journey, and here, as

in everything else, *preparation* is everything. Nor should anything take precedence.

Right *first principles* should govern everything, conjugality included. Else it becomes fitful and erroneous. As selection should be a purely intellectual process,^{PART II.} so this same rationale must both put and start you on a right *platform*, or base of action.

Though engaged, and virtually married, yet you are comparative strangers. At least sentimentally. Of course you should now begin to make love. But the full period for love-culture has not even yet fully arrived. To give yourself up to nothing but love just now is both unwise, and, like eating nothing but honey, endangers premature cloying. And here is just where many err. Love's incipency should be *gradual*, that its continuance may be permanent, for what springs up like Jonah's gourd must perish like it. Excessive growth bursts. Greed soon cloy—love included. Indeed, the very nature of love requires that its incipency should be gradual. It must be based in the *knowledge* of each other's lovable traits. To ascertain which takes time.⁶⁸

But while this love is gradually, yet effectually setting in, and in aid thereof, you have another important work. You must lay your future foundation.

To compare marriage to building. Selection is but choosing and procuring the required materials. Your proposed mode of *conducting your future life* must be decided upon some time, and some of its details drawn out. This is required in part in selection, and in order thereto—by stating, in general terms, each other's views, in order to ascertain whether you harmonize sufficiently to venture on a marriage—for the materials should be selected partly with reference to this proposed plan. But it must now take on some *tangible* form. Each should therefore think up what you require respecting your marriage relations, what you would wish to do and have done, and thus draw out quite a definite outline map of the different relative and absolute positions you would assume and bear toward each other.

Your future home may now also properly come up for discussion—whether you will live by yourselves, or with either of your parents, or which; or whether you will buy, or build, etc. And if build, after what pattern, at what expense, etc. And it is vastly important that the wife have much to say touching your prospective domicile; especially its form, internal arrangement, and management—what rooms, where, their furniture—points respecting which wives are consulted quite too little, but can not well advise too much.

But another and more important matter remains for adjudication.

Nature, nations, states; cities, corporate bodies, ecclesiastical, financial, etc., must have their *laws*. These are only fixed modes of action. Without them all would be spoiled by Babel-like confusion. "Heaven's first law" needs no praise or enjoinder from us, but *does* require universal adoption by *all*. Yet in nothing more than in the family, where it is most needed, but least practiced. A fundamental domiciliary fault lies in ignoring it. The "Friends" are remarkable for home method, the advantages of which evince themselves throughout their entire lives. These home-rules are to be discussed, and settled. At least until modified by improvements.

More yet. Both should mutually determine your general line of conduct, positions, and relations toward each other. Each should say, "I should like to be treated thus and so, allowed to do this and that, and to conduct myself thus and so toward you," and both come to some mutual understanding respecting a thousand minor points which had better be settled in the beginning, and on a mutually satisfactory base, than ignored now, only to become "bones of contention" in the future. And as fully and definitely as possible. Each may make your requisitions, concede rights and privileges, and stipulate for any reservations, idols, fancies, etc.

But this will almost certainly bring up differences. Not create, but only *disclose* them. Nor can they be understood or adjusted too soon. Come up they must, if inherent in your respective views of things. But far better if they are adjusted somehow in the *early* stages of love. It matters less how, if but to your mutual satisfaction. Or if this is impossible, "agree to disagree." But at all events adjust them, lest they become "bones" of future contention."

But the *spirit* in which they are settled is by far the most important. This really *must* be concessory. Each should be loth and last to *insist* on having your own way, and glad to *concede*, not demand. Your higher human faculties should rule, and each be anxious to oblige the other by making sacrifices. And, remember, the one who yields to and obliges the other most is truest to the love institute, and will thereby render him or herself happiest and most beloved. The great determining point in all such matters should be—how you can best *enjoy* each other and your life, and adjust your mutual relations accordingly.

And these results of your deliberations ought to be *written*, and filed away for future reference. You are now concluding the *business* part of your contract, and one often to be referred to. Not that your present decisions shall be unalterable, but that they shall be placed on paper as your present mutual agreement. And such a record will

become the more important as time rolls on, and circumstances change your views; for our own changes make it seem to us as though others had changed.⁴⁶ Whereas writing what is mutually agreed to will enable each to correct the other.

Connected therewith should be a mutual *diary* of incidents, because all your relations have their future, and matters, now seemingly trivial, may then loom up in towering proportions. Hence let your present be such as to render your future pleasurable.

You should also *see* each other often. Love should not, will not, be neglected. Nor will it come in second. Nor be subordinate. "*First, or not at all,*" is its motto.³ Hence, if at all convenient, you should visit each other once every week or two, and as much oftener as is mutually agreeable. But if distance or obstacles absolutely prevent, you must at least *correspond*. Nothing is as fatal to love as neglect. In this it is most exacting. After its fires have once been lit, they must be perpetually *re-supplied* with their natural fuel. Else they die down and go out, or go elsewhere, and are harder to rekindle than to light at first. An anecdote—

A splendid young man, the son of one of New England's most talented and pious divines, endowed with one of the very best of organisms, physical and phrenological, having selected his mate, and plighted their mutual vows, being a large manufacturer, immersed in business, and obliged to defend several consecutive lawsuits for patent-right infringements, neglected for weeks to write to his betrothed, presupposing of course that all was right. This offended her ladyship, and allowed evil-minded meddlers to sow seeds of alienation in her mind, induced her to send him his dismissal, and accept and consummate a marriage proposal from another. As he told his bereaved story, he seemed like a sturdy young oak rived by lightning and torn by whirlwinds, its foliage scorched, its bark stripped, its limbs tattered, even its very rootlets scathed, yet standing, a stern, proud, defiant, resolute wreck. A gushing tear he manfully suppressed. His lips quivered and voice faltered, but only for a moment. Perceiving his impending fate, he seemed to dread his future more than present, and hesitated between self-abandonment, and a merely mechanical, objectless business life. In attempting his salvation, by proffering the advice to the "broken-hearted,"⁴⁸ he respectfully but firmly declined, deliberately preferring old-bachelorship with all its dirt⁴⁰, of which he seemed fully conscious. He felt as if deeply wronged, though more hurt than provoked. And so he had been. But was not he the *first* practically to repudiate? He suffered terribly, because he had sinned grievously. Not by commission, but omission.

The fact is, love is paramount,⁸ and must be so regarded. He felt the deepest, fullest, manliest love, and reveled in anticipations of their future union, but did not *express* this love; which was to her as if he had not felt it. Whereas, had he saved but one minute per week to write lovingly, "Would I could be with you, but I love you still," or, "Business does not, can not diminish my fondness," he would have saved her broken vows, and his broken heart.

Lovers may intermingle these interviews or letters with more or less of fondness as they please. That it should have a place therein is undoubted, yet there is still due from each to each a certain modest reserve and respectful restraint on your fullest love and its heartiest expressions. You are not yet sufficiently acquainted to be perfectly familiar. Like young corn, your love is yet *establishing its rootlets* preparatory to future growth, rather than now growing.

But this one thing is at least immeasurably important—that, whether you love little or much, you keep your affections on a *pure* and high base; that you make it a *sentiment*, not a passion;⁸⁹ that no false excitement, no half-frenzy, no delirious intoxication, even of love, be encouraged, for these violences, like all other extravagances, must inevitably react, and exhaust itself by its own excess.

To this end it is important that you *write* your love quite as much as talk it; for this form of its expression naturally and almost infallibly puts it upon its highest Platonic and classical base, besides enabling you to discuss, in the very best form possible, those questions and subjects just propounded.⁹⁰

And when you meet, it is most important that you intermingle your love with your *other* enjoyments—go together to picnics and parties, sleigh-rides and Mayings, concerts and lectures, and often meet under like pleasant circumstances, and in your gayest, finest habiliments—at least of mind and character. Nor can either of you render yourselves too lovely in each other's company.

92. HOW LONG SHALL COURTSHIP CONTINUE?

You may protract or contract your courting season to your liking. If both desire an early marriage, consummate it; or, if either prefers its postponement, let the other accede thereto, except for weighty reasons. Circumstances and your own mutual feelings and wishes should control this matter. Though her feelings most. Of this whole matter she is the final umpire, and her feelings are on no account to be violated. Nor should she be unduly urged, nor hesitating.

Still, as whatever grows has its progressive stages, so has love. At your engagement you simply know enough of each other to venture on

a marriage; you have, at least should have, no love.⁸² Of course your familiarity is only intellectual, not yet affectional. The latter yet remains to be gradually established. And requires to have attained considerable advancement before you become sufficiently familiar to marry. Certainly unless you put your marital relations, at least for a time, more on the platform of acquaintances than companions. All natural changes are gradual. Sun never shoots suddenly out of profound darkness into noonday splendor, but lights and warms up our earth gradually. As winter "lingers in the lap of spring," so should marriage dally in the lap of courtship, which is to marriage what adolescence is to maturity, and indispensable thereto. And as "early ripe early rotten," so nature's love should not be crowded into a hasty marriage. Besides, personal love is the more impatient, whereas the establishment of a Platonic love requires a longer time than is usually accorded thereto.

Moreover, every natural requisition has its specific enjoyments, of which a right courtship is among life's greatest. Too great to be forestalled by unduly shortening or hastening the marriage. And to enhance the pleasures of courtship naturally redoubles those of married life.⁴² A perfectly right and therefore happy courtship is doubtless more promotive of a happy conjugal life than any other one condition.^{85 86} Then let all its associations be only pleasurable.

Yet long love "delays are dangerous," and spoil its zest by its protraction. From one to two years are required for assiduous courtship to establish the needed familiarity and affection requisite for the wedding. Of course, the longer or shorter according as they court the more or the less assiduously, but they should by no means marry while yet comparative strangers.

And the younger they are the longer they should court before they marry. The more mature their love-element at their engagement the sooner may they marry. But the desires of the youngest should determine this matter. Yet two years is long enough. True, a tame "sorter courting and sorter not,"⁸⁴ may be prolonged even three or four years, but not much beyond. The full maturity of the youngest⁸⁹ should determine how long.

Finally, let each be guided by their own love-instincts. Of course under the control of their higher faculties, and choose and bide their time accordingly.

Important business or other requisitions might hasten the time, or preparations require delay, yet they hardly need wait till *all* are ready, unless other parties, parents especially, may need time to prepare. But the wedding day finally appointed and arrived, then comes

SECTION X.

MARRIED LIFE: ITS QUICKSANDS, AND THE TRUE MODE OF CONDUCTING IT.

93. THE WEDDING.

MARRIAGE is in very deed a *great* affair. Then shall not its public recognizance bear some proportion to its inherent greatness and all-potent effects? And has it not its *laws*, and therefore its *per se* right and wrong management?

Besides, since it transpires but *once* in a life-time—subsequent marriages being but its stale repetition—by all means make the *very* most of that one. Being the boldest promontory of the voyage of life, and that from which all other latitudes and longitudes are taken, it deserves and should receive some *special* remembrances. No matter how special, so that they are pleasurable and impressive. Mankind always have made, should make, its marital celebrations a great life-epoch. And each mated pair should practice on this great principle.

“But I would fain differ from, not pattern after others.”

Then, since all others eat, breathe, etc., suppose you oddly differ from all in these respects, too. It is wise to differ from others only when you can make *improvements*. Mere oddity is but vulgarity, while “custom is law.” Only injurious customs should be flouted. Yet they should be, because Nature’s “higher law” should take precedence over custom’s lower.

“But I can not *afford* a stylish wedding.”

True, “poor folks must be content with poor weddings,” yet it need be neither stylish or expensive in order to be impressive, and attain its legitimate ends. Indeed, usually the most stylish is therefore the poorest, because least impressive. Its pride eclipses its object. It is about all pageantry. Its edibles, drinkables, dressibles, and excitable render it anything but a public acknowledgment and commemoration of a true conjugal union. Simplicity is far more appropriate than grandeur. But its great point should be very much in accordance with the taste and feelings of its lord and lady.⁵⁰

Its managers should inquire how *they* would like to have it conducted, and arrange it accordingly. They themselves need not, should

not, do it, but only *direct* and enjoy it. Or they may say to parents or its managers, "Observe this and that *general* line, but regulate its details to your own liking."

And it is very proper that it transpire at the parental domicile of one or both, if such there be—hers undoubtedly the most proper. Or else each in turn. Only those who hate their parents should marry "on the sly," for they, too, are entitled to its joys, and on both sides.

And "the old folks" should enter into it right heartily, as if but repeating their own, and regulate and defray its expenses. Its subjects should have nothing else to do but to *enjoy* it. And enjoy it to their *full*. Make it a day and a season ever to be remembered, and one on which they can look back from every subsequent point of life, down to its very farthest verge—even from "the life to come"—with unalloyed pleasure. Not one discordant note should mar its perfect harmony. All the variances of all its participants should be precluded or adjusted.

Of course guests are indispensable. The parties may say how few or many, and whom if they like, yet better, by throwing off the responsibility upon parents or others, avoid giving personal offenses to any not invited. And all past and future heart-burnings of all its participants should be scrupulously avoided. They can not be afforded. And are to be conciliated, not aggravated. True, those who hold grudges against either should have "no part nor lot in" them, except by special permission; and if invited, should bury all animosities, at least for the present, and help, not hinder, its delightful harmony. And this is a good time and way to *bury* old bones, and restore peace—at least as far as possible. After the marriage ceremony is over, its administrator might appropriately address them somewhat as follows: "You have now entered together upon relations as sacred and momentous as mortal man is permitted to assume. I trust you paused and pondered before taking this eventful life-step, but now that it is taken it is irretrievable. Having 'put your hands to the plow,' it remains only that you '*go forward*,' and make out of it all that can be made. As it is given to each of us to be born and die but once, and live but one life, so Nature assigns to us but '*one love*'⁴² and marriage, and that *eternal*. And your life-destinies impinge mainly on your right or wrong fulfillment of these relations. Those of kings and queens to their ancestors and subjects are neither more sacred nor obligatory than those you have now consummated. Not that they should overwhelm, or even oppress you, but only that you should duly consider their momentousness, in order to their fulfillment. And as you alone have assumed them, and that voluntarily, else they would not be obligatory, so you alone can and should fulfill them. Devote your entire being

to that fulfillment. Having now become an integral part of your very being, their fulfillment should be your paramount life-work. Thank God that you are married, but also pray him to enable you to live a perfect conjugal life."

A crowd is not desirable. Yet a meager few is worse. As general an invitation as its allotted apartments will accommodate and expenses provide for, is better.

Edibles and drinkables are indispensables. By a law of mind, appetite, like the liquids in speech, has a natural confluence with all the human functions, but most with the social.

Nor matters it how *good* they are. Yet this in no way requires, rather forbids, their being extra rich or expensive. Simples often relish best. And a feast of "*good* things," not of many or indigestible compounds, constitute a natural marital accompaniment.

Yet guests need not, should not, therefore be gormandizers.

Drinkables naturally accompany edibles, and are governed by the same law. Yet must all therefore get "gloriously tight" on drugged wines (?) or bad whisky? What is more improper than inebriation at a wedding, unless it be at a "wake?" If alcoholic stimulants are ever proper, this is certainly neither their time nor place. Any other rather. Must a wedding be turned into a drunken frolic? Must guests sit participants, or they themselves life-long examples of intoxication, at this sacred season? And compel themselves to look back on it as a drunken spree to be ashamed of, instead of something to be proud of?

"Then what *shall* they drink?" Lemonade, anything liked not intoxicating, but on no account anything to fever the hot blood of its guests, or increase its natural exhilaration, already too over-wrought by the occasion to bear the superaddition of alcoholic fuel.

Wearables also naturally belong to this occasion. These, most of all, are to be determined by the parties themselves. They should correspond with their tastes, and be in part the product of their own hands—at least the bride's attire. Let her own taste be consulted, and let it be worthy of being consecrated by the occasion, and kept as a memento throughout her future life. No matter how ornamental, so that it can be afforded. Yet it need not therefore be extra gaudy or fashionable. Indeed, as fashion changes, while this attire should be treasured up to be worn only on special occasions, this fashionableness is therefore objectionable. Her entire wardrobe should be adapted to set off her personal and mental charms to the very best advantage, for they can never be more appropriately manifested than on this great life-occasion.

The "*Bride*" at all marriages is the great observed of all observers. Her dress, actions, sayings, etc., are criticised with the utmost particularity, and should be but the expression of feminine simplicity and conjugal affection.

Yet, of all her beauty and female loveliness and grace, her confiding manner and tender look toward her lover-husband constitutes her chief attraction. As far as she feels and manifests this, all is beautiful and appropriate. But this wanting, all is wanting—a lifeless body and a soulless sham. Brides, am I not pointing out your richest ornament, your most glistening jewel ?^{Sec. II.}

Behold that loving, lovely bride ! Angels might admire as they behold ! Assuming the place, duties, and responsibilities of a wife ! Till now cared for, but from now, caring. Before helpless and helped, now a helpmeet. Forsaking parents, friends, all girlish associations, and launching out on the untried but eventful realities of her being. A new life-motive enthroned at the heart's-core of her soul. Her all, her very life itself, embarked ! If happy in him, all else complete ; but if miserable there, all lost ! Many, their own weddings having proved so fatal, always weep at marriages ; yet all should rejoice, because if conducted at all aright, nothing else is as joyous as marriage. At least she has the good wishes of all friends ! Would that she also had the *knowledge* of what is requisite to render those wishes prophetic !

94. SONS AND DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW.

This is also the appropriate time and place for the parents-in-law on both sides to embrace their newly acquired children in the open arms of their fully expressed and genuine parental affection. Those who entertain dislikes and animosities should now bury them as far as possible, and smother the remainder ; for to express them will only make matters worse for all concerned, and aggravate both the faults on the one side, and dislikes on the other. And this is a most auspicious period for interring all hard feeling, and making up all around.

Nor should they allow themselves to feel provoked at the loss of one child, but, instead, should rejoice in having gained another ; and both for their own and their children's sakes should receive the newly acquired son or daughter-in-law right home to their hearts in the spirit of genuine parental affection. They may talk, though had much better write to them somewhat after this fashion.

Dear Children—Your marriage renders you both equally our own dear children, and this parental epistle has for its object to express

and record this filial relationship. We shall cherish toward you both the same spirit, and pursue the same line of conduct, as if both of you were verily "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." We desire to call you son and daughter, and beg that you call us father and mother, and cherish toward us the same sentiments as if you really were so. Make our house your home, and gather around our table and fireside as freely as around your own. And remember that by accepting this affectional proffer you confer on us especial favor. We hereby open our arms, our stores, our hearts to welcome you both to all the sacred rights and privileges of children. Remain with us and make yourselves one of us till you feel obliged to leave us, and always consider us in spirit, as we now are both in law and fact,

YOUR OWN FOND PARENTS.

Letters of surrender and acceptance of the bride are now appropriate from her parents to him, couched somewhat in this spirit :

Dear Son—Your having now married our daughter enables us to address you by this endearing appellation, which also expresses the sentiment of our own hearts. You love our daughter. We also love that same daughter. Then let the love we all bear to this sacred object be a talisman of eternal affiliation between us. Let only the mutual feelings and conduct of the true parents and son ever obtain between us. If at any time you think we wrong you, tell us frankly, and we will do the same by you, in order that we may quench all ground of hard feelings on both sides in the bud, adjust all differences in the start, and live together as parents and son ever should live. And as it will give us pleasure to aid you by both counsels and efforts in attaining your various life ends, do not be afraid to ask either.

And now, dear son, we cheerfully surrender our beloved daughter into your loving arms. That life her parents originated and have thus far reared and cherished, they now resign to you. To us she is precious. We do not claim that she is perfect, but we do ask that you scan her excellences more scrutinizingly than her faults. Having voluntarily selected her of all others to become your wife, and now married her, please, for her sake, for your own sake, make of her whatever she is capable of becoming by obviating her faults, by cherishing her virtues, and by completing that education of her we have thus far conducted. And remember that all this is to be done through her *affections* mainly. Be to her not merely a protector and supporter, but a fond and devoted husband,

And you, dear daughter, as you have chosen your husband for your

life-partner, see to it that you consecrate to him your entire life, and make him a true wife—exalted attainment—the very best you are capable of becoming, and render yourself every way worthy of him.

And let both hold this law of marriage “in perpetual remembrance,” that *love*, and nothing but love, is alike the privilege and duty of each to the other, as well as the only instrumentality and heart’s core of all your mutual relations. Have this, and you have “all else superadded thereto;” but lack this, and everything else is deducted therefrom. We will not pronounce a wo upon the one who may first do or say anything contrary to the spirit of perfect affection, but we do beg that neither will ever wound the feelings of the other, or allow your own to be wounded—that both will “avoid the very appearance” of discord. Our parental blessing goes forth with you, and rests on you forever.

That a merciful God may bless you both in each other, and in all your terrestrial and family relations, throughout this life and that to come, is the fervent prayer of
YOUR DORING PARENTS.

Another letter is also appropriate from him to her parents, prompted by the spirit expressed in the following :

My dearly beloved Parents—You call me your “son,” and permit, and even request me, to call you “father” and “mother.” I do both. And with the greatest pleasure, and all my heart. And will do my very utmost to fulfill all the relations of a veritable son. And if I ever infringe on these sacred filial relations, only tell me wherein, and I will gladly return to my filial allegiance.

As to your daughter, now my wife, whatever I can do to promote her creature comforts, her mental improvement, and her affectional happiness, it will be my highest happiness to do. All I am and can become are hers. I shall live only in and for her, and in eternal love and gratitude to those parents who have provided me with so choice an idol of my love. YOUR DUTIFUL AND AFFECTIONATE SON.

Another set of letters are now proper between the heads of the two families thus united by the marriage of their children, of which the following is an appropriate example :

MR. AND MRS. A. B. TO MR. AND MRS. C. D. :

Dear Sir and Madame—The marriage of our children places us, heretofore related only by the ties of our common humanity, upon the higher platform of mutual family relationship. Heretofore, we have

owed to each other only the common duties and sentiments due from and to human beings *per se*. This marriage, however, now imposes upon us additional ties and duties—those of *relatives*. And we write this to proffer that right hand of fellowship, and even of friendship, which this family relationship now confers upon us. Henceforth, let us be mutual friends. And we hereby proffer not merely all the rights of humanity and neighborly hospitality—and our latch-string is always out—but also of a genuine friendly affection. As far as concerns any unkindly feelings or expressions on our part, this marriage constitutes their execution and interment. Let their ashes never be exhumed. Nor will we ever knowingly give cause for any hardness. Instead, we will endeavor to render ourselves every way worthy of that mutual affection now due between us both, cherishing it on our side, and doing nothing intentionally to awaken any other than the kindest feelings between us. Let us frequently interchange visits, establish and keep up a mutual good understanding, and if, unfortunately, differences should ever arise, make their frank avowal and speedy adjustment a primal object, as well as cherish those social and genuine feelings which our new relationship and our own mutual happiness require.

We are also delighted to be enabled to add, that our united family joins us in this expression of friendly sentiment and promissory endeavors. Hoping this new relationship will prove more and more agreeable to both parties as time rolls on, we remain, in the bonds of true friendship as well as relationship, ever yours.

To this family olive branch of peace the following, or something like it, would also be appropriate :

MR. AND MRS. C. D. TO MR. AND MRS. A. B. :

Dear Friends and Relatives—To every single sentence and word of your well-timed and exceedingly grateful tender of family friendships, we, and every member of our family, respond in a right hearty “amen.” And we will put forth our very best endeavors to at least “meet you half way,” and more, if possible, in both the culture and manifestation of true hospitality and genuine friendship. Whatever we can do, individually or collectively, to prevent any misunderstanding, or in case it occurs, to remedy it at once, we will do. And if any of us should err—“for to err is human”—be kind enough frankly to say wherein, and we not only will not trespass farther on your rights or feelings, but do what we can to promote your interests, as well as to cherish that “entente cordial” which you so generously express.

We open both our doors and hearts to receive you and yours, and enter the lists of friendly strife with you to see who shall be truest and first in the exercise of those family hospitalities and feelings, of which the marriage of our children is the center, and we now the corresponding members.

In the bonds of a true family relationship we are, and, I trust, ever shall remain, truly yours.

Let a well-mated couple start out in married life under family auspices like these, and they could hardly wrangle if they tried. Conjugal dissensions not unfrequently commence with relatives. Some relations, perhaps of hers, have opposed their union, or said some hard things against him. This arouses his Combativeness. She naturally sympathizes with, at least tries to palliate, this wrong. This initiates a difference between them. Doubtless the first offense was trivial, and magnified before it reached his ears. Quite likely his indignation greatly exaggerated the offense. Very likely, too, she indulged more in their defense than was required. But be the occasion however insignificant, nevertheless discord is now begun, and the crevasse, once open, enlarges, till out rushes the waters of love, only to drown the happiness of both, besides creating a loathsome pestilence, which poisons, maddens, and tortures both throughout their lives. Whereas, had their families been mutually concordant, no occasion for this disruption of their affections would have occurred. Or, occurring, it would have been "made up" by the friendly offices of their friendly relatives, instead of aggravated by their unfriendly interposition. Is it not the sacred, solemn duty, as well as glorious privilege of all the relations and friends of both parties to cultivate Adhesiveness and Benevolence, as well as all the higher virtues of relationship toward the relatives on the other side? How many conjugal discords originate in the petty animosities of outsiders? Especially should the *parents* on both sides constitute themselves "a committee of the whole on the state of the union" to discover any discord on either side in its very incipency, and become a daysman between their married children, to cherish instead of interrupting their love.

95. THE FIRST YEAR AFTER MARRIAGE.

This is undoubtedly by far the most eventful of all the marital epochs. Since a right beginning of courtship is thus important,⁶¹ that of married life is infinitely the more so. Whatever is begun wrong waxes worse; right, better. Most married parties start out with the very best intentions possible, the husband full of devotion,

intending to do everything that lies in his power to promote her affections, while her whole soul is devoted to him and their mutual matrimonial interests. Nor does she intentionally do or omit one single thing calculated to mar their affections. Yet before they have gone far, both find they have alienated each other. Their intentions were the best possible, yet their treatment of each other was directly calculated to produce the very results they so deprecate. And by the very want of this knowledge of their duties, or else by those wrong examples set them by others. Often their very anxiety not to give offense causes offense, while a few simple conditions observed would have precluded all discord, and secured perfect concord.

The usual custom is to start directly from the marriage altar on a "wedding tour." This may do for those who desire and can afford it, but why start just *then*? The reversed phase of Approbateness gives the main answer, but one altogether unworthy. These trips are too hurried to be enjoyed, or to allow them to enjoy each other's society. After they have become better acquainted, and partially worn off the novelty of visiting each other's relatives, such a trip may do. Yet can not a few days of *home* quiet be made to do better? Which will yield the most pure love-enjoyment? is their practical question. What with the jostlings and vexations, the expenses and privations, the fatigues and irregularities inseparable from traveling, at least to those unaccustomed to it, the utility of such a trip is at least doubtful. Yet suit yourselves.

But whatever your surroundings, this is the one main pre-requisite—that you give yourselves up wholly to each other, and to love. Till now you have been making love at arm's length, but now both should make it *in* each other's arms. Not till now has the full tide of perfect love fairly set in. See that you take it at its ebb, and waft yourself on its bosom to conjugal felicity. As your wedding should be ever memorable, so should your honeymoon be consecrated to love, and nothing but love.

Yet why restrict this love-feast to the "*honeymoon*?" Why not make it a *honey-annum* instead? Why cut it short?

Love is just now your business—and the most important business of your whole life; therefore, shape business to love—not love to business. That was a good olden-times custom which excused the husband from war, public duties, etc., for a full year after marriage, and required him to "stay at home" and "comfort his wife." Would it were still customary. After your affections are once fairly established, they will grow imperceptibly without special nurture, yet they require to be fairly and well *planted* first. And this is no small mat-

ter—is, in fact, the greatest labor of life. And how infinitely important that it should be *well* done? Yet this requires time. No great work ever can be consummated in haste. And the greater the work, the more prolonged its incipency. Please think how great the life-labor upon which you are just entering! Then how infinitely important that it be done, not somewhere near right, but *just* right! Slight anything else, but give this its full time. Take ample time to make this work thorough. If it were a trifling matter or momentary affair, you might slight its beginning, but since it is a life-long and infinitely potential matter, give it corresponding time and attention. More—*give it your own selves*. Surrender yourselves up wholly to it. It must have your whole *souls*. It must imbue your whole being. Then give your whole being to it.

Especially, young husband, duly consider your doting, clinging, dependent wife! She has just forsaken father and mother, home and friends, for you. She has torn herself away from all her girlish associations, and thrown her whole being into your open arms. More, she is pouring out her whole heart into yours. Then should you not take the time, at least, to *receive* it? Now her uxor, be uxorious. Take full time to hear her tale of love, and add thereto your own. Give her ample time to nestle close unto your very heart, and intertwine all her heart-strings with your own. And as forsaking parents and friends has softened, perhaps melted her soul, let this cause it to fuse in a more perfect amalgam into your own. Be not so cruel as to shake her off just now for business, for anything, but let her have at least one year of love.

“But how shall we spend this whole honey year?”

In one long lovers' holiday. And you will find plenty of ways to “kill time,” and enjoy the year together. Nothing deepens and perpetuates love as effectually as intermingling it with any and all our other enjoyments.²⁹ Take many and long lovers' walks together—and you can walk twice as long and far *in* love as out of it⁸—ascending together this eminence to-day to enjoy this scene, and walking to-morrow in loving cadence to waft your love-whisperings on aurora's gentle zephyrs, while you tread together nature's flower-spangled carpet of green. Next day pick berries, and eat fondly together—and lovers can both pick and eat quantities with impunity¹⁸—or visit the fruit-orchard, feasting on its dainty peaches, golden pears, or delicious grapes. Next day intermingle riding with walking, picking bouquets, and pressing choice flowers as mementoes of this or that delightful ramble. Meanwhile, take along your “Botany,” “Geology,” or “Phrenology,” and study as well as admire nature together. She is

the great cementer of hearts,⁴⁸ and to study her facts, laws, and wondrous workings unites the affections far more effectually than merely to enjoy without this study. Above all, read together, and comment as you read, this volume, and practice what you read, for Phrenology is the great matrimonial teacher.

Take along your hammer to help you study mineralogy and the earth's formation, and learn in her rocks and strata the history of her birth, formation, progress, and age, and read her future from her present, besides learning from each and all these natural handiworks the divine attributes of their Author, only that you may worship Him together, and thank Him for each other.

Then walk abroad together as departing day throws his mellow twilight over mountain top and valley deep. Commune with nature in vesper's departing twilight, till yon "queen of night" rises to throw her soft silvery shades over your enchanted pathway, and re-deepen your love for each other by leading you "through nature up to nature's God." Or gaze on heaven's star-spangled arch in solemn awe, while you adore the majesty and power, infinite and eternal, of Him who gave them being!

Another work also awaits. Your future life must have its *plans*, else all will be confusion. And these plannings must be *mutual*—the *joint* production of both—in order that both may aid each other in their execution. You are to stick your stakes, draw your lines, lay down your rules, and say definitely both just what you propose to do, and how to do it. As there are many different kinds of fruits, and each kind, as the apple, has every diversity of different flavors, so you have now to decide, as it were, on the complexion and flavor you would impart to your marriage. Or, as if in preparing a meal—suppose your wedding—you could say, "We will have this dainty, and not that—can flavor this this way, and that that," so you should now lay out and lay off your future course, touching business—what each shall become and do, both absolutely, and as regards each other. Nor need you exclude imagination from your counsels. She may properly soar on her Pegasian wings, and build her fairy castles, yet subject to reason and circumstances.

To detail. What a difference between different married pairs! How differently they treat each other! How opposite their mode of doing the same things! One pair falls into this mutual habit, another into that. Some habitually eat, retire, rise together, others at different times. In some the man waits on, in others requires to be waited on, etc. You therefore require to settle whether wife shall cook or wash, or hire them done; which shall get the wood and water, or whether

both, or a servant; whether you shall live more, or less, on vegetables and meats, or fruits and cereals; furnish house and live this way, or that; open each other's letters, or each their own; or whether you shall establish a partial or a complete copartnership; whether go to this church or that, or, if you have different religious tastes, which shall go with the other; whether wife shall go to parties, and husband to counting-room or club, or whether both shall go or stay together, and a thousand like arrangements, are to be settled to your mutual satisfaction. Or, in case you disagree, you are to decide on the conditions of that disagreement. And the more completely even all these little matters are arranged in the beginning, the better for both parties ever afterward.

96. WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES, AND BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.

ANNUAL COMMEMORATIONS of all important events—political and religious, public and private—are both natural, and promotive of the events commemorated. Then how appropriate in itself, and promotive of their mutual affection, the annual celebration of their marriage! What better way to “keep it in perpetual remembrance forever?” If at all congenial, no other event of their entire lives will equally deserve this commemoration, which will but prepare the way for the “silver” and “golden” weddings in which old friends, relatives, and descendants should participate—a custom prompted by their matrimonial spirit, of which it is promotive.

These annual weddings may be either *inter nos*, or, like the wedding, have their guests, eatables, etc., as will best redouble their happiness.

MUTUAL PRESENTS also constitute a most pleasing memento of these anniversaries. It matters little *what*, so that they are proffered and accepted as expressions and witnesses of their mutual affections. They may be costly or cheap, as they can afford, or most valuable intrinsically, yet “lack the one thing needful”—love; or they may cost but a farthing, or be wrought by the donor's own fond hand—all *material* is, that they express love, and consist in something imperishable, in order that they may be treasured up for all time to come, and accumulate as time rolls on.

They may also celebrate each other's birth-days in like manner, and add other like presents at each if they please. All help cherish love.

And the parents may appropriately write them, at least at their first anniversary, a letter of congratulation and advice, prompted by a spirit manifested in the following:

Very dear Children—In pursuing the journey of life, we naturally ascend various promontories, from which we can both review the past and survey the future. Such a matrimonial eminence you to-day ascended, in this the first anniversary of your marriage. Let it be improved to read in its past, lessons for promoting its future. Concerning all your feelings and conduct toward each other during this your first year, ask yourselves, individually, “How far have I lived up to nature’s conjugal requirements, and the dictates of unalloyed love? Have I lived clear up to the true *spirit* of a perfect husband or wife? If I could but re-live it, wherein could I improve it?” And let these answers prompt and guide your coming years. Have all your sayings and doings been calculated to cement that sacred sentiment of unmingled love in which alone all conjugal union consists? Have you ever, or never, said or done any one thing calculated to wound each other’s feelings? This being loved devotedly is indeed most glorious. Only gray hairs can appreciate how glorious. Then bear in mind that all the sayings and doings of each day and hour, like numerous and various business items, go to make up the final summary of your love. It is not enough not completely to break the silken cords of love. They should by no means ever be strained, for they are too sacred even to allow the testing of their strength. Not to accuse either, but only to start your own inquiries as to wherein and how far you may have erred, in order to prompt the resolution to “sin no more.” As far as you have lived perfect conjugal lives, you have your own personal reward in the other’s love, but wherein and as far as you have failed, you have brought its penalty upon your own soul. And it is indeed severe and certain.

And you, our very dear daughter, please answer, in the deep recesses of your own consciousness, these home questions. Have you thus far been to your husband a *perfect* wife? On your husband’s love hangs all your happiness. And on your treatment of him hangs his love. It is not enough that you do not alienate him. If ascending a precipice, below which Niagara’s angry current chafed to engulf you, would you be willing to stumble, even though you knew your loved one stood ready to save you? Ask yourself whether, if he had treated you exactly as you had treated him, you would not have been aggravated, possibly offended? Or suppose he had comported himself the same to you as you have to him, and both had gone on in the same way, would not your present and future love and happiness have been marred thereby?

Above all, it is not meet that a wife trifle with the affections of her husband, because she is more dependent on his love than he on hers.

Besides, as woman is the terrestrial angel, embodiment, and example of love, is it not more for you not only not to alienate, but, instead, to cherish his love than he yours, and to set a perfect example of a perfect love-life? And for you to depart therefrom is more fatal to your well-being than for him. On what beauty does sun shine as beautiful as on a perfect female love-life? How endearing to him? How happy to you?

I know, indeed, a sin repented of and forsaken may be made to improve the sinner.⁸⁶ If, and as far as you have lived a perfect conjugal life, you have your reward in his redoubled affection.

In order to aid this self-examination, and give it a practical turn, please answer these questions away down deep in the inner recesses of your own soul.

First, "Wherein and how far have all my feelings, actions, looks, sayings, and conduct been prompted by pure, simple, unalloyed conjugal love, and nothing but love; or, *per contra*, how far have I allowed any conflicting sentiments to overrule and mar a perfect love?" "Perfect," because a linsey-woolsey love, a blow-hot-and-blow-cold-love, a love partly of gold, silver, brass, iron, clay, and dirt, all intermingled, a love marred by hard feelings and discord, though better than none, utterly fails to yield that happiness or attain the ends secured by a perfect love. Let others create and be satisfied with this mongrel love, but let it be yours to awaken *naught but* reciprocal affection in that sacred bosom on which you are to lean through life—forever. And request him to tell you frankly times and places, whats and whys—and love never forgets—you may have inadvertently stung his feelings, or wounded his love, and guard against like offenses in the future.

Secondly, "What can I, shall I do in the future? By what outline *principles* be governed?" By the re-consecration of your entire being—all that you are and can become—to him and his interests. By becoming his true co-worker and helpmeet in everything. By saying, doing every single thing in the name of unalloyed affection. By exterminating every unhappy feeling from your soul, as you would poisonous weeds from among your choicest flowers and fruits. By becoming and making him just as happy as it lies in your power to do. By perpetually re-perfecting yourself, that he may find, day after day, some new and fresh evidence of progress, and incentive to love.

And remember, it is the perpetual prayer of your doting parents, that you may be enabled to live your second marriage year far better than the first, and re-improve with every new year of this life, that

you may but fit yourself for a still truer and happier conjugality hereafter.

97. RE-INCREASING LOVE BY ITS RE-DECLARATION.

Expression is a first law of Nature. Her heat, cold, facts, laws—all her operations *declare* themselves. Love, too, is declarative; it does, must express itself. To suppress its outgoing is to stifle its uprising. Like pent-up powder ignited, it must *burst* its prison, or die.

Words constitute one of its greatest and most natural expressions. One can hardly love long without telling that love, and continuing to re-tell it to the loved one, as also craving its reciprocity. This re-telling re-increases, because it re-delights. Is like adding new fuel to old flames.⁴² Is like the verb in language, and is *due* from each to each, and their first mutual duty. And how simple a means of its perpetual re-increase! Whereas, ceasing to re-declare it perpetually is like that fire non-supplied with fuel, which, therefore, goes down and goes out—is signing its own death-warrant.

Nor should anything be allowed to prevent its recuperation. Its first full, verbal declaration, by word or pen, gives a world of pleasure, and thereby enkindles it in the other.⁷² Then why not every re-declaration by word, look, and deed re-increase it? It does, must. And as this love is the great paramount condition of conjugality and all its pleasures and benefits,⁶ of course its perpetuity should be equally paramount. Its first declaration is by no means enough, nor at all to be so understood afterward.

And herein consists the greatest error of both lovers and the married. Each has declared their love, yet stowed away that declaration as a sacred archive of the past, rarely ever afterward to be repeated. Is not this mutual coyness a mutual wrong? Each loves, and presupposes the other knows it, while the other is perpetually re-doubting its existence because of its non-expression. "If she really did love me she would *say* so," is his suppressed feeling. "He used to kiss me when he loved me, but as he kisses no more, therefore he loves no more," is her practical conclusion.

Moreover, since its first declaration, many hard feelings, perhaps open "spats,"⁸⁶ have transpired, and have been mutually overlooked. Yet as neither has expressed much love since, both take it for granted that the other has ceased to love, and this chills the love of each, till both settle back into an appearance of indifference. They took lovers' walks once, but take no more. Then they were talkative, but are now demure. They part and meet several times a day, go out, come in, retire, and rise, without one loving word, and though kind enough,

friendly enough, and all that, yet as far as concerns any expression of love, both are as perfectly indifferent to each other as if unsexed; not one love-smile or love-tone, any more than if one were fish, the other fowl. What each desires of the other is asked for, done for, freely enough, but with not one expression of tenderness. They can and do talk freely enough on all other subjects, but never one word about their love. They eat together, work together, go to church together, and are often together, but if either should impress a genuine hearty love-kiss upon the other's cheek, the kissed one would be as perfectly amazed as if a clap of thunder had startled them on a cloudless day, and the kisser be astonished most. And yet, *mirabile dictu*, both, away down at the core of their hearts, really do love each other. But like buried fire, no "sparks," no heat, come to the surface. And thus their love smolders on, and often smolders out.⁴⁷

Yet how many such there are! But *why* thus? Because both have neglected to supply the other's love with its indispensable fuel. Both have burned out their first love, buried its fires under its own ashes, and just live along, neither hot nor cold, neither dead nor alive, but buried in the ashes of its own suspended animation.

"Then what shall we do?"

Rekindle first love by re-adding the fuel of its perpetual expression to that which first gave it being. Nor need it take long to rekindle it to more than its first glowing brightness, simply by its re-expression. As you once did, do so again—that is, re-make love.

"But who shall begin?"

Either, both, but at least *one*. "If you don't, I will." And the affectionate kiss is both its beginning and continuance. It is at once the most natural and expressive declaration of love. Try this experiment. As you go out, come in, retire, rise, or approach each other, just kiss each other. Father and daughter often do this. And to those in a hearty state of love it is as natural as breathing.

And as proper. Is it proper for husband and wife to love? If not, then pray what *is* proper? And how manifestly improper to live together *without* loving?

But is it thus proper to love, and not quite *as* proper to *manifest* that love? And the height of impropriety not to? Is it not quite as proper for each sex to hold the other in exalted estimation as to reason, or worship, or talk? And how manifestly proper for every man and woman who have selected each other as objects of mutual and perpetual affection to express that affection as perpetually as to breathe, or think? Why not its non-expression quite as improper as to stifle the expression of Benevolence or Ideality?

Besides, for what was man created a masculine but to love woman, and woman a feminine but to love man? His entire masculinity centers in loving her, and her femininity in loving him. And the more they love, the more they re-sex themselves, or improve their masculine and feminine constitutions.^{5 6}

Then, by all that is appropriate and inherent in love, is expressing that love both proper and beautiful. Nothing more so. And the more proper, the more hearty. Nor is anything as hearty as the kiss. No propriety is more proper, no ornament more becoming, no virtue more virtuous. And the more impressive and expressive, the more proper.

"But if my husband should kiss me, I'd box his ears, and spit in his face besides," say many mechanical wives. "There, do have done with that disgusting hugging and kissing, you love-sick simpleton, or do be content with one kiss," say others.

"Husband?" "Wife?" only *things*, rather. For such are neuter genders.^{6 47} Their sexuality toward each other dead, except possibly lingering in its personal form. Hence their indifference.

But its revival can be effected by its re-cultivation, and this by its re-expression. An easy way to effect a great mutual good. The only trouble lies in "*breaking the ice.*" Come now, just *begin*, by each proffering and reciprocating a cordial kiss—not as if afraid or ashamed, but "*with an appetite.*" There now. See that smile lighting up her countenance, even already! Then try again, and keep trying, and add thereto other expressions of your affections; and as he naturally leads off in love-making before marriage, obviously she should take the lead afterward, because the natural angel of the affections.

And watch every opportunity to tell each other how much each thinks of the other, and for what, because this encourages its re-adding to and re-becoming. Always praise each other, but never blame.²¹ Nothing as effectually re-kindles love as praise, or hate as censure.

Besides, is not praise *due* from each to each, if earned by good actions, as much as that dollar for that hard day's work? Why not Approbativeness entitled to its pay for well-doing, as much as Acquisitiveness to its? And why not to letting it go to protest as palpable a wrong as to neglect to pay pecuniary dues? Your wife has done her best to get you a good dinner. Then is she not as much, as justly entitled to her pay in praise, as that grocer in dollars for flour? Bestow it, and you will be surprised to find how *very* much she sets by it. It will render her so happy, unless her love is already chilled out by neglect, that she can hardly contain herself. Really foolishly so. But why not Approbativeness as much delighted by its pay as

Acquisitiveness by its? And how easy to pay such dues? Yet how rarely done by either!

But how awfully cutting, even maddening, when, after she has done her best, he not only says nothing in praise, but, instead, blames? "I tried my best to please him in everything for one full year after marriage; but my meat was over-salted yesterday, but is raw to-day; this is wrong here, and that bad there. I tried the harder, only to fare the worse. I fretted over it, cried over it till my eyes were swollen, and it seemed as if my heart would break. I saw I must either break down under it, and give up to die, or else *fight it off*. I chose the latter.* I steeled my heart against him and his eternal fault-finding, and scolded back. And a wretched life we have lived. Required again to choose between this course and death, I am not certain I should not say, Let me die," said a superb wife two years after marriage.

Is this picture? Is it not diurnal fact?

Nor all on her side, either. How many men are henpecked, who deserve only praise and love? But we anticipate. We only repeat, pay all conjugal debts of praise, as much as other debts by dollars. And make each, as they really are, equally matters of conscientiousness. As you "praise God" for good received from Him, so praise wife or husband for what good you receive from them. And this is the best means of obtaining more.¹⁴

98. CHERISHING EACH OTHER'S LOVE A MORAL DUTY.

Man owes duties—parental to children, filial to parents, benevolent to the distressed, pecuniary to debtors, and moral to his God. Yet of all these human duties, what as obligatory as those due between those who have voluntarily assumed toward each other the conjugal relations? When you have entered into a bounden engagement to pay at a given time for goods delivered, does not every natural human sentiment, equally with the laws of the land, require you to make the stipulated payment promptly?

Then, when a woman has given her affections, her whole being, to a man, under his solemn promises, both implied and expressed in secret and in public, that he will repay her in and by bestowing his own on her, does not every human obligation conspire to demand your fulfillment of your vows to "love and cherish her till parted by death?" What human duties as strong, as lasting? Is your obligation to pay your bank-note a tithe as binding? Or does a monetary process dis-

* Right. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Anything better than giving up to die.

grace you a tithe as much as a woman's love protest? True, your creditor requires his pay much, but does not your wife need her *heart* pay most? True, he would be discommoded, perhaps rendered a pecuniary bankrupt, by your non-payment; but will not your non-payment to her render hers a love-bankrupt for life? He might recover—she never. And your love renders her a thousand-fold happier, and is more necessary, and that to her whole future life,^{Sec. II.} than your dollars are, or can be to him. Her love-element is her all. This perished, *all* perishes. Or, if she barely survives, her life is only automatic. What infinite damage your non-payment of this heart-obligation does her!

Besides, both the laws of the land, the customs of society, and especially the very nature of love,⁴⁴ prevents her getting any adequate supply of this love-sentiment, *except* from you. Her love is as much a part of her soul-being as her heart of her bodily structure.³⁸ And this want is as imperious.³⁹ She could have loved A, B, or C, but neglected each and all to consecrate her love-element, and therewith her entire being, to you alone. And did not you, also, consecrate yours to her? Your compact to her was the *most* sacred human being can make to human, because that of male to female, and in matters as paramount as love.⁸ Your obligation to a woman is stronger than to a man. Then how much stronger your affectional? By all the sacredness of love, is that of its fulfillment, and the crime of its violation.

You have vowed to supply her with food, and placed her in circumstances which preclude her obtaining it from any other source. You then shut and lock her up, and keep the keys, yet allow her barely enough to prevent downright starvation. Day after day you deny her food, yet you compel her to starve on slowly but surely—starve to death! All her other faculties and hopes also perish with this.^{Sec. II.} Horrid monster, thus to starve out an agonizing wife to a lingering death! But is it not as great a crime to starve her affections as her appetite? True, man oftenest becomes absorbed in business, woman in dress and display; or, perhaps, gives as much of her time and soul to children as he to business, and as little to him as he of his to her. Yet two wrongs never make a right. Instead, both coming together, as here, they aggravate each other. The more remiss either, the more assiduous the other should become. To return neglect for neglect is to return "evil for evil." The golden rule is better—to return "good for evil," or love for neglect. Few but can thereby be thawed out and mellowed down in this crucible of affection. At least, woman should do her very best to retain those loving ways and manners by which

she first drew forth his love. And the one loved least should try hardest.

Yet often the other party fails duly to appreciate the excellences of the loving one. The paralytic state of the affections in one or both often leaves them oblivious to many conjugal excellences which ought to awaken both the gratitude and love of the other. They are like one whose paralyzed stomach fails to appreciate the dainties set before them, whereas, is it not the duty of each to appreciate and love what is lovable in the other? And the one who fails duly to appreciate, soon declines in the manifestations of these lovely qualities.¹⁴

The plain fact is, probably no human faculty is as dormant, suffers as much from paralysis, is as imperfectly developed, or as often and as effectually retroverted, as this love-element.

"But these kissings and coquettings, these fondlings, and all this love-making, though they may do well enough for young love-cracked lads and lassies, or those in their honeymoon, are utterly beneath the staid dignity of married life, besides being intrinsically improper and sickening outside of the boudoir."

Our answer is final. First, if woman wants to be made love to, it is man's place to make it, and if she wants to be caressed, he should help, not hinder. She is the natural umpire of love and all its properties, because the most loving. Then should not man pattern after her, and follow suit? Then show me the well and normally-sexed woman who does not love to be made love to, and caressed by him who has her heart, and "that before folks," provided custom did not frown thereon. You can not do it, for there are none such. Only "neuter" genders ever do or can. Woman, speak out on this point. Tell all the world in general, and your own husband in special, just how you desire them to comport themselves toward you.

Secondly, and conclusively, it is right and proper that the highest state of pure love should both *exist*, and perpetually re-increase between the married. They should love each other just as young lovers do, only as much more so, as they are older.⁴² Then, whatever it is proper to *feel*, is it not equally proper to *express*? and express when and *as* we feel? And therefore to *manifest* in all the tender "billings and cooings" of pure and perfect love "before folks," whatever love it is proper to feel before them.

But the trouble lies here. Love becomes carnalized soon after marriage, and *therefore*, from mere shame of its deformity, shuns the public gaze. But the purer and stronger it is, the more gushingly and frankly does it express itself, "in season and out of season, at home and abroad, alone and before all beholders," because inherently conscious

of its innocence and appropriateness.¹⁰ And if husbands and wives should manifest much more of these loving courtesies before others, they would both inexpressibly enhance its Platonic form and diminish its more objectional manifestation. That is, its habitual manifestation in this Platonic phase would forestall and prevent its more passionate and excessive, and relieve its personal and animal, form. Woman, what say you to this proposed change? Husbands and wives, be persuaded to make the re-cherishing of each other's affections your very first life-business. And let your past remissness only render you the more assiduous hereafter. And you certainly ought to know by this time, discerning as you are, how to re-awaken each other's deadened affections. Think over just how you would proceed if, to-day, unmarried, and anxiously waiting to find a conjugal mate, you had found one exactly to your liking, and calling into requisition all your faculties, and setting yourself at work in your very handsomest style to gain his or her heart and hand, and then practice accordingly in respect to each other. Begin by talking over with each other the desirableness of the change, and best mode of effecting it. Put it on an intellectual base. Read over this section together, and both vie with each other in getting up a new love affair between yourselves, and each make yourselves as lovely to the other as possible. Take lovers' walks, as of yore. Talk together, ride together, be happy together, and treat each other just as you used to in your young love, and as you now see young lovers comport themselves together. But for specific directions see the three love rules presently to be given.^{104 to 108.}

99. BUSINESS vs. LOVE.

"But while I know I need the recreation, and would gladly enjoy my honeymoon, and take time to cherish my wife's affections by love's walks, etc., yet how can I? My *family* need every dollar I can make. My business, too, is started, and requires me at its helm. I am so pressed with business that my time is too precious to be wasted on these love trifles. I must make and pay debts, roll up wealth, furnish my family the means of living in style, answer correspondence, watch clerks, outgoes, incomes, etc., and do lots of business besides. I really can not spare the time to take lovers' walks, escort wife and daughters, and cherish their affections."

Then, in all conscience, at least, unlock her closed soul. Get a divorce. Let her relieve herself from affectional starvation. Yet this, though even a lesser wrong, would be monstrous. What right have you to inflict on her all this private laceration of her feelings, as

well as public odium consequent thereon? And that after you have well-nigh cut off all her other opportunities for finding this love-sustenance elsewhere? If you neglected her sick body, you would abhor yourself, and be abhorred by all who knew it; but now, that you neglect and derange only her mind, you are, forsooth, honored as a pattern of industry and probity! And she pines on and dies out, unaware what her real trouble is, or who caused it. She thinks, poor confiding victim, she has disorder of the stomach, or liver, or nerves, whereas you are slowly killing her off by disordering her *heart*. Lock her up and deny her food, which is to body what love is to mind, and you have the enormity of your cruelty and robbery, only in the physical, instead of the mental form. Better away with business, dismiss clerks, and let your speculations go to the dogs, than thus torture and kill that precious wife, for what are they all in comparison with her?

Or is this the way to secure even your own happiness, or that of your family? Ask her how many dollars will make good this death of her affections? Ask yourself how much in business, how many dollars will make good, even to yourself, the disappointed or reversed state of her love?^{45 46 47} That is, how much happier would you be in your wealth without her love, or in her love with less wealth?

More, you are a double loser. You are losing both her love *and* your dollars. I make this declaration—fling it into the teeth of the world—put it before the largest human experience—that he who duly loves a woman in purity, can do far more *work*, drive better bargains, wear more and longer, be keener in business, and every way a better business man, as well as more successful in amassing wealth, in and by loving a wife and nurturing her affections, than if he neglects her.

And on this principle, among others, that the human faculties must be *diverted* to be efficient—for a bow always bent loses its strength—that perpetual plodding is fatal to vigorous action; that what is made up in time is lost ten times over in snap and spirit; that human nature *must* have amusements, and that the *domestic affections* constitute its very best form—that their hearty exercise marvelously promotes that of the intellectual. This principle is proved elsewhere, but suffice it here to sum it up thus: Let A and B start married life and business together, and every way equal—in capital, in talents, in everything—except that A shall heartily love his wife, and spend two hours every day in nurturing her and his conjugal affections—riding, walking, frolicking, visiting, going to concerts, the lecture-room, and the like—anywhere they please, to keep up a genuine conjugal love. A will in ten years be far in advance of B in *dollars*, in credit, in health, in mental soundness and clearness of judgment, in each and

all the attributes of physical, mental, and moral advancement, and have a tenfold better and happier wife, besides, than B, and all this in addition to all the *direct* aid derived from talking over proposed plans with her, acting on her suggestions—for “two heads are always better than one,” especially when both are in love—and being aided in a thousand nameless ways by her silent but efficient co-operation. And this perpetually re-increases with time. Even as a pecuniary investment, it has no equal.

But how infinitely better A's wife, as such, than B's! However splendid a woman may be by nature, when her affections die or stray, she is of little account, at least to him as his wife. Would to God husbands could realize the longitude of this problem—how worthless she becomes without affection for him, but how infinitely valuable therewith! And the more valuable, the more affectionate.

Young America's fatal error lies in hastening to amass wealth. In his rush after the “almighty dollar,” besides breaking down his constitution, he starves out his own and wife's affections. Though she has left home, parents, and all she holds dear for him, yet he now leaves her for business. She yields to that stern necessity, which keeps her loved one so much from her open arms. But she does *so* wish she *could* have at least a *little*, if *only* a little, of his time and soul. It is *so* hard to stay all alone, seeing no one from morning till night, week after week. And when you are at home your mind is all on business, business, business. You may be gaining finely in dollars, but losing in her love, which now begins to pine. Nothing can prevent it. Her loneliness renders her almost frantic. She little realizes the cause of her misery, or how to obviate it. Yet for all it is slowly but surely eating out her very vitals. She is neglected for business, and though not exactly conscious of this neglect, yet begins to feel restless, even hard. Nor is there any telling how much young wives really do suffer in and by this chilling starvation of their young love. And this decline of the fires of love, for want of fuel, allows animosities, which a vigorous love would keep at bay, to take their place.

Besides, you, perplexed with cares and fatigued by struggles, sometimes come home cross-grained. Be it that your long-continued and heroic efforts for her have induced this irritability, she sees only the crossness, and suffers just as much on this account as if it were not induced by your loving labors for her.

But we have seen that her affections die out unless perpetually re-fed. This condition is an absolute finality. Woman lives on love. It is her meat and drink, day and night, from its first dawnings to her latest breath. Unless she lives on love, she does not, can not, live at all,

but only stays and mopes. To starve that is to starve all, while nourishing it nourishes all. It is to her whole being what lubrication is to machinery. Deprived of it, the best of feminine material stanches or becomes retroverted.^{46 47} But supplied therewith, even a poor feminine becomes a good wife. Words utterly fail to delineate the practical difference between the same woman loving and loved, or hating and hated. Her affections are the key to her whole being, to lock or unlock all the good or bad, and re-increase both.

How many dollars is that child worth? Can they measure its priceless value? They but mock it. The mere attempt is but profanation.

But is not that wife, suppose she were all devotion to you, worth quite *as much*? In fact, the social organs are so much larger than Acquisitiveness, that no money can at all express the value of a good child, or wife, or husband. And the more they love or are beloved, the more precious they become.

But mutual alienations detract correspondingly from their value, while hatred renders them as much more a curse than no wife or child, as they are the better when loving and beloved. Their value depends on, and rises or falls in proportion to the amount of *love* interchanged. Of course, in case a given amount of affection renders a wife worth a hundred thousand dollars, more or less, a hated, hating one is like a hundred-thousand-dollar-*debt*, hanging like a perpetual millstone-incubus, from which there is no deliverance. Therefore, losing a wife's love is a greater loss than her death, this being a mere loss, while that, besides being as great a loss *per se*, prevents you marrying another, and chains you to a putrifying carcass while she lives. Even losing but a little of a wife's love is an immeasurable loss, while gaining only a little in her affections is worth more than thousands, because it renders you happier, besides augmenting hers and your children's happiness.

Then, first count the cost, and strike the balance as to the difference between a lovely and a hateful wife. Next, "cipher out," ye shrewd business men, the value of a good wife. Solomon placed it "far above rubies," and rubies are far above your store trash. Yet even he did not duly estimate her full value. Next, by addition and subtraction, aided by the Rule of Three, "cipher out" how much that man gains who, by delving early and late at his eternal "business," *spoils a good wife*, in and by letting her affections run down, perhaps die out—at least either starves or reverses her love. Next, by addition and multiplication, find out how much there is gained by *cherishing* his wife's love, and thereby perpetually re-improving both her and

himself. Dollars can not measure such problems. What shall it profit a man if, in gaining the whole world, he spoils or loses a good wife? And yet most of our shrewdest (?) business men are daily pocketing this very loss !

No, husband, young and old, the very best *business* "operation" of your whole life is that which establishes a perpetual and enduring love between yourself and that woman you have selected for your conjugal life-mate.

That is valuable which renders happy, and in proportion thereto.⁷² Then how valueless dollar-happiness in opposition to conjugal *happiness*. Then, you shrewd financier, begin, if only as a "speculation," to nurture your wife's affections.

101. CONJUGAL ETIQUETTE.

Since all treatment of man by man has its right and wrong, and since Nature requires special treatment between those of opposite sexes,¹⁴ there must of course be, and is, a right and wrong conjugal comportment due between husbands and wives. Their mutual relations require and impose a special line of conduct toward each other. And this right treatment must, and does, reward itself by enhancing their love and happiness, while all wrong etiquette, being a breach of Nature's marital requisitions, does, and must, punish itself by conjugal alienations and unhappiness. Indeed, more of the dislikes, heart-burnings, and even infidelities of married life are consequent on a wrong conjugal life than selection. In the very nature of things and of love, the right behavior of either must necessarily re-energize the other, while all wrong conduct between them inevitably offends the sufferer, and reacts on the perpetrator. All his right comportment toward her insensibly but effectually endears her to him, while all wrong treatment always does, and necessarily must, little by little, wear out the tenderest love, and engender alienations instead.

More; the *fusing* power of love, when allowed all its natural facilities, is sufficient to melt down and reconcile almost any amount of natural differences—sufficient to enable a very savage man and refined woman to live fondly together. Much more those of the same color, nation, and general character and habits, provided they treat each other in the natural language of love. Not that natural congeniality is not most important, but that a right treatment is more so, and can be made to overcome almost any amount of natural unfitness. Indeed, we solemnly declare it as our deliberate conviction, that a large proportion of all conjugal discords are either consequent on a wrong conjugal treatment, or at least could be overcome by a right

one Each unconsciously both gives and takes offense without either knowing wherein or wherefor, while a right treatment would, instead, have involuntarily re-enamored both. Yet their ignorance of these matters no way prevents their fatality.

How infinitely important, therefore, that all who marry know beforehand in what a right conjugal treatment consists! Yet how utterly ignorant almost all are of this subject! Then, since this right treatment is a natural ordinance, and therefore must have its governing laws, what first principles regulate this whole matter?

Precisely those which regulate the general treatment of the sexes toward each other. The individual husband is to his wife precisely what the male sex is to the female. Of course that same base of treatment due between the sexes is doubly due between husbands and wives. But having already expounded this general treatment,¹⁴ and also that due between lovers,⁹⁰ it remains only to apply these sexual laws to married life, which is but the embodiment and most complete exercise and expression of each and all the sexual feelings, manners, and institutes. Whatever is due from the male to the female is doubly due between those who court, but most between husbands and wives. That is, husbands and wives should treat each other exactly *as* the most perfect man and woman should treat each other, only more so.

How, then, would the most perfectly sexed man and thorough-bred gentleman treat the most perfect woman? And she him?

They should first *esteem* each other highly, not for their human traits merely, but far more so for their sexual endowments and virtues⁶—she him for his gentlemanly comportment, manliness, nobleness, talents, and masculine excellence, and he her for her purity, gushing emotions, refinement, moral virtues, and all her other female charms and excellences. Each not only instinctively perceives, but also magnifies, all the human and sexual attractions of the other.³⁵ This naturally begets an exalted regard for each other, along with the highest mutual respect. Would one angry frown distort his pleasant countenance, or harsh word escape his smiling lips, or coarse act mar his polished bearing? The farthest possible therefrom. Would not his keen vision discern her every charm? And commend them, too? Or, obliged to see her faults, would he reproach her therefor? Would he not draw over them the mantle of charity, and overshadow them with her many virtues? Would he not almost rather tear out his tongue than slur or tease, much more scold her? Does a gentleman ever satirize a lady? Or is she sarcastic on him? Would she magnify his faults, or pout, or become offended, even if he did do wrong?

But suppose their mutual admiration should re-increase and ripen

into a perfect love and congenial marriage, would they not treat each other precisely the same as before, only still *more* so? So far from the least vulgarity escaping him in word or act, her native purity would chasten every look and feeling, as if in the presence of an angel. And the more the more he loved. As men are more refined and less vulgar with men than alone, and much more when with women than men—as no gentlemen are ever coarse or gross in the company of ladies, how much less the fond husband in that of his idolized wife? And she in his?

Yet how often do legal husbands take liberties and perpetrate improprieties, even downright vulgarities—smoking, chewing, *blowing out*, even actually swearing, etc.—before their wives, as though privileged characters, which they would no more do before ladies than forfeit their gentlemanly character. As though their wives were not ladies, whereas they deserve all the treatment due to ladies, still only more exalted, and yet wonder why they are not loved, whereas the same treatment to ladies would banish them at once from all respectable society. And are not wives also often much more neat, tidy, particular, and every way more captivating at parties than when at home? And in drawing-room than in *boudoir*? Yet what can a thoroughly disgust a husband as commonness of manners, slatternly attire, violent temper, or anything unladylike, much more, disgusting in his wife? Please, ye married, apply this principle to your own nursery and dormitory manners and language toward each other. Are not too many husbands really loaferish, at least anything but gentlemanly, in their behavior toward their wives? And do not wives do before, or to their husbands, things so unladylike, so ungenteel, that they would feel compelled to cut any lady friend who should do the same before a gentleman, and what they would not have done before their negro hostler? Love can never co-exist with such ungenteel and unladylike treatment, but, existing, will soon be killed thereby. As water overcomes fire, or fire water, so love must either banish all such improprieties, or be banished by them, for they are antipodal.

Or is the true husband ever more gallant toward the ladies than toward his wife? Never! only the fungus husband. For him to be ever so genteel and gallant toward other ladies, so spruce, talkative, gay, lively, and complimentary, but only tame in manners and commonplace—perhaps not even that, but downright rude toward wife—is a conjugal outrage, and will forestall farther love, besides killing existing affection. Still, no matter how polite he may be to others, provided he is still *more* so to wife. Or for wives to put on their sweetest smiles and most fascinating manners toward other men, and behave

so prettily, almost coquettishly, toward others, but settle back, when in husband's company, into a commonplace, ungenteel, indifferent, perhaps repellant, if not actually offensive style of manners and comportment, inevitably must and does wound his pride, reverses love, and engender disgust and hatred. Yet the more fascinating in company, the better, provided she is still more ladylike, sweet, and captivating toward husband.

Not only is benevolence due from all human beings to all, and doubly from all males to all females,¹⁴ and trebly between those in love⁹⁰—as the true male always and everywhere treats the female considerately, tenderly, and sacrifices his own comfort on the altar of her happiness, and the more in exact proportion as he is the true male and in love—so the true husband can not pay too much attention to his wife's little wants. He ought ere this to have learned well and minutely what she likes and dislikes, and to provide the one, but avoid the other. And as the true gallant never waits to be asked to do this or that for a lady, but, instead, is ever on the alert to anticipate her every want, and proffer it supply, nor that grudgingly, but as though her acceptance would do him a special favor; and as a lover should be still more attentive to his loved one's wants, and his eyes still more eagle to perceive, heart still more willing, and hands more nimble in their supply, how much more the true husband! Is not this but the natural language and impulse of love? And the more as it becomes the stronger? Indeed, is not this the main means of expressing his love for her, and eliciting hers for him? He may not be able to manifest it by any great sacrifice, yet what loving husband but can read every want of his loved wife, in word, in look, in manner, and by nameless little courtesies at table, in parlor, in nursery, in boudoir, and especially in company, both manifest his love for her, and re-enkindle her love and gratitude for him? An illustrative anecdote:

A septuagenarian pair of friends—among whom are found many of the finest samples of conjugal manners—in visiting the author's wife, when taking their leave, he said:

"Deborah, will thee be at the door in about five minutes?"

"Yes, Stephen."

Arrived, turning the wheel so as to facilitate her ingress, he half clasped her in his arms, and half lifted her in; and having gone all around to so tuck in buffalo robe and blanket tightly around her feet as if to exclude the least puff of air from discommoding her, and all with the utmost tenderness, as if she were his choicest jewel, and inexpressibly precious, he seated himself and drove off. Yet their grandchildren were grown up.

Now, is not this the true way every loving husband should and will treat his to him infinitely precious wife? Should he not treat her as his darling pet, his idol, his other self, and the mother of his angel children, the partner of all his joys and sorrows, and as though nothing in his power to do for her were good enough for her? Then, husbands, wishing to treat your wives as true husbands should do, retire within your own souls, and ask your own consciousness, while in a warm state of affection, just how the most perfect man and gentleman would treat the most perfect lady, and lover sweet-heart, and then comport yourselves toward your wives in the same manner, only more so.

And is not such treatment also your manifest duty? Does not all of your natural conjugal relations absolutely require and demand it? As the inherent dependence of helpless child on parent obligates him to provide for its creature comforts, so does not a like dependence of wife on husband impose on him, by the same natural law, a like moral duty? And he is derelict to her who does not fulfill it. He perpetrates a sin of omission against her and his God.

"But while this seems all right theoretically, it imposes on him burdens too great to be borne. None can even begin to live up thereto."

Not so. Instead, it is perfectly easy and natural to those tenderly in love. Nor will it be a task, but a luxury. Is so natural, that it "whistles itself." *Can not be helped.* All required to prompt all this and much more is simply a deep, abiding affection. And this comportment will obtain between all who love, and exactly in that degree.

But as love wanes, this style of deportment proportionally declines. Indifferent manners accompany an indifferent heart, but reversed love engenders hate,⁵⁶ which renders their manners perfectly hateful. Though he who dislikes his wife may try to, and think he does, treat her about right, and do his whole duty, yet his entire comportment toward her is abominable. Neither may be able to specify just wherein, yet every look and act will be not merely ungentlemanly, but a perpetual insult, and perfectly odious.

"But this alleged dependence of wife on husband is artificial, not natural—is imposed by wrong legal and societary usages—is, indeed, one of woman's most paralytic conditions. She should be independent of him," say many woman's rights' advocates.

By no means. Nor he of her. Their mutual relations render them mutually dependent. Yet her most, because her maternal relations require her to do ten times more things, little and great, for them than he ever can do. They also draw largely on her strength, and exhaust

her vitality. She therefore needs and deserves succor from her husband and their father. As the prolific vine, too heavily laden to support and hold up her fruit to the necessary action of air and sun, requires the brawny oak around which to cling, on whose sturdy limbs to hang out her ripening load, so every female requires some male to help sustain and encourage her in this her exhausting maternal function. Hence nature makes it a great luxury in him to bestow, and in her to receive, his aid and support. And requires the true male to *give to*, not receive from, the female, throughout human, animal, and vegetable life. He naturally cherishes her more than she him, and sacrifices his comfort on the altar of her happiness more than she hers on that of his.

Not that she should not also cater to his creature comforts,^{28 14 51} but he most to hers. That both should serve each other is obvious,²⁸ but is it not *more* his place and privilege to care for her and their mutual children, than for her to protect him and them? As, when bear or tiger attacks swine-herd, their young rush to the center of a ring, and their mothers form next, while the bristly, sturdy masculines naturally take its outside, and expose themselves to the greatest danger; as gallant cock attacks marauding hawk with beak and spur, as well as crows off danger, and crows over it, besides scratching for hen, never she for him; so husband should cater still more to the comfort of wife and children than she or they to his. And as much more as man is superior to beast. I saw in Herr Driesbach's menagerie a nursling monkey, when it craved its night's rest, cuddle into its fond mother's folding arms, both facing each, with its head bent under her arms, which were folded gently around it and down its back, while still larger father took precisely the same relative and folding position toward both—a wheel within a wheel—but he the external protector and nurse of both her and it, while all slept most tenderly and cosily together. The sexual law obviously is, that while she should do most for their young, he should help them by helping her—a provision beautiful in itself, and promotive of the happiness of all parties. Then, by all the love he naturally bears them, should he naturally sustain and do for them by doing for her. And thereby express his gratitude to her for her still greater labors for them.

But are all these courtesies due from him to her? Are not about as many due from her to him? Of pleasant, winning, inviting manners, even more? Is not woman more the angel of pleasant looks and winning behavior than man? And all that, the female sex is to society, wife is to husband, only as much *more* so, as she should love most. If an indifferent husband is a nonentity, how much better is an indif-

ferent wife? She should *win* attentions if she wishes them. As no lady is entitled to any more courtesies than her loveliness induces gentlemen to proffer as a free-will offering, so no wife is really entitled to any more attention from her husband than her loveliness prompts him to bestow. Her indifference to him compels his indifference to her; for how can the male continue to bestow courtesies on the female who does not receive them pleasantly? Their passive reception forestalls future ones. Let an anecdote illustrate:

A young married couple from Boston, spending their honeymoon at the American House, Buffalo, he always very gallantly moved her chair as she took her seat at table, waited on her himself as far as possible, and saw to it that servants waited on her in double quick time as to the balance, and comported himself toward her in every way in a perfect conjugal manner, but I observed with real pain that she received his gallant attentions in a merely passive manner, without paying for them by any pleasant thanks or winning smiles, and said to wife, "They will not long be continued." Nor were they. For meeting them at another table a few weeks afterward, he had discontinued them. And doubtless that forlorn woman is to-day pining in secret because he has ceased to treat her as tenderly as of yore, and sighing over the difference between young lovers before marriage, and these same men after their honeymoon has set, little realizing that she herself forestalled and killed them by her passive reception of them. Wives, may not the indifference of some of your husbands have a like cause?

"But we wives and mothers have so many little cares and vexations—re-aggravated by their very insignificance—that we can not be always as winning and pleasant as careless 'sweet sixteens.' None realize how much we have to sour our temper."

But does fretting over trouble remove it? Does it not aggravate it? And, worst of all, alienate husband? He may pity, even love from sympathy, as he would a sick child,^{56 86} but like one eating what is embittered because he can get no better, or else overlooking the minor bitterness on account of its greater sweetness, yet how much better if all sweet? A fussy, feesy, fidgety, fretful wife is a masculine abomination. Men do not love, can but hate shrews, but can not help loving loveliness.

The ordinance of Nature obviously is that both should behave toward each other like two turtle-doves—always in the natural language of perfect affection, as if both were perfectly happy in each other, and desired to render the other so.

"Then would you have them always billing and cooing? Perfectly

sickish ! It is sickening, even 'indelicate,' if not positively immodest enough, for young lovers and those in their honeymoon to be all so loving and lovely before folks. And they soon sicken themselves of it, too, and discontinue it."

Yet is not this affectionate manner but the outgushing of a natural hearty love ? Is it not pre-eminently manly in a husband to love his wife ? Then is it not as manly to *express* this love ? And express *all*, and *as* he feels ? And is it not equally feminine in her to tenderly love her husband ? And equally so to manifest her outgushing tenderness ? Is love loathsome, that it must be restricted to secrecy ? Lust is. But love is the purest of human virtues. Nor does it fulfill a mission more lovely than when reflecting this natural language of affection. To those whose sexualities are perverted, it *is* indelicate. But only because of their indelicate *optics*.⁴⁶ And if husbands and wives would but manifest their love more before folks in these "billings and cooings," they would experience far less of its animal aspect. These young lovers are true to the mating instinct. And the discontinuance of these love attentions proclaims the paralysis of their love ; for they can no more help this its natural language and manner, in proportion as they love, than help laughing when merry, or shivering when cold.

But if sun lights up any one sight a little more odious than any other, it is neither savage torture, nor mother drowning her child in the Ganges, but indifferent or repellant conjugal manners. Are even lion and lioness, tiger and tigress, ever indifferent, much more spiteful, toward each other ? Notwithstanding all their native ferocity, all is kindness and gentleness toward each other. Show me one hostile, even indifferent animal pair, and—but such monstrosities are found nowhere except among human brutes, and when thus found, are more brutal than even savage beast can be. As much more so as man should be a higher—yet often is a lower—sample of conjugality than animal. Every woman whose husband is indifferent is entitled by nature's laws to a divorce—is divorced *practically* ; for this indifference *is* his divorce of her. And her indifference toward him is his divorce of her—is a practical abandonment of the other party by the indifferent one. What smut or ergot is to grain, poison to food, and sin to virtue, conjugal neglect or coldness is to a true conjugality. But what rich, luscious fruit is to eye and taste, are these billings and cooings—copied from the turtle-dove, that best sample of avine conjugality—to wedlock. Why, it is the very nature and embodiment of love, as well as its great promoter. For what was a man created manly and given a man's heart but to love his wife, and manifest

that love? Nor can he who loves help it. And it was to reciprocate these affectionate, or love tokens, that woman was created feminine and charming. And the conjugal state is the truest and only legitimate place for their exercise. And those are truest to manliness or womanliness who experience or act out the most, and in the best manner.

This calls up kissing each other, both before others and alone—that most natural expression and incentive of love. Then, by as much as they should love each other, should they express this love by this its most natural manifestation, and that right heartily.

Said Mrs. Atherton, wife of a New Hampshire senator, on perusing this idea on the last page of the first edition of "Love and Parentage," that husbands and wives should kiss each other as he went to, returned from business, pleasure, and the last thing before sleep, and first after waking—"The man who penned that deserves to be immortalized for urging the very point of conjugal etiquette the most important, but least practiced, and the want of which is the great extinguisher of love after marriage."

"But I'd spit in my husband's face if he should undertake to kiss me," said a married *thing* on hearing this sentiment.

Up to their marriage, even through their honeymoon, they *do* reciprocate this heartiest expression of love, but soon settle back into seeming indifference, because, as love dies when not supplied by its natural fuel,^{97 98} so the non-supply of this and other like love-incentives starves this sentiment to death!

Yet its re-supply will re-ignite it. Husbands, in six months you could revive your wives' love to almost pristine warmth, just by re-proffering these gallantries. And wives, try their effects on your indifferent husbands. Thaw them out thereby. Methodist-like, come, join this matrimonial church "on six months' trial." Can you not hold out at least that long? And if you can, you will find the next stadium easier, and the last easiest.

More. Does not this indifference account for both alienations and infidelities? After love has been once awakened, it must continue, or starve.^{41 to 48} It should be directed to its first object,⁴¹ but, becoming estranged from it, must seek another, or die out.^{45 48} Does not this law explain Mrs. Gurney's sad fall? Her parliamentary husband, though as kind to her as husband need be to wife, regaling her with country and city pleasures *ad libitum*, was likely too busy to lavish on her those little attentions so agreeable to woman, and promotive of love. But her groom, by bestowing them, revives her dormant love sentiment, completely fascinates her, and induces her to abandon husband, family, position, everything dear to her, that she might continue to

revel in those little gallantries which, if they had been supplied from their legitimate source, would doubtless have had no charms for her. We do not aver that she was thus neglected, but her fall suggests it, and this law perfectly explains and accounts for it.

102. THE CARDINAL CONJUGAL RULE.

"But can you not furnish us with some general *rule*, applicable in all cases, and constituting an infallible guide, by which to regulate both our general and our detailed conduct toward each other? Most natural truths, mathematical in particular, have their *formulas*, applicable in all cases, and reducible to some axiomatic form of expression. Exists there not some such a matrimonial formula?

There does. It is this: *Observe nature's normal sexual instincts.*

Or thus. The male sex, as a whole, is to the female what the individual husband is to the wife. Therefore whatever is due and proper from either sex to the other, is doubly due from each sexual mate to the other in conjugality. That is, all the general relations of the sexes to each other obtain in wedlock, only to a much greater degree.

Or thus: All in man that attracts either woman in general, or wife in particular, is his masculine sexuality, mental and moral, of course, included. And all in woman that enamors man in general, or husband in particular, is the manifestation of genuine feminine character.⁶ That this is the only fundamental principle and base of all sexual attraction and love is obvious, yet has been already proved so often, and referred to so fully, that we here would require only to apply it to the case in hand—or rather to illustrate it.

I sit down to eat what I suppose to be delicious. But it has been intermixed with something bitter. Just what it is, or how it came there, I know not. But only that it *is* bitter, because I taste it. Or I may hardly be conscious that I do taste it, and yet instinctively feel that something is wrong, but for which I should relish it much better. Or a meal I thought only common has been flavored with something really sweet and luscious. Just what it is I know not, but only that it "goes to the right spot." I may hardly be conscious of its intrinsic goodness, but *feel* it for all.

Now the sexuality of each sex is to the other what this lusciousness is to food. When a well-sexed wife is true to her primitive feminine instinct, and expresses it fully and normally, her normal husband can not help perceiving this her inherent loveliness, and being enamored thereby. Exactly what delights him he knows not, yet its practical effect is as if he knew. Not as great, perhaps, because not as fully appreciated, but felt and loved for all. All her ten thousand little

ways and modes of thought and expression so charm him that he can not rest satisfied unless continually imbibing her lovable emanations. It is this natural expression of her normal sexuality which thus seasons all she says and does, and awakens and re-intensifies his love. She is true to that feminine nature which he was created man to admire and love, and which his masculinity perceives and relishes. In order fully to understand these points, please re-read.^{5 6 7 69}

Yet our subject has still another phase. Perhaps he is in so unsexed a mood as not only not to relish her sexuality, but only to be aggravated thereby. Like a depraved stomach, craving what is injurious, but loathing what is intrinsically good—like reversed Conscientiousness, hating the truth, and “refusing to come to the light, because its deeds are evil”—so the right sexuality of his wife may reprove his perverted sexuality, and thereby her loving ways become hateful to him. And the more lovely she is, the more he hates her. Nor would he love her wrong manifestation either. No matter if even similar to his own. He hates both bad and good—both himself and her—because of this perverted phase of his own sexuality.^{46 69} Poor man! Yet he heaps perpetual blame on her, and really does feel that she is just a little the very worst woman in all this world, and all simply because he is the very worst man.⁴⁶ As those internally conscious of their own frailty are the most jealous, because of their wrong sexual mood, so he feels thus indignant toward her only because inherently hateful in and of himself.

Or, instead, *she* departs from a truly feminine comportment. This is to him sexual bitterness. He keeps feeling, “I don’t like this or that,” yet knows not either why or how. He may not even know what he does dislike, but becomes irritable, combative, and cross-grained about everything. He may not analyze his feelings, but there they are for all.

And the converse as regards woman. And, as “gaping is catching,” this hatefulness of either thereby necessarily engenders that of the other. The reversed sexuality of either reverses that of the other—on the principle that fire spreads, and that each organ, when reversed, causes retroverted action in the other.

“Then by what touchstone can we try all our every-day little actions, sayings, and manifestations toward each other?”

Thus—mark it well, for it is an infallible test, and as broad, yet specific, as any other scientific formula or axiom, that every word, look, act of a true marriage is, must be, the offspring and expression of *unalloyed love*. That whatever is antagonistic to love always does, must be, wrong. More that whatever is, does, and necessarily must,

alienate. And in every single instance. And to a degree commensurate with its departure from this love-type.

Now take that last sentence you uttered, act you did, and ask yourself, "Did a true womanly or masculine *spirit* conceive and express that sentence, or perform that act? If so, it re-awakens love. But if not, it will, must, should alienate. Now test all your little actions and feelings by this single touchstone, and you have in your answer the "marks" of conjugal merit and demerit.

Or, what amounts to the same thing, just ask yourself whether the most perfect husband or wife would have said or done what you have just said, done? Or, if you had been an unprejudiced observer, what would you have thought of it? Or, if this same thing had been said or done *to* yourself by your partner? So, if you would be absolutely perfect as a husband or wife, just retire within your own selves, and try to think or feel just exactly how a perfect husband or wife should or would treat the other party, and then "go thou and do likewise."

103. MOLDING AND IMPROVING EACH OTHER.

CONFORMITY is a first natural function of each and all the affections. Friendship naturally produces assimilation. Children involuntarily become like those they love. And thus of people and minister, of one and all. How natural to pattern after those we admire! We like their ways, doctrines, characters, and therefore naturally become like them.

This mutual conformity obtains more especially between the sexes. All the tastes and habits of each sex are but the reflection of those of the other. In those places where ladies think it no harm for men to drink, or only a funny joke for them to get "tight," especially where they drink wine with them, the young men will drink to kill; yet wherever the ladies frown on drinking, the men are temperate. And thus of all other masculine habits. The male sex loves to be beloved by the feminine, and therefore conforms to their standard of likes and dislikes, as the natural means of enlisting their kind regards.

So the female sex conforms to the tastes of men. Thus, as long and as far as men admire small waists, the ladies tighten their *stays* every morning, and re-tighten them every night, though they almost torture their breaths out of their bodies. Let a courting young man express admiration for small waists, and his lady-love will cheerfully suffer real agony in thus conforming her waists to his standard, while her tastes constitute his strongest possible incentive to conform himself thereto.

And why do women dress thus fashionably (?), fantastically, and

run tandem after "accomplishments," but because men smile more sweetly on those thus gayly dressed, and bow more gracefully to fashionable women without sense, than to those of genuine talents and worth without style? And this conformity of the sexes to each other is a most beautiful natural institute. And gives to each sex a perfect control over the habits of the other, besides re-enamoring each of the other.

Since, therefore, the devoted husband is to his wife what the male sex is to the female,⁹⁷ and since the sexes thus naturally conform to each other, much more should individual lovers, and the married. And the more, the more devotedly they love. And they actually *do*. Nature ordains and compels it. It is her means of establishing that oneness requisite to the mutual transmission of their qualities to their children.⁶ To love dearly without it is impossible.

Moreover, each sex is a much better judge of the excellences of the other than either of its own. As he who loves a horse better than dog is therefore a better judge of equine qualities than canine, while he who loves dogs best estimates canine best, so by the love the female bears, should bear to the male, is she therefore a better judge of masculine excellences than of feminine. And *vice versa* of man's judgment as to feminine virtues.

With double force does this principle apply to lovers and the married. By all his love for her is his judgment of her excellences better than hers of her own. Further: by the love she would awaken in him, should, and will she, conform herself to *his* standard of female loveliness, instead of to her own. And by as much as he would be loved by her, must he become what she deems lovable. What could be clearer, or more intrinsically beautiful?

Then, should not each study the tastes of the other, and endeavor to conform thereto? Is not this indisputably the first instinct of each? And both proportionate to love, and inseparable therefrom?

Then let each vie with the other as to who shall conform the most completely to the other. Each should be like potter's clay, perfectly tempered, and all ready to be molded up into whatever vessels will best please the other. And the one which loves the most, will yield the most. Herein consists the first instincts of a genuine love. You, wife, have chosen your husband. Your greatest desire now is—should be, will be, in a true wife—to render yourself just as complete a wife as possible. Not to others in general, but to him in special. Then you require to conform yourself, not to the taste of others, but only to *his* taste, likes, character. And she is the better wife, other things being equal, who conforms most.

Besides, go back to your own experience. Did you not at your marriage soliloquize, "Now, all I can do, I will do, to become just what, and all that, my dear James desires. Though I hate to wash and cook, yet *anything* to please him. Since he likes to have me go to his church, I go gladly. He has only to express his wishes, to give me infinite pleasure to comply therewith." And he is equally conformatory to her tastes. And those who love devotedly, yield even to the other's very whims.

Still farther. No man ever does or can evolve his own excellences. They do, must lie dormant, till the molding hand of some loving, beloved *woman* eliminates them. It is only by her that he can be enabled to put forth his natural capacities.^{16 52} This principle underlies our entire volume, and accords with the practice of every living man. In battle, in college, in church, in business, in everything, man's love to woman in general, and to his own loved one in special, alone can inspire him to exert all his capacities, and calls out all his excellences.

And this principle applies still more to woman. While unloving and unloved, her talents however brilliant, her virtues however exalted, lie comparatively dormant, till the love she bears to some masculine brings them forth, and renders what was before commonplace now almost divine. Unloving, unloved, humanity is to itself when loved what leather is to skin, the texture only, but its warm, glowing life extinct. Therefore your wife's faults are yours, and yours hers. It is not for her to obviate her own as much as for *you* to obviate them. Nor yours to overcome your own as much as hers to overcome yours. Not but that each should help obviate their own much, but the other's more and most.

When this *principle* first burst upon my mind, springing to my feet, I involuntarily exclaimed "Eureka," and that day set about molding out my wife's faults, but stopped blaming her for them, because I took that blame on myself. And also yielded myself to be molded by her, saying, "How do you like this? and how can I improve in that? for I would render myself just as perfect, and therefore lovable, in your eyes as it lies in my power to do." With this great core conjugal *principle*, oh, all ye men, be duly impressed. Please first drink in its *philosophy*, and then put it in daily practice.

"But since my wife has this, that, the other fault, if I yield myself passively to her molding hand, as you recommend, she will mold her own faults *into* me, not my faults out. How then?"

Mold her faults out by this very law, and also fortify yourself against their reception, yet yield other points to her molding power.

By presupposition you *chose* one under whose influence you *may* so place yourself.⁵² Or if not, must take one of these consequences, to go unmolded, undeveloped, or else be molded into error. Either horn is awful, but one inevitable.

“But would you have either sacrifice their own identity on the altar of the other’s tastes? You argue the doctrine of personality with ability.⁶⁵ What is any one worth to self or others who, chameleon-like, takes color from conjugal or other surroundings? There is reason in all things; yet are you not urging a good practice too far?”

Let the most perfect give the most practical answer. Too much conformity is rarely found, and hardly possible.

Still, personality is a first natural law. We owe our first human duties to ourselves, one of which is to preserve our own entity intact, and allow ourselves to be molded only for its improvement. Be yourself, unless you can become better in and by conforming to conjugal partner. Self-preservation and elevation take precedence over even conjugality. Our very conjugal duties become duties only in and by their being self-perfecting. And our duty to God is only that to self. If your conjugal partner has some marked fault which you do not or can not obviate, on no account conform thereto. But this only presupposes that you have made a poor selection, while our doctrine of being molded presupposes a good one, by whom you *may* safely be molded.⁵²

Having selected the best you can, next set yourself about so molding him or her, that you may safely yield yourself up into your partner’s affectionate hands.

Furthermore. No small part of the discordance of the married life is consequent on this very want of mutual molding. At marriage each presupposes the other already fashioned to their liking, whereas selection is as if, desiring a beautiful piece of choice furniture for life-long use and admiration, you had gone through the forests, and merely *chosen* the green-tree material, which must now be felled, and in a particular way, cut and sawed into special forms adapted to the purpose required, and then seasoned, worked up, painted, and placed in accordance with your special likes. Now, in the very nature of things, this fashioning must be done *after* marriage. And by the opposite party. For how can they safely either mold or be molded, till they have mated? But their marriage once guaranteed, they may now set themselves about this mutual, required conformity. Selection is but the untempered clay, which love now sets about fashioning into its beau-ideal of conjugal affection.

And herein consists the very art of all conjugal arts, the great labor of all marital labors. And yet the *very* one universally ignored.

And when different views or feelings do arise, which is almost a matter of course, instead of trying to mold *out* the bone of contention, both become indignant, and have a "*spat*."⁸⁶ Perhaps the disputed point has never come up before. Neither knew the wishes of the other concerning it, and of course could not have become alike, even if they would. An affectionate discussion might now obviate it. But *only* an affectionate one. If they can meet on any mutual phase of it, they should by all means thus meet. But if not, come as near together as possible, and each *concede* to the other that most sacred of all human rights, *personal* decision and action. Yet each should vie with the other in both yielding as far as judgment and conscience will permit, and then leaving the other his or her own master as to the balance. That is, obviating the difference as far as possible, and then tolerating the balance. And this mutual conformity will soon superinduce mutual similarity. Said Mrs. —, "When I first married, I found but a single point of similarity and sympathy between myself and husband. I soon found that discussing our differences only aggravated them, and adopted this inflexible rule: never to argue points of dissimilarity, but simply to establish harmony on the one point in which we agreed. This soon established concord on another key-note, cherishing which soon brought us into union on another, and so on, till now every discordant note has become concordant, and we have lived most happily." Behold the triumph of conformity!

Besides, this conformity is but the very natural outworkings of that sexual element in which marriage consists, or, rather, its very embodiment. Please re-peruse ⁶ with reference to this special point. It embraces the very marital entity itself, besides constituting its focal center.

Moreover, in this molding each other into the image liked, consists our *own* highest pleasure. Thus, you purchase a horse, a farm, a house. The very love you bear to the purchased article induces you to fit or train it to your liking. And how great the enjoyment of re-setting this fence, planting out those trees, making that garden or flower-bed, repairing or re-setting this and that, and seeing it improve under your nurture!

How infinitely more, then, is this true of husbands and wives! What greater pleasure is permitted to a doting husband than to see his darling wife grow *better* and more lovable day by day? And that under his own fostering culture? Or what greater pleasure can a wife experience than in seeing her idolized husband discontinue this bad habit, and adopt that good one, and grow better every way, under her fostering hands? Just try whether you ever experienced a greater luxury, ye who have not already experienced it.

And this molding ought to begin at the very mating, of which it forms a conspicuous part.⁷⁸ Both should surrender their whole being into the hands of the other, as if practically saying: "Here am I—do with me as you please. Only take me, and make of me whatever you would love me the better for being." Intelligent, affectionate reader, is not this obviously the outworkings of a true conjugality?

And if delightful thus to mold, how much more so to be molded? What greater pleasure can a wife experience than in the feeling, "My husband has correct ideas as to what will render his wife perfect in his eyes, and I will just do and become whatever he desires?" And how perfectly glorious to feel that she *is* daily improving under his tender tuition! And this mating period is the very time to stipulate for such mutual improvements.

An Irish servant-girl, whose hand was besought in marriage, replied:

"Patrick, before I can say yes, you must take the temperance pledge, on the oath of the 'Holy Catholic Church.'"

"But, Kate, I drink only at 'Independence and Christmas,' and then only with a friend. You never have seen, will see me drunk."

"But, Patrick, my mind is made up"—for she had learned temperance lessons from the "Fowlers."

"Och, Kate, and faith since it's *you* that asks it, and I love *you* so much more than liquor, I will sign the pledge." And the very next time he visited her he threw Father Mathew's temperance medal into her lap, joyfully exclaiming: "There, Kate, keep that, my temperance pledge, and do not lose it." She added:

"Now, Patrick, I just want one thing more. I am determined never to have to keep cleaning up after a tobacco chewer or smoker,⁶³ and you must throw away your pipe and quid."

"Faith, Kate, an' it's a close bargain you're driving with me, but as I love *you* so much more than tobacco, I will quit both." And he did.

But another temperance girl, seeing her betrothed a little too merry with wine at an evening party, she sent him his dismissal next morning, and thereby broke both his heart and hers, and threw herself away on the first man who proposed, lived a most wretched marital life, and got divorced, having suffered more than tongue can tell, just because she pursued this wrong matrimonial course. They met but once afterward, when he said, falteringly—

"Julia, if you had only *asked* me never to drink again, I would have sworn, and kept my oath."

Now, which of these girls pursued the right course? And which

got paid for adopting the right, and which punished for taking the wrong?

"Yet Julia doubtless thereby saved herself from the agonies of being a drunkard's wife and mother."

But we maintain that she who has a man's hearty love can persuade him into and out of almost anything she pleases. And the strength of his love is but the measure of her power over him to wean him from this vice, entice to that virtue, and fashion him to her liking. And the fact that love is the all-absorbing passion, especially of those well sexed, her power over him becomes both magical and absolute.

Behold and wonder at the power of the fascinating coquette over her victim! She picks his pockets perpetually, only to give him additional pleasure in re-filling them for her. She makes game of him, only to re-increase her power to lead him spell-bound, charmed, whithersoever she pleases. And what a perfect fool she often makes of him! Then how much more can a genuine settled love be made to mold its participants! If it were but wielded to the extent it is implanted by Nature, it would be amply sufficient to enable any loved woman to mold any loving man into any image possible to him which she may desire. He becomes her *willing* captive.

Hence, no young woman need fear to marry any man, however bad his habits, *provided*—and this proviso is absolute—he loves her. True, all the better if his habits are previously good. But better accept one with bad, if he really loves her, than spoil a human being, and possibly herself, by discarding him. Nor can she *afford* to throw away so precious a golden treasure as his love. And all because it is impaired by a slight flaw. Refine it—not throw away so much good on account of a little bad. And if his love is too precious to you, so is he too precious to himself to be ruined by being cast off.

But if a young woman can thus mold her young lover, how much a loving, loved *wife* her husband! And the more as they advance in life and love together.⁴² The fact is, Nature puts unlimited power into a wife's hands over her husband's character. Let another anecdote exemplify how much.

On examining publicly the head of Mr. Poindexter, a prominent public citizen of New Orleans, and a brother of the Mississippi politician of that name, and describing him as idiotic in colors, endowed with commanding talents, and downright obstinate, yet so devoted to wife that she could turn and mold as she pleased, after affirming how utterly blank his perception of colors, he related the following anecdote:

"Soon after my marriage I took my wife on a wedding tour to New

York. Kean being then the theatrical star, I had purchased tickets, telling wife I was going over to the Long Island races, should return to supper, and wished her to be all ready to accompany me to the theater.

"But meeting several of my old Virginia college classmates at the races, dinner was proposed, partly in honor of my marriage, at which wine was ordered freely, and instead of returning at six, I was helped home gloriously tight at eleven. Expecting a curtain lecture, and all fortified with so good an excuse, I pushed up-stairs, so that our first "spat" might not occur "before folks." My wife soon followed, and on beholding my plight, instead of reproaching me, said, tenderly :

"Husband, I am sorry to see you so ill."

"Why don't you say 'tight,' and done with it?" I replied, crossly, determined to bring the scolding right on.

"Perhaps I can relieve you. Let me try." And administered a plantation dose, used in like cases. I was soon sound asleep. As wife sat up most of the night to watch over and wait on me, I woke first, and re-providing myself with excuses, waited till she awoke, when she said, fondly :

"Husband, I hope you are better this morning."

"As well as one ought to be who went to bed drunk," I replied, determined to bring on the Caudling then and there. Several times before, and right after breakfast, I tried to edge in my excuses, but she adroitly, yet pleasantly, turned the conversation, I meanwhile deferring my morning cigar till I had been castigated and justified myself. At length, thinking the storm was brewing only to redouble its fury, I made up my mind to wait till it came, and waited on *eighteen years* for the first allusion to it, and then, as I was reproaching a man for getting drunk so soon after marrying so fine a wife, she playfully remarked, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, "True, but *you* are hardly the one to throw the first stone."

"Meanwhile, I thought since I had a wife who could put up with my coming home drunk, and be just as kind and fond for all, even without requiring any excuse, or allowing me to humble myself by making an apology, she should never again see me in that sorry plight. And I have yet to taste the first intoxicating drop since. Her course alone saved me from a drunkard's grave.

"A few years afterward, as I had ordered my horse one Sunday morning for a hunt—a common practice in Mississippi then—wife inquired, pleasantly :

"Husband, do you suppose our Charley knows that to-day is the Sabbath?"

"I replied, 'Oh, no, not yet, he is too young for that; but let us see. Charley, here—what day is to-day?'"

"'Why, it's *Sunday*, father. Do you think I am such a fool that I don't know *Sunday*?'"

"I ordered my horse back, and have never hunted of a *Sunday* since.

"In numberless like ways she has obviated fault after fault, and cultivated virtue after virtue, till I can say meaningly that but for her I should have led a life far below that I have led. Much of the good in me which my fellow-men admire I owe to her."

He continued: "After her death I went to live with a newly-married son of one of my intimate friends, who habitually remained out late nights. His wife feeling awfully, tried to prevent his going out by hiding, now hat, then boots, in order to compel him to stay at home. But he soon got cap and shoe he could put in his pocket, and go and come when he pleased. She broke her troubles to me, asking,

"'What shall I do?'"

"I answered: 'Take my shaving water-heater, and when he returns to-night, have some hot coffee all ready, and as you hear him coming up the steps, do not wait till he becomes impatient by trying to get in, but have your hand on the door-knob first, and open it to him, receiving him just as pleasantly as if all were right; have his warm slippers and easy chair all ready, and wait on him fondly, and to-morrow evening try to make your own company so agreeable that he will voluntarily prefer it to that of the club-room or gambling-table, and keep trying this card till it wins.'

"She tried it, and has her reward in his seldom going abroad nights, and being but too happy in her company to even want to spend an evening away from her."

Woman, does not this disclose a *certain* means of obviating the errors and evolving the virtues of a faulty husband? But, mark—and the principle is as necessary as sun to day—you must employ *love*, *all* love, and nothing *but* love. No intercommingling of Combativeness. That will surely spoil all, reverse all. Yet there are few men who can not be molded by like means. Ye wives whose husbands are either faulty, or not quite as perfect as you would wish, first set your wits at work to devise and execute some plan on this general principle, the details of which are adapted to your husband's special case. Nor be too soon discouraged. And you may, indeed, require to throw *yourself* out of your present cross-grained humor, of which hereafter.

And now, good-intentioned wife, one word to you. Not at all that I would heap all the blame or labor on you, but only point out a first

duty of every wife. You acknowledge and fulfill your duty to cook, make, mend, and keep house for him. But are you not wholly overlooking one much greater? You complain that he has this bad, and lacks that good trait, so that you can hardly live with him. Now, lies not the fault after all mainly in yourself? Have you not both omitted to develop his virtues, and actually magnified his faults? Compare him now with what he was at your marriage. Does not his entire natural language bespeak his sad deterioration? Yet is it not less his place to improve himself than yours to improve him? Not but that he should also improve himself. But we have already proved that each sex should bring out the excellences of the *other*.⁵² Not that you should neglect your own happiness or self-improvement, but that perfecting *him* should constitute your *great* life-work. And will not this re-increase your *own* happiness even more than his? Indeed, what could render you prouder or happier than his improvement? Or more miserable than his faults?

Once more. How much native talents suppose you he possesses, now lying dormant for want of your molding hand? And which nothing else can evolve? Suppose a real knowing woman had taken him in hand when you did, and, first employing all those little charming words and enamoring ways a Delilah or a coquette often employs wrongly, to polish his manners, encourage his hopes, inspirit him to effort, guide his judgment—in short, exert over him all those influences Nature ordains a loved and knowing female shall wield over her loving consort—how much more of a man—more polished, accomplished, good, loving, lovable, moral, and every way more desirable and less faulty—would he have become than he now is!

Or perhaps you have given too much time and strength to children, family, and work to have much left for him. Not that mothers should neglect children for husband, but that they might be quite as well off with less of your feezing and fussing, and he much the better with more of your affections.

Or perhaps he has some small flaw, which you ought to perceive and mold out, yet which now detracts much from both his lovableness and success. Or, he may need encouraging, the inciting to trust himself, and attempt more than he naturally inclines to. Or perhaps some fault of yours—temper, extravagance, low spirits, nervousness, etc.—hangs like a millstone about his neck, or drives him to drink or bad company. Perhaps some fault which neither he nor you fairly realize. Suppose you look around and ask him—at least canvass this matter.

This much is certain—Phrenology vouches for it—that men are

much better, more gifted, moral, and every way superior in head than life; that many are like California gold twenty years ago, undiscovered, much more unmined; and that if woman understood and practiced this "knack" of persuading men from evil to good, we should have ten times more nobleness, masculinity, goodness, and talents in men, and less animality and debasement, than now. Come, woman, be persuaded to think of this problem, of his requisitions, and your best way of developing his native excellences, and obviating his faults.

Instead, this art of arts of the female and wife is almost wholly overlooked in married life. How surprising that a gift, an art, a duty, thus instinctive and indigenous to female nature, should have so declined as almost completely to be lost sight of! And how many of you, now that it is stated, can recognize your first yearnings in this direction, but long since choked out and perished!

But has man nothing to do to develop the native beauties and capacities of his wife's character? Is not his perfecting duty to her quite as great as hers to him? Even more? For he has many other means of self-development than she. You stern and dictatorial, she submissive, your force has caused her fawn-like heart to quiver, and even shudder, at your stern and absolute way of speaking. Yet it is so natural to you as to have escaped your notice, but has broken down her spirit, and rendered her a tame nonentity.

Or sick children, or overwork, or an unsatisfied state of her love, or one or another of a thousand causes have crushed her spirits into the dust. Having thus lost her own native character, she can not exert over you a true conjugal influence, so that you likewise suffer as well as she. To reinforce this from another stand-point.

104. THE DETERIORATIONS OF WEDLOCK.

"Every horse shows his keeping."

That a right state of love is well-nigh omnipotent to build up and develop the entire being, while a wrong state deteriorates and breaks down all, is the cardinal doctrine of this volume. None—not even those spoiled thereby—begin to estimate its potency.^{Secs. II. and III.}

But marriage is the very ultimate of love. Only in it can love ever begin to wield anything like its legitimate power for good over its willing subjects. Not only can no human being ever be developed, except in and by marriage,^{37 38 39 40} but its self-perfecting power equals all its power for good over its participants.

Therefore marriage only should, and a true marriage necessarily will, render its devotees every way happier, better, and more perfect,

as men and women and human beings, than they were before, or could have become without it. How much, none begin to imagine.

But, instead, how often does it render its victims only worse, and still worse, and "that continually!" Compare those married, as a class, with those unmarried. Scrutinize them physically. Behold how fresh, rosy, sprightly, healthful, and full of life-power the unmarried, but how deficient the married! They ought to be the most healthy, yet are the most sickly, or at least broken-down. Compare our brisk, quick-motivated, glowing, ruddy young men with our mechanical, plodding, slow-molded married men. The married are lean, unless too fat. How spiritless their walk and entire physical tone and aspect, as compared with those of the single!

But old bachelors are worse than either. That is, they have degenerated more for want of marriage, than the married by it. Yet this renders the married none the less so.

But the female sex furnishes by far the most painful examples of this deterioration. And it is appalling! Just compare women with girls, and if you do not weep agonizing tears of blood, where are your eyes and heart? Notwithstanding all the female constitutions broken down by our female "semetaries,"⁵⁶ compare fresh, blooming, bright-eyed, plump, luscious-cheeked, sweet sixteens and seventeens with our dried-up, broken-down, wasted, shrunken, shriveled, pale invalids of twenty-five and upward. Compare their different expressions of countenance. That of girls, how pleasant and sparkling, but that of the married, how wo-begone and melancholy! Compare their laughter. That of girls how easily excited, abundant, and bubbling right up from warm, merry hearts almost perpetually, while that of the married how rare, how mechanical, how half-stifled, as if both incongruous, yet ten sighs to one laugh! Compare their beauty. The aspect of the married how staid and forbidding—that of girls how inviting! The countenances of married women, too—how few but wear a solemn, melancholy, mournful, dejected, forlorn expression, most painful in contrast with virgin pleasantness! Compare their manners. Those of maidens how attractive, captivating, and all their little ways and actions how agreeable, almost fascinating, while those of the married how cold, repellant, dissatisfied, and often really ugly! Compare their "natural language" and general looks and appearance.

But our pen falters. Only hearts of stone but must melt in view of this painful contrast! Not that there are no exceptions, but that the most pitiable deterioration and awful blight hangs over them as a class. How great, let the inner consciousness of most attest. Compare, O man, woman, what you your own self are now, with what you

were then. True, your *descensus averni* may have been so gradual as to have escaped notice, but, taking genuine humanity as your touch-stone standard, have you not deteriorated most amazingly in spirit, in tone, in memory, in self-elevation, in ambition, in aims, in the glow and ecstasy of humanity, in everything? Just take your human capacities, admeasurements, now and then. Have you not descended so rapidly as to have almost fallen, and landed in the ditch? Next, admeasure those of your consort. Is your husband, O wife, a tithe as spruce, as lively, as blithe in manners, as genteel, as noble, as aspiring, as quick-witted or smart, or any way the man now as then? Or is your wife, O husband, one tenth as loving, lovely, gay, happy, tasty, charming, or any way the woman now she was then? More. Besides merely declining, has she not actually become perverted? Then so patient, now how crusty! Then so kind, but now how ill-natured! Then how altogether lovely, now how perhaps altogether hateful! Words utterly fail to depict the difference. True, this change may be caused in part by the different optics through which you view him or her,⁴⁶ yet how great the *per se* deterioration and perversion!

And all notwithstanding that marriage not only naturally promotes neither, but is specifically designed and adapted to improve you both in every single aspect! And when, besides, this improvement is so infinitely desirable, verily Denmark not only has its rotten spot, but is nearly *all* rotten. Nor is it much wonder that many a warm-hearted, clear-headed old bachelor and maid, seeing these appalling results of marriage, notwithstanding their own intense heart-yearnings after a congenial mate, shrink from it as from signing their own death-warrant, or burying themselves alive. Really the truth may hardly be told on this point, lest all, in sheer self-preservation, prefer all the slow starvation of celibacy⁴⁰ to the even greater evils of wedlock. Husband and wife, you can illy afford this deterioration of either yourself or conjugal mate. You could far better afford to lose all your property, down to your household furniture, even to your right hand and eye. But really all this sacrifice you *can not* afford.⁹⁹ Self-impairment is but the loss of self, than which better lose all else terrestrial. And the loss of the true human excellences of a conjugal partner is hardly less. Oh! rich and poor, one and all, these losses you really can not afford. By all that is sacred in human life you should provide against them, or, once incurred, let their restoration by all means take precedence over everything else. Could a poor carman, whose noble horse helps him earn his own and his darlings' bread and shelter, afford to see him run down, become barely able to

drag himself about, perhaps die? Yet, by all the value of that husband or wife over that horse, is this comparison inadequate.

And as far as restoration is possible, by all that is sacred or valuable in human life, is his or her re-improvement desirable, and to be effected, at whatever sacrifice. *Restore your declining wife or husband*, at whatever expenditure of time, of dollars, of everything promotive thereof. The best investment of your life. You who have *lost* a valuable wife or husband alone know how great that loss, yet is not a decline in them a proportionate loss, and to be forestalled?

"But how? You actually frighten me. I have long seen my bosom companion lose this excellence, and increase that fault, running down in health, in spirits, in ambition, in memory, in liveliness, indeed throughout, and just now see the sword hanging right over my head; suspended only by a hair. How can I escape my impending doom?"

Ascertain and obviate *its causes*. As "misfortune rarely comes single-handed," this decline doubtless has several. They may be little suspected, even by their pitiable victim, yet are just as real and deadly for all. Or may be buried away down in the deepest recesses of the heart, under the dire resolve—"Declare my fatal secret, never! I will die game!" And these *internal* cancers are the most fatal. "I am dying for want of some sympathizing friend to whom to tell my trouble. And telling would so relieve. But I will die sooner than disclose."

Yet a kind, fond, tender, sympathizing tone and manner would first soften, and then extract the fatal thorn, and thereby restore. Make each other perfect confidants. Or it may have been caused by excessive and protracted labor—perpetual cares of business or family. Your husband may be borne down with debt, or business vexations, or rendered heart-sick by "hope deferred." Or his stamina may be giving way, which your sympathy or co-operation might restore, or greatly alleviate. Or your wife may have become completely drained of her vital energies by maternal exhaustion, or sleepless vigils over invalid children, or perpetual nursery exertions of every kind, superadded to perpetual daily family toils, without one diverting event to vary that eternal monotony of her hourly, yearly task, which is crushing her by its bark-mill perpetuity. One dead drag, drag, drag from year to year. Or her Order, or economy, or false fears, or one or another excessive faculty—what if they are foolish?—have broken her completely down, and rendered her a mere wreck of what she once was. Or, more likely, she may have lost the very *chit* of her being—her life-motive—and fallen back, virtually paralyzed in spirit, trying, indeed, to do her duty, but hardly caring whether she lives or dies. Or perhaps

your stern, authoritative, imperious manner of speaking to her—unnoticed by you because natural, or induced by your attempting to drive business or help—has crushed her spirit. At first her fawn-like timidity trembled and wept, till she at length, yielding like the tall sapling loaded with snow, and bending gradually before the northwest blast, it has become bent clear down to the ground, and kept there till a fixed position prevents its rising. Or your prolonged indifference^{97 98} may have quenched her last cherished hope of obtaining your satisfied love, and left her virtually heart-broken,⁴⁸ yet all the more hopeless, because marriage precludes all other love. Or whatever these wife-crushing influences may be, ferret them out. If she refuses to declare by speech, she proclaims them in action and natural language, enough for you to *perceive* them. Perhaps, probably, you induced them. Unwittingly, indeed, but really. And alone can remove.

But be it what it may, in the name of crushed and bleeding humanity, in the name of her wounded angel-spirit,⁶³ in the name of your own impaired happiness, so entwined with hers, raise up that drooping head. Press it to your manly breast, and let it rest there, while you stroke her beating temples and soothe her troubled soul. Love her into a lovely, loving mood. Revive that crest-fallen spirit. Speak never harshly, but only tenderly, as love always speaks. Re-tune that unstrung bow by the tenderest wooings of your early love. Instead of scolding, pity her that she is this, or is not that. Perhaps your eternal fault-finding has crushed her thus. More likely her excessive devotion to you and your children. Her very goodness may have rendered her almost good for nothing, till restored. Oh! do not re-break that "broken reed." Instead, "quench that smoking flax." She is sick in spirit, and needs cossetting. Merely your sympathy may suffice. Or she may require a play spell. Or her disordered nerves may have rendered her peevish or discouraged. Probably the only required restorative is the anodyne of *uxoriousness*. Wives are oftener sick at heart than anywhere else, while affection is their only required restorative. And its bestowal is so grateful. Its restoration so magical. And so easy with all. Just try its power. Most wives have a world of trouble, real or imaginary—and the imaginary is as real to them as if real—with which to contend, and are a thousand times more to be pitied than blamed. All their apparent depravities are often deserving as much of pity, and as little of blame, as the ravings of madmen—are veritable delirium tremens, and though seeming to you utterly groundless and inexcusable, are really as genuine to them and as pitiable as the imaginary horrors of the nightmare. We little realize how pitiable, how entitled to commiseration and par-

don the great majority of wives, though to us seemingly without one cause of unhappiness, and surrounded with all that heart could wish. Let their glasses once form your optics, and the view changes. As your horse is as virtually frightened by seeing a buffalo skin as it would be by seeing a live buffalo, so our wives are often rendered beside themselves by some very scare-crow sight, as terrible to them as if a lion crouched in their path, and growled and threatened to spring on them.

The fact is, most of our women are sickly—rendered so by no fault of theirs, but by the customs of society—customs imposed on them mainly by man, and therefore nervous, frigid, fretful, and puling. Nor is there any curing their mental characteristics without first curing their physical cause. Be she however perfect naturally, she wears or rusts out unless sustained by love, while a commonplace woman becomes lovely when loved. Love redoubles all her virtues, but obviates all her faults. Yet reverse her love, and you reverse, spoil all, rendering the very lovely hateful, the lively sad, the bright dull, the smart girls good for nothing, however good, the virtuous vicious, and throw all the faculties into their painful, sinful state. And, oh ! how many such !

And wife, allow yourself to be loved, restored. “Who would be free, *himself* must strike the blow.” In short, both must cherish your own, and each other’s affections, as the only true way by which to prevent and restore this deterioration.

Yet, oh ! husband, learn this twice-reiterated great practical truth in the natural history of the female sex, that *affection* is the only key of her character ; that a happy state of her love re-enhances all her virtues, while its dissatisfied state redoubles tenfold all her faults, distorts her views of everything, smothers her very virtues, and spoils her, physically and mentally, from cradle to grave. Your love is her nervous panacea, and caresses from you are as much her daily spirit staff of life as bread of body. Yet how many starve on year by year, till they starve out and perish, because unloving and unloved !^{97 98}

And, husband, should you not feel guilty that that once loving, charming woman has declined thus on your hands ? If she had only been a horse, she would not ; for you would have seen and forestalled its very commencement. All humanity is too sacred to be spoiled thus ; much more conjugal. If you have allowed half of her good traits to die, you have allowed her to be half killed, and are therefore guilty. Equally so if you have allowed her excellences to become perverted.

Be persuaded, then, O husband, O wife, by all the power of a per-

fect love, superadded to conjugal, to allow your conjugal partner to run down no more, but both to address yourselves to the improvement of each other in real earnest, and with a zeal worthy the end sought.

105. SELF-IMPROVING HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

All nature is *progressive*. Onward, upward, *excelsior*, is her universal motto. And this law also appertains to conjugal affection.⁴² Yet love must have its *fuel*, else it dies.^{98 99} Of course this food must also be progressive. Young lovers find much to awaken admiration and enkindle love; yet as nothing should ever remain stationary, or retrograde, so love fulfills its perfect mission only when it re-increases with every succeeding year and day of life.⁴²

But in order thereto, its *object* must perpetually redouble its loveliness. True, a progressive knowledge of each other's excellences may perpetually redouble their admiration, and therefore love;⁷² but they once fully ascertained, it becomes stationary, unless the progress of the one loved redoubles that of the loving.

And this is due from and to each, as well as self. As none should ever be satisfied without becoming better after rising and before retiring, so neither husbands nor wives should ever be content without *improving* themselves daily in each other's eyes. On her husband's every return home from business, his fond wife should have some newly-achieved *progress* to show him—some new work begun, or old one furthered or completed; some new piece of music commenced, or former one perfected; something bettered in head-work, hand-work, or heart-work, with which to re-delight her admirer.

And he, too, should be able to "report progress" in business, in plans, in whatever he engages, but above all in *himself*. And how inexpressibly delightful to both this perpetual re-improvement; yet painful its converse! But surely we need not reinforce its desirableness. Then what is its one greatest *instrumentality*?

PERSONAL EFFORT. Personality is a natural law. And as each must eat, breathe, move, live, and die *in person*, so, while husbands and wives should assiduously improve each other, yet the helped should also help themselves, else the other's efforts become nugatory. Passivity forestalls progress. Only active participancy avails. To illustrate:

A young wife is unskilled in cookery. Her husband desires her to learn this art. He should first inspire her to learn by telling her encouragingly how pleased he would be if she learned, how far she has succeeded, and wherein she can re-improve. Yet her *own* effort is the main agent required. All progress inheres in her co-operation.

And how right heartily should she put her *own* "hands to the plow!"

Or, he chews or smokes tobacco. She says:

"My George, though I love you now, yet how much *better* if you would only quit using that poisonous narcotic!"

He replies: "My dear, I love you devotedly, and desire above all things to be beloved in return. Then, since my abandoning this habit will enhance your love for me and please you, I will try to quit it. The trial may be severe, but your encouragement and *moral* support will lighten it."

"Yes, my George, when you feel tempted, just think how much your resistance will delight me, and that my spirit is with you to help you."

The great promoter of all life reforms and improvements is *will*-power. True, she can tone up his will, but "the gods help only those who help *themselves*." By all the love each bears the other will each involuntarily, and should each laboriously strive to, render self more and still more perfect, that each may redouble the other's love.

And is not this their manifest duty? We instinctively look for redoubling value in all we possess. Much more, in so valuable a possession. And does not the one who allows him or herself to decline after marriage, perpetrate an unmitigated wrong on the other, as a husband who drinks a little at marriage, but more after it, or a wife who, amiable at marriage, becomes a scold after it? True, both "promise to take for better or for worse," but neither once thinks of the "worse" part.

Husbands, wives, old and young, please lay this unction to your own hearts. Are you better or worse now than at your marriage, or than your companion was led to suppose you were? And will you not, one and all, begin again right here now to just try and see how much you can enhance your own merits, as the only true way to satisfy and redouble the other's love? And make up for any past delinquencies by redoubled efforts in future? And how inexpressibly glorious to both the results, far on in the future of life, of such a course! Make them yours, O reader!

106. SHARING EVERYTHING TOGETHER.

MUTUALITY is the first function of love. When perfect, it is like "two drops of water which can not be separated," all the particles of each intermingling with all those of the other. This sharing is the very spirit and essence of marriage. Its rationale and only primary object both requires it, and renders it an indispensability.⁶ Without it the only end of the sexuality and of all love becomes a nullity

Please bear in mind that analysis of love and marriage already given,^{5 6} and learn therefrom the philosophical necessity in which this community of everything inheres.

Recall, also, ye who have ever loved, its one strongest desire and prompting—namely, for the *intermingling* of all your thought, feelings, actions, interests, everything. You desired to be always together. When one went to picnic or party, both must go. What either knows, the other too must know. What either has belongs as much by common consent to the other as to its possessor. They halve everything and share all in common. They can not live without this mutuality. The more they love the more they experience of this community in everything. Indeed, this oneness *is* love and marriage.^{6 82}

Behold, once more, those mated birds. When one hops, the other hops too, and in the same direction. When and whither one flies, then and thither the other also flies. Wherever one lights, there the other also lights. And on the same bough of the same tree. What one eats, that the other likewise eats; and when one sings, both sing together. This mutuality is equally true of all other mating animals, of which deer, lion, tiger, etc., furnish illustrations. All animals that mate are always together.

By virtue of this law it is that loving wives often wait till their dinners become cold, preferring to eat them cold *with* loved husband to eating them warm alone. The loved husband also neglects or hurries important business in order to hasten home to a seasonable dinner. How often, when fond wives are invited to a ride, or party, or amusement of any kind, do they prefer not to go at all when they can not accompany husband, because they can enjoy nothing without him. Is it not strange that when she can just as well go as not, and desires to go desperately, she should positively decline, however much urged, even by husband, simply because she instinctively feels that it would be worthless to her without sharing it with him. A young wife once cried as if her heart would break, just because her husband had obtained a phrenological delineation alone, without inviting her also, thereby evincing this first and highest attestation of a genuine love. This probably offended him, yet was true conjugality in her. Please analyze, all ye who have experienced this divine sentiment, its first instinctive workings, and attest whether we are not expounding its very tap-root. Did you not feel as if you had given off a part of your own very self, yet taken on a part of your loved one's very being? That you desired to live only *in*, and *for*, and *with* each other? That to be separated was like tearing your very self in twain?

Moreover, the very pleasures of wedlock cluster around and depend upon this very sharing. Let each take a given walk, ride, or pleasure of any kind separately, and measure its happiness. Then *share* these same pleasures in the spirit of affection with the one you love. Does not this sharing redouble its pleasures many times? No old bachelor or dissatisfied husband, none who have no woman with whom to enjoy life's luxuries do, can, ought to enjoy much of this world's pleasures. Let him be escorted by the finest livery, served by the most servile servant, feast on earth's choicest dainties, drink her costliest viands, engage in labors intrinsically delightful, and have everything, even all things heart can wish; as well ride on an ox-cart, eat chips, drink dish-water, or work the tread-mill, as far as luxuries are concerned. Unless a loved *woman* helps him enjoy all, accomplish all, he can enjoy little, accomplish little, and is almost a non-entity. But, shared by a loving woman, prisons become palaces, tasks, pleasures, and all things delightful. True, a young man who knows little of the luxuries of this feminine sharing, in eating, talking, walking, etc., may *think* he enjoys much. But let him wait till a rich experience has taught him the luxuries of this sharing, and he will, on returning to former lonely habits, involuntarily exclaim, "How insipid!"

And this is doubly true of woman. Let her who has no masculine to love or share with, dress however gayly, or sing however much or sweetly, or do or be whatever else she pleases, no life-pleasures really count unless shared with him she loves. Enjoying alone is like talking to one's self—probably better than nothing—but how spiritless when compared with that intermingling here urged! Most insipid that life, that anything, everything, *not* thus shared! And most pitiable those, married or single, who do not thus share.⁴⁰ But give it to me to make her whom I have chosen, and who has chosen me to a boon, life-companionship, my *privy* counselor in everything—to confer with her as to *what* to do, and *how* to do it, and become as my "Aaron and Hur, to hold up my hands," and encourage my heart, to go with me where I must go, and stay with me where I stay, as well as help me do what I must do, and to enjoy everything in life together. "And in death let us not be divided."

Of course the more perfectly those who are married can establish this sharing in all the other relations of life, the more perfect their love, marriage, and offspring.^{6 72} And any failure in other respects will be a failure in this, the heart's core of marriage. To detail.

SHARING PECUNIARY INTERESTS AND PURSE.

Many husbands are accustomed to give their wives about so much money about so often, as theirs to do with and get what they like for themselves or family. But is this the true conjugal course? Be it that they are even liberal, it separates those pecuniary interests which ought to be in common. Does she not help *make* money in her way as much as you in yours? And are not her struggles, at least in the family, quite as heroic and perpetual as yours in your business? Then are not your earnings *common* property? And should they not be so regarded and used? Should she not go to the purse as freely as you?

"But she would then break me in a month."

Then she is not your veritable wife. For if she were, she would not want this dress or that luxury unless she knew either that you had seen or liked it, or else had that perfect confidence in her judgment which satisfies you she would not want what was not best. This separation of pecuniary interests is one of the most fatal errors of wedlock, because, by inducing a practical business divorce, it initiates a divorce in all their other interests and feelings. In business as in everything else it is ordained that the husband and wife should *plan* together, work together, and be interested *together* in whatever interests either.

"But woman has no business tact, judgment, or capacity."

That she too often has not, is admitted. Yet it is mainly because she has not been *trained*. Admitted that she has not man's planning powers to forecast results, or method, or mathematical gift, yet she has more tact and intuition than man, as well as a nicer sense of *per se* right—one of the most important instrumentalities of ultimate business success; for wrong not only can not finally prosper, but destroys itself.

Moreover, every masculine mind requires to be united with the feminine in order to take a correct view of anything. Man looks, can look at things only from the masculine stand-point, and woman only from the feminine, so that neither can take a complete view of anything except in and by *uniting* their views, by which each completes that of the other.

Besides, "in the multitude of counsel there is safety." All need advice in most things, and who as proper to give it as a wife or husband? By presupposition you are the most deeply interested in each other's welfare, and this is everything in a counselor. And what an indescribable pleasure to both, but most to her, to talk over plans and

prospects, and muse together on prospective eventualities? The mere pleasure of the conference doubly repays its trouble. And what a luxury to her to be consulted! It gratifies her Benevolence that she can be of service, her pride that she is duly esteemed, and renders her a "*help-meet*;" for requiring of her to help carry out your plans—the *very* office of a wife—gives her a right to have some say as to *what* she shall help accomplish.

This "Woman's Rights" idea that a wife should have some self-supporting business by which to earn her own pin-money, is wrong, because based on the false idea that her interests are *separate* from his, and that each should be independent of the other, whereas the *true* conjugal idea is that both should be *mutually dependent* on each other. As marriage too often is, she greatly needs this self-supporting independence. Yet not as it *should* be. When he grudges her every dollar, keeps her on the shortest allowance, or berates her for spending his money this way or that, they had better obtain a divorce in everything else as well as in pecuniary matters. Yet we are not now giving directions in cases of wrong marriage, but presupposing a right.

Moreover, a wife ought to know all about her husband's business. Instead, many husbands go on from year to year to do and operate in and of themselves, without telling their wives one word about their affairs. "I know no more about my husband's business than the dead," is a common saying of wives. But is this conjugal? Has not a wife a *right* to know? Does not both duty and policy require it?

"But if my wife knew all about my affairs, business secrets included, her long tongue would disclose some fatal secret, the knowledge of which would prove my ruin!"

Instead, if she has a personal interest in keeping the secret, she will not only keep it, but put others on the *wrong* track. Let a knowing woman alone for both keeping dark, and hiding your "*fatal secrets*" in utter impenetrability. And when you have anything to do requiring the utmost of art, policy, management, and even downright intrigue, you require an interested *woman's* head and hand in its device and execution. Nor are many men fit to manage anything intricate or complicated without feminine co-operation. At least, any man will prosper all the better for calling in the aid of his wife in his business operations.

The merchants of Philadelphia are pre-eminently successful, doubtless partly because many of their stores are in their dwellings, so that when obliged to be absent, wife or daughter takes the place of husband or father. They also employ many female clerks.

But Napoleon Bonaparte probably furnishes the best illustration, on the largest scale, of the "aid and comfort" rendered by a true wife. Josephine was indeed a magnificent woman. She accompanied her husband wherever she could, and was his chief privy counselor in everything. Colonel Lehmanouski, a Pole, who entered the military academy with him, fought one hundred and seven battles under him, was his body servant, and knew all about his family secrets, in a lecture on Josephine, one of a course on Bonaparte, declared "that his success was due as much to her as him; that he was often rash in his boldness; that he would sometimes devise some plans sure to cause defeat; that the remonstrances of all his generals and staff had no effect on him; and that he never finally acted on any measure till he had first submitted his plans to her; that her quick instincts would see and point out any defects, which he would perceive and obviate; that when his army knew that *she* had approved any measure, they were sure of its feasibility and success; that his downfall was induced by his divorce; that, partially prevented, by his new wife's jealousy, from visiting her often, and out from under her influence, he planned his expedition to Russia without her full sanction; that she advised his wintering in Poland, and getting fully prepared to strike a terrible blow in the spring; that when on his lone isle, he regretted his *divorce* as the one fatal error of his life, saying, 'If I had only clung to Josephine, and taken her advice, I should now have governed Europe.' " And he would. A woman's co-operation is as indispensable to a man's success as blood to life. And those who have none, are only "cold-blooded animals," unable to effect much, except under the warm sun of prosperous circumstances.

Soon after the Canadian rebellion, all Canada was convulsed with a proposition to unite church and state, as in the mother country—a most unpopular measure, especially with the masses, but almost carried by a series of most powerful articles in its favor which kept coming out in the *Pilot*, the efficiency of which was due to this circumstance: their author was a man of powerful genius, but full of those rough corners and glaring imperfections calculated to endanger his cause. But his wife, an eminently gifted and literary woman, whose whole heart was in the measure, by taking his undried manuscripts between his pen and the press, re-wrote this passage, erased that, and added the other, thus pruning them of all their objectionable points, and superadding her polish and persuasiveness to his virility, till together they almost carried their point, and awakened the admiration even of their opponents, that a cause so poor could be advocated so ably.

Our farming population probably come nearest to Nature's conjugal

co-operation as to pecuniary interests, and furnish the best samples of affectionate wedlock—he in plowing, sowing, driving, feeding, and she in cooking, milking, churning, and saving, and both making common cause in everything. Should not all follow their example?

CONJOINT INTELLECTUAL CULTURE

Constitutes another, and that probably the very most effectual of all, means of cementing both general friendship and special conjugal affection. Dr. Elder, a clear-headed thinker, tells the following anecdote: "I once persuaded an out-and-out skeptic and a cast-iron orthodox to unite with me, a radical, in reading the Bible one hour every Sunday, all agreeing to stop and discuss, in a friendly spirit, any different opinions we might entertain respecting the passages read. Though we began these sittings as antagonistic as possible, yet we soon found that we differed far less than we had supposed, and ultimately discovered quite a similarity between our opinions, besides finally becoming warm personal friends."

The members of debating clubs, literary associations, and scientific societies, especially college classmates, by studying and reciting the same subjects together, soon come to form those deep friendly attachments which after-years only redouble. That conjoint intellectual improvement promotes affection is an undoubted law of mind.

Then to apply this well-known law to husband and wife studying together. Its practical effects will be most surprising. However dissimilar they may be, if they do not really hate, let them but read, say this volume, together—and this one is peculiarly appropriate—and discuss temperately its respective points, both saying and hearing kindly all they have to say, and they will soon find their views approaching each other, their hearts growing warm together, and their supposed insurmountable differences melting silently but effectually away before the perusal, like winter's snows before spring's sunshine. But try this simple experiment, and it will "fill you with joy unspeakable."

The plain fact, plainly stated, is, that as Nature's reproducing economies require the *union* of both, so they also require them to co-operate together in everything else, in order that their co-operation here may be complete. Neither should lay hand or heart to anything without the conjoint assistance of the other. *Together* they should plan and execute, enjoy and suffer, get and use, and establish a perfect amalgamation of all their feelings and interests. And that is the most perfect marriage which the most perfectly fulfills this primary pre-requisition of mutuality.

But mark, this sharing can be, sometimes is, carried *too* far. A wife should not starve because her husband can not eat with her, nor refuse to go here or there when she wants to and can go, because he can not go too, but should go and then *tell* him all about it, which is sharing it with him *post facto*. Wives often pine at home whose health and spirits, affections even, would be promoted by going abroad. Better go with husbands, if possible, but better without than not to go, and *when* there, enjoy it all they can.

106. EVILS OF NON-CO-OPERATION.

All broken laws punish themselves.³ Co-operation being a primary requisite of marriage, its non-fulfillment must needs induce evils as grievous as the law broken is fundamental; and so it does. Its pecuniary evils are equaled only by the monetary advantages of co-operation. Let the following anecdote state and make its own point.

During the "hard times," while men were charging them on female extravagances, and woman retorting by charging them back on wines, cigars, and other masculine luxuries, one man wrote to one of the papers to this effect: "When I married, my wife and I mutually concluded to appropriate about a thousand dollars to our domiciliary outfit, and selected carpets, furniture, utensils, everything, to our perfect satisfaction for that sum. I drove right into business, could not take time to receive or return calls, required her to do both, and to attend parties without me; until, required to make as well as attend them, she complained that our sofa, carpets, chairs, good enough when we started, must be moved back, and new and better ones procured. Now, my dilemma is this: If I yield to her extravagances, I fail pecuniarily, and lose character, position, and therefore conjugal happiness. But if I do not, I offend her ladyship, and have no domestic peace of my life. What shall I do?"

He had committed this fundamental error, that of not having taken his wife along with him into business. She supposed he was doing splendidly—that hundreds here and fifties there were mere trifles compared with his income, etc.; whereas, if she had been consulted as to this and that "operation," she would have known his—their—straits, and said, "Never mind, husband, I can just as well do without this as not." Indeed, co-operation is the only true policy. She requires to know all about his business in order to give answers and directions often required in his absence. Without this knowledge, either her directions must be imperfect, or events must take their natural course. Especially in case of his death does she require to know all about his affairs, in order to forestall rascally cheats from

robbing the estate, whom her knowledge of his affairs would intimidate, lest they be caught. Nor is there any telling how much is lost to heirs by this ignorance of wives of their husband's pecuniary affairs!

DIVERSIFIED INTERESTS ENGENDER DISCORD.

Let him devote himself to books, but she herself to housekeeping, till each comes to *love* their hobby—let him worship finance, she fashion; he politics, she religion; or he be much from home, she at home, etc.; by going to different places, loving different things, forming diverse associations, falling into opposite lines of thought, etc., they finally lose all sympathy for each other, and come to be no more to each other than as though not married—in fact, are not⁸²—whereas if the same cords of association and interest had vibrated throughout the beings of both, the resultant harmony would have redoubled their love, and even created it, if it had not previously existed. Exactly wherein and as far as they pursue *different* paths, do they stray from each other; similar ones, are drawn from each other.

COMMUNITY OF KNOWLEDGE

Is equally re-enamoring, but diversity estranging. Most who marry, having had a similar education, and starting on a common plane, can talk in delightful concert upon the same subject, and are substantially alike. But he dashes out into business, the very struggles of which improve him, reads the papers, keeps up with current news and improvements, comes in business and societary contact with men of mind and experience, and imbibes their advanced ideas and culture, and by various like means becomes every way superior to what he was at marriage; whereas she, confined mostly at home, sees few except servants, or those on or below her intellectual or moral plane, perhaps declining in health, and becoming cross-grained and nervous, till this relative change of stand-point has destroyed their sympathy. To him her ideas are now so insipid as to disgust as much as they once delighted. He wonders, is ashamed, even provoked, that *his wife* should be so ignorant, so crude, so actually foolish; but, instead of remedying this evil by teaching, he only aggravates it by blaming her therefor. Yet what else could she have become, or he expected, under the circumstances? If he had furnished her with papers, intellectual associates, etc., he might justly have blamed her for her inferiority, but not now. And as everything in nature grows,⁸¹ this diversity soon merges into dislike, perhaps even hatred, whereas, if she had known most that he knew, and both could have grown together, talked

together, and kept along together, their mutual sympathy and affection would have re-increased with time.

Two brothers, quite alike in most things, married twin sisters, but pursued these two opposite courses : A *telling* his wife all he learned—at dinner what he had seen and done since breakfast, and at night, during the day, his heart yearning after he had learned anything of interest till he had imparted it to her—while B kept learning, without communicating any of his self-improvement or business affairs to his wife, or talking to her, except about some commonplace home affair. A, by thus keeping his wife growing along up with him in knowledge, in spirit, in cultivation, kept their mutual affections warm and fresh, while B's declined till they had lost all affinity, because she had remained so far below him as to compel him to look down on her with pity, and regret that he was tied for life to one so obviously his inferior. Her condition was indeed pitiable, but the blame was *his*. And "*his sin had found him out.*" Let another anecdote apply this law in another direction.

The next day after hearing this point enforced at a lecture in Chicago, a widow said to Mrs. F. :

"Your husband's lecture disclosed just the very origin of my own and husband's difficulty. When I married him I loved him some, yet, as I lived on with him, my affections re-increased, till my whole soul was wrapped up in complete devotion to him, when he one day received a letter in the parlor, which I wanted to see—Eve's curiosity"—no ; instead, it was a wife's instinct, and right—"but which he refused, till I, persisting, he finally bluffed me off, and that bluff stuck a cold dagger to my very soul, when I found my heart-strings breaking, one after another, till the last tie that bound me to him was severed, when hatred supervened, and I was glad when he went to the store, but sorry when he returned ; glad when he went to New York for goods, but sorry when he came back—*glad when he died!*"

All right. "*He began it*"—by that incipient divorce of the letter, which effected a like divorce throughout all their other relations, and finally broke the back of its instigator. As *gaping is catching*, so divorce in this matter of the letter initiated a complete divorce throughout, and spoiled both.

Another illustration. Said an eminent lawyer and senator :

"Professor, you really must jump into my carriage, and tell myself and wife all about ourselves."

Their mental daguerreotypes were so closely drawn, and differences so accurately delineated, that after leaving, he said :

"Wife, that phrenologist who can *draw* our difficulties so accu-

rately can prescribe their *remedy*. Let's consult him again on this point."

After broaching their subject-matter, I replied—"Come, now each tell your whole story frankly." He began by saying, that—

"His wife was fretful, and kept all the time complaining of this, that, and the other, that she came to him about servants, and every little household vexation," etc., till she finally broke in thus:

"My husband comes home surly and grum, combative and—"

"Yes, wife, I know it; it is incidental to my business. I can hardly help it. I know it is wrong, but I get all het up in the struggles of the bar, and feel thoroughly provoked. Never mind it. It is my *business*, not me."—Husbands should never bring their business troubles across their thresholds. Many, provoked by outside vexations, come home surly, and vent on their innocent wives and children the wrath raised by an ugly customer, whereas, whatever may be their business vexations, they should never allow one angry feeling to cross their threshold. Their domicils should be sacred, and kept inviolate from all such venomous serpents. Deposit business troubles along with your hat and overcoat. Some hang up their fiddles on the *outside* of their front door, and however cheerful and pleasant abroad, are always grum and dictatorial within doors, whereas all should hang it up *inside*, and take it down on *entering*.

"No, that is not all. I could excuse that much, but on entering the house he throws head back, feet up, and taking the last paper, reads, reads, says nothing about what he reads, or his business, or any outside news, till, dinner announced, he eats in silence, when, putting on his hat, he says: 'Wife, I shall not be at home to tea to-night. Do not wait for me, or even sit up, for I may not return till quite late.'

"He says: 'Here is a garden and gardener. You manage both, and see that garden truck enough is raised for the family,' whereas, if he would only come out once a week, show some interest in it, say, 'That is well, but this might be bettered thus,' I should be so delighted. But no.

"He says: 'Wife, there are horses and groom. Ride out when and where you wish. And the horses will be all the better for daily exercise.' Whereas, if he would only ride out *with* me once a week, the memory of that ride would so sanctify the others as to render them also delightful. But as it is, I take no pleasure in them.

"He says: 'Wife, I furnish money enough for the education of our children, but you must see to all its details—say what studies, teachers, everything. I can not pother with it. Whereas, if he would go only

once per quarter to the examinations, see their progress, and advise with me, both I and they would be so delighted: but no, he is so tired or *busy*.

"He says: 'Wife, I furnish money plenty to get just such and as many servants as you want. If these do not suit you, discharge them, and get others, but do not trouble *me* with your petty household cares.' Whereas, if he would only *hear* my sad tale, and sympathize with me—but no. I must worry on all alone. I am perfectly lonely, and almost crazy for want of some one with whom to *sympathize*."

Now did not that poor woman tell the secret heart-history of wives in untold numbers and sorrows? If not in these particular things, at least in the *general* facts and principles of their case. They are perishing by slow but agonizing inches for want of some one, if only a colored servant, with whom to talk over their pent-up heart-troubles.

No man knows, can know, how much a genuine helpmeet woman really does help till he has lost her co-operation, when very likely he soon stumbles and falls for want of it.

Ye men, desirous of succeeding in your respective operations, please duly consider and bear fully in mind the natural law illustrated in this anecdote, and avail yourself of the instrumentality of success herein involved, if only as a speculation. As your "trump" card of success, it has no equal. The more so, because when a woman loves a man, her spiritual intuitions are all quickened and called into action in his behalf, so that she becomes, as it were, a guardian angel against defeat, and a guide to success—his "cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night."

107. PROMOTING EACH OTHER'S HAPPINESS.

Desire to render each other happy is as inherent and universal a concomitant of love as gravity of matter. And as indigenous to it as heat to fire. Nor are, or ever can they, be separated. Love seeks and lives for the happiness of its object as spontaneous as water seeks its level, or light diffusion. Attest, all ye who love or ever have loved, whether your one very strongest love-prompting and instinct was or is not to render your loved one happy. All well-constituted human beings naturally seek to render all others happy, and thereby promote their own. But this is doubly the natural instinct of the sexes as regards each other. Indeed, what but this prompts those gallant courtesies and pleasing manners so natural between the sexes?¹⁴ Then how doubly due between husbands and wives?²⁸ They may, indeed, be kind toward each other without loving. He may give her plenty of money, support her in style, gratify even her

very whims, without loving; and she keep his house, and *do* everything for him without loving, yet it is no more possible for two to love without laboring to render each other happy than to live without breath.

And their benevolent efforts are the measure of their love. And wax and wane exactly in *proportion* as their affections increase or diminish. This proportion is an absolute necessity. And this affectional Benevolence bursts right out and bubbles right up in all their minutest actions and expressions toward each other. Its eyes are full, its lips are full, its hands are full, its heart is brimful of desire to make its object as happy as possible. And this desire keeps even pace with love.

And *does* make happy. It always says, "Please let me get or do this or that for you. It is my *privilege*, and will give me so much pleasure." And takes far more pleasure in giving than receiving.

Nor is it ordained that either should render self as happy as each the *other*. Nor is it permitted to us to render our own selves a tithe as happy as each can render the other. Instead, it is instituted that he shall make her happy, and she him. True, we can do much to promote our own enjoyment, but our sexual mate how much more! A wife can render her husband ten times happier than he can possibly render himself. And so he her. And how infinitely and perfectly adapted all the details of the conjugal state to this promotion of the *other's* enjoyment!¹⁴ And thereby our *own*. And as "it is more blessed to give than receive," even from strangers, how infinitely more so to and from the one beloved! Indeed, no human luxury at all equals this.

Moreover, this happiness is the natural *food* of love. We have already seen that the love of each is in the exact ratio of the happiness conferred by the other. This happiness is the natural incentive and promoter of love.⁸² Hence, exactly in proportion as a wife renders her husband happy, does she thereby *compel* him to love her. Nor can he help himself. Nor will he desire to. "Led a *willing* captive." And exactly in proportion as he renders her happy, does he thereby oblige her to love him. Nor can she help it. Nor will she desire to. Every thrill either occasions the other, but redoubles the happy one's love.

And, *per contra*, every twinge of pain either gives the other, engenders dislike. Nor is there any help for it. These results are as absolute and certain as those of gravity, because equally governed by a first natural law. This inference, therefore, is perfectly obvious, that if your wife makes you happy three or five in the scale of seven, she

thereby induces and obliges you to love her three or five ; whereas, if she makes you miserable three or five, she thereby compels you to hate her three or five. Nor can any will-power of either prevent this fatal result, any more than will can prevent our smarting at the touch of fire.

More. If she makes you happy five, but miserable three, you love her five, but hate her three ; whereas, if she renders you happy three, but miserable five, she obliges you to hate her five, but love her only three. So she who makes perfectly miserable, without any happiness, engenders perfect hatred and kills love dead, whereas she who makes perfectly happy, without any alloy of misery, thereby renders his love absolutely perfect, without the least possible dislike. Nature's mathematical equations are not more absolutely infallible than are those her love equations. Please, husbands, wives, duly consider the *principle* here involved.

And then learn therefrom both the one generic cause of all conjugal discords, and their remedy ; as well as the certain means of carrying your love on and up to any required extent of perfection. Of which anon.¹⁰⁸

This principle shows why some husbands and wives can neither live together nor apart. Certain points in the characters of each render the other so happy as to involuntarily draw them together. Yet certain other points make them so unhappy that they can not remain together, and hence quarrel and separate to-day, yet come together and make up to-morrow—a process they keep perpetually repeating.

Let an anecdote reinforce this point. A husband, a year or so after his marriage—and the first year tells the story⁹⁵—taking his market-basket on his arm one morning, said :

“ I believe I shall get a turkey for dinner to-day.” To which she replied :

“ Hadn't you as lief get a leg of lamb ?”

“ No, not exactly. I have got my mind set on turkey, though I suppose I *could* do with lamb,” he added ; to which she replied :

“ I suppose I *could* do with turkey, yet very much prefer lamb, for I had my mouth fixed for it.”

“ But, come to think, I had a *great deal* rather have turkey than lamb,” he retorted, a little crusty. To which she subjoined, sharply :

“ Well, get your turkey. I'll cook it for you, but *I* don't want it.”

“ Then I'll get your lamb, but I want none of it.”

And he got the lamb, but got it *out of spite*. And she cooked it in spite, and of course not very tenderly, that day. And more than one bone was growled over at that dinner-table. And they kept up their growling and snarling till a divorce broke up their marriage and fam-

ily, yet only aggravated their mutual hatred, and spoiled the happiness and lives of both, as well as that of their children and relatives.

"But this is *too* great a punishment for so trivial a sin."

Not at all; for whenever in Nature's economies great *evils* follow from any wrong course, a commensurate good can and does follow from the *right* one. All Nature grows⁸¹—love and hate included. This grew. But it might just as well have grown the *other way*. Suppose he had said, tenderly:

"Wife, can you not go to market with me to-day?"

"Husband, I should dearly like to go, but our dear babe occupies all my time."

"Then, wife, what shall I get you for dinner to-day?"

"Oh, husband, get what *you* like. Anything that will suit you will please me."

"No, my dear; but can you not think of some dainty dish *you* would like?"

"Well, husband, if you see nothing else in market you like any better, you may get a leg of lamb if you please; but if you see anything else you like any better, get what *you* like—that will suit me." And he would have got the lamb as before, but in the spirit of affection. And this spirit would have awakened her *gratitude*, and therefore love. And when a *woman* is once grateful, she returns and re-returns the favor for the thousandth time, and yet the grateful fountain overflows, rendering him ten thousand times happier than he could have rendered himself. And this principle applies equally to man.

Husband, wife, the only true way merely to secure your *own* happiness is to devote yourself to that of your conjugal partner. This is wedlock, and rewards itself. And answers the question—

WHICH SHALL SERVE?

The one that loves most. For the one that loves most will take the most delight in doing the most to promote the other's happiness. Among savages, woman is man's slave; but as humanity rises in the superior scale, the male treats the female with more and still more tenderness; so the higher and nobler the husband, the more delicately and considerately will he treat and nurture his idolized wife. Yet, having already discussed a kindred point, and shown *why* he should do more to promote her happiness than she his,¹⁰⁰ then, in the name of this fundamental law of love, ye who mate, let your mating consist in the self-consecration of each to the happiness of the other. Let each live, not at all for self, but *wholly* for the other. All that each can

do to promote the creature comforts of the other should be done. Indulge each other in dress, in taste, in appetite, in fancies, even in whims, anything, everything which gives the other pleasure.

Yet how contrary the custom of too many husbands! Instead of considering their wives as to be *indulged*, they treat them as if only to be *denied*. But does affection *ever* deny? Is not indulgence even its greatest privilege? Does doting grandfather ever deny darling grandson, even in trifles? What if the old man does see that the boy is

“Pleased with a rattle, and tickled with a straw,”

does he not *give* rattle and straw? Nor with a—“*You fool*, to want such things,” but as if delighted to see him enjoy them. Suppose a true husband really loved wife, and she loved Phrenology, but he did not, instead of saying, “What a fool to be running after that humbug!” would he not say, instead, “Wife, I am so glad that phrenologist has come to town, so that you can enjoy his lectures; for anything that makes you happy. I will even go myself, if only to see and help you enjoy yourself.”

And often, indulging a wife in some merest trifle, in itself utterly insignificant, will make her so happy, and fond, and kind in return; whereas, denying her in some little matter, will sour and spoil her throughout. Husbands, by all manner of means indulge them, even in trifles.

And herein consists your own greatest life-luxury. Let your millionaire husband take all the pleasure he can in recounting his millions, and adding thereto, and sating all his other desires, yet he is a poor, unfortunate, happiness-wrecked pitiable, who either has no wife on whom to lavish these little hourly, momentary courtesies, or else is too much alienated to proffer them, except with a grudge. He is far less happy than that laboring man who, by daily toil, finds his own highest happiness in doing for that woman who is nursing and rearing their darlings. It requires something besides dollars to render a man happy. It takes in addition a loving *wife*. And of all the luxuries permitted to mortal man, those of a well-sexed and loving, as well as beloved husband, are “chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether” richest, derived from promoting the happiness of his dear wife. Talk about luxury without this, and you talk nonsense. Have all other luxuries but this, and you have only trash. Have this, and with it, it hardly matters how few besides, and you have “all things added thereunto.”

But are these “chiefest” duties and luxuries all *his*? Are they not

also in part hers? In how many thousand little ways does nature, in their mutual relations, allow her to promote his comfort by catering to his appetites,^{18 57} by making home a paradise, etc.? But above all, in his greatest life-luxury—that of *being loved* by that dear being he loves. As Christ said of the “cup of cold water,” that to be acceptable, it must be proffered “*in my name*,” so, do little or much, anything, everything without love, and it amounts to nothing by way of rendering him happy. Be it that she rises early, sits up late, and delves and drudges “from early morning till late at night,” to pander to his creature comforts, she must do all in the “name of love,” else the more miserable she renders both. And the same is true of him. Those whose kindnesses are not prompted by a genuine affection might better not do, because such action is merely human, not conjugal, and imposes a feeling of obligation on the recipient most humiliating, and necessarily painful, and hence hate-engendering.⁷² Rather a wife would do nothing, than do, however much or well, without the inspiration of affection.

But when love beams in her eyes and flushes her cheek, when, whether she does little or much, there emanates from her that sacred aura, or charm, or halo, as indigenous to the loving woman as light to sun, which sends a calm, quiet thrill of unspeakable delight throughout his being to animate all, inspirit all, enrapture all,^{Sec. II.} how superlatively blessed does she render him who basks in her divine sunshine, and, by its little expressions, redouble both its happiness, and therefore love!

In short, each sex is naturally constituted to render themselves exquisitely happy by both loving and being loved, or by that blending of their mutual entities in which love centers.⁶ In this consists the Alpha and Omega of love-making, and all who put it in practice, whether old or young, mated or married, concordant or discordant, will find its influence magical to obviate contention, and re-establish concord.

108. A PERFECT UNION.

Nature is perfect. So are all her operations, when not interfered with. And as marriage is one of them, every true marriage is perfect. And all might be, would be, if Nature's marital requisitions were fulfilled. Are in exact proportion as thus fulfilled.

And the difference between good and poor is far greater than supposed. Applied to lands, houses, domestic animals, fruits, everything. One Delaware grape-vine is worth thousands of wildlings, and one good pear than bushels of choke-pears. Hence, good horses, fruits,

everything, command a price far above that of common. And ought to still higher.

Any defect or imperfection, too, especially in any good article, detracts from both its real value and our estimation far more than the amount of the defect. Thus, a fine peach having a rotten speck, or a nice dress a grease spot, or a good horse one lame leg or bad habit, or good house a smoky chimney or unhealthy location, etc., becomes almost valueless, compared with what it would have been if every way just the same, but *without* this fault.

How pre-eminently does this law apply to husband and wife, and the effect of one fault on love! Let a husband have however many excellences, both absolutely, and in his wife's eye, but marred with one fault, as drinking, smoking, chewing, swearing, sensuality, gambling, or any other single bad habit, this one fault overshadows a multitude of virtues, and well nigh spoils all his many excellences—perhaps renders him worse than nothing, and all the worse the better he is by nature. And makes his wife all the more miserable the better he is; for, but for these virtues she would not have loved, or could now cease loving, whereas this fault, like bitter in food, spoiling all, averts her love in part, and thus agonizes her more than all hate could do.

Or a wife may be all so sweet, so fine a housekeeper, refined, handsome, and however much besides, yet one marked fault may thoroughly disgust husband, breed alienations throughout, and render both perfectly wretched, or at least seriously detract from her many virtues.

Or a married pair may get on well enough in all respects but one, and though they do not exactly "fall out by the way," yet how immeasurably does this one difference detract from their conjugal affection and happiness! And how almost infinitely the happier if that one difference were harmonized! Rest assured, O ye married, that no words can duly admeasure the practical importance of this point. Nor can even imagination. If in some half-dreamy, some ecstatic state of fancy, you should give reins to imagination, and think how perfectly happy you could be in your partner, if but that one difference between you were harmonized—you *could* be happier than the utmost imagination can depict. But our pen fails us. Angelic language might fully portray the desirableness of a *perfect* love over an imperfect, but terrestrial can not. Nor can even the deepest recesses of the human soul.

"Then, in God's name, is such perfection attainable?"

Of course it is. To suppose not, is to "charge God foolishly." Are His other works perfect, and is not this, His highest.³ most so? It

becomes imperfect only when man spoils it by ignoring its conditions.

And every individual marriage might be thus perfect. Not perhaps so perfect but that it could be re-improved, for perfection has its degrees, and may be perfectly faultless, yet ever re-improving. All that even a God *could* do, God has done to render it absolutely perfect in every individual case. He even provides for healing over our many errors, as for healing our wounds, and restoring broken bones. That is, we may have a perfect marriage even after having broken many of its conditions; for Nature's recuperative laws apply quite as effectually here as to all her other operations.

"In the name, then, of the blessedness of a perfect love, and all its power over human life,"¹¹ how can this paradise be retained? or, once lost, regained?"

Easily. Reader, do you really desire to live an absolutely *perfect* conjugal life? Are you really willing to rouse yourself to make the effort? Passivity will never attain it—anything. Desire must be accompanied by *work*. Now, how much *exertion* are you willing to put forth?

"All I can—go on a pilgrimage, do, and sacrifice everything, become anything in its attainment." And who has a *will* finds a way.

First, then, *consecrate* yourself to this great, holy work. Make it a *life* motive and effort, and you shall reap in the future what, and in proportion as you sow, just as you are now reaping the tares of past seeding; for Nature is infinitely just, infinitely retributory, infinitely rewardatory.

And it is most desirable also that your husband or wife *join* you in both this desire and the efforts needed to attain it. Here, pre-eminently, "it takes *two* to make a bargain." True, neither can do much alone, but how much more both together! Here, most of all, is the *help-meet*, and the *sharing* principle, or *co-operation* promotive of success.¹⁰⁵ And also that of molding.¹⁰² Do you then here now resolve, both singly and together, to do what, and all you well can, to render your conjugal life and feelings henceforth *perfect*?

"Indeed we do, with all our hearts, and to the best of our abilities. But show us the right pathway, and we will walk therein."

Then, first, re-read together Part III., and therein learn wherein you have erred, and *correct those errors*. And you will doubtless there see how effectually, though unconsciously, probably both have really outraged the conjugal conditions. Then repent and reform, and henceforth lead an entirely new and true conjugal life. On that life all depends. The best of *intentions* avail nothing further than they lead

to a right *treatment* of each other. Perfect that treatment, and you thus perfect your love. Nor is there any possibility of perfecting it without. And the measure of that treatment will be the exact measure of that perfect conjugality. The work is now in your own hands ; so are the directions for its accomplishment. Let time tell how far you attain this end by the right use of these means.

But we would call *special* attention to that last-mentioned, and really *greatest*, of all means of perfecting love—as a perfect love is the only staminate means of conjugal perfection—namely, rendering *each other happy*. This condition is a *sine qua non*. As far as you promote each other's happiness, do you inevitably perfect your conjugality. But no further. And by every manner of device by which either can contrive to render the other happy, do you perpetually re-endorse the one thus made happy. And also the maker ; for, by a law of mind, he who bestows naturally comes to like his beneficiary. But shun, as a conjugal viper, whatever pains the other, or yourself in view of the other. A man, the conduct of his wife being the same, can render himself the more, or the less, happy in her. And so she in him. Hence, he being the same in both cases, she can derive the more pleasure, or the less, from him and his conduct. That is, can so look upon the very same things so as to become happy or miserable therein. Now, it makes no practical difference as to her love whether he makes her happy in him, or she herself in him. All material is the *happiness itself*. Hence, while each should do their utmost to make the *other* happy, both should also strive to make *themselves* happy in the other. As a farmer may have land exactly adapted to raise some very valuable crop, yet not raise it, not even know he can, so many a husband has a wife whose traits are exactly adapted to render him happy, without even knowing how happy he could become in her. Much less becoming. May even so look at and treat actually good traits as to make himself miserable in those very traits in which he might and should be happy, and thus actually hate her for the very same things for which he might and ought to love her.

109. LOVE SEASONS, EVENINGS, ETC.

Periodicity is a universal natural law.³⁹ Everything in nature has, must have, its appointed *time*. Regularity is most promotive of all functions, while irregularity is destructive of all. Of course this primitive natural law appertains to love. Has already been shown to belong to the mating period.³⁹ But has Nature appointed a general season to *begin* to love, namely, about the twentieth year of life,⁴⁰ and has she not also appointed special seasons for its *continuance* ? Shall

she establish given times for eating, sleeping, laboring, etc., and not also for loving? Does eating regularly promote digestion, and sleeping on time promote sleep, and shall not setting apart some specific times and seasons for cherishing love not also promote it? If not, why not? Shall annual celebrations of weddings promote love?⁹⁶ and shall not diurnal, three hundred and sixty-five times more? Love must be fed, or starve to death.⁹⁷ Then why not nurture it, not only daily, but also at stated *hours* of each day? Choose this sacred diurnal hour so as to interfere least with business, but choose *some* hour. That the custom of daily family worship after breakfast, or just before retiring, promotes worship by uniting time with Veneration, is a clear fact and sequence. Then would not consecrating a certain hour of each day to love-making equally, and for the very same reason, promote love? Let an anecdote both illustrate and enforce this point.

At the old Franklin House dinner-table in Providence, R. I., I observed a noble-looking man and doting father waiting upon his thirteen-year-old daughter, and "playing the agreeable" quite as tenderly and genteelly as if she had been his intended. Always making it my rule, whenever I observe any specialties in another, to start conversation with him, that I may light my candle by his, or improve myself from his peculiarities,* I opened a conversation with him, correctly pre-supposing that if he had any hobby, he would soon strike it, which he had and did: and which was a set *daily* season for enjoying his family; in illustration of which he told the following anecdote.

"My mother died when I was about twenty. Calling me to her death-bed side, and taking my warm hand in her cold one, she said, with peculiar emphasis, 'My son, heed this my last dying advice—that you make the enjoyment of your *family* your first and great life-object, for this will redouble all life's other pleasures, whereas all others without this will be of little value. And in order thereto, devote a given hour each day to family enjoyments. Learn from my

* Samuel Kirkham, the celebrated author of "Kirkham's Grammar," "Elocution," etc., made himself a name and fortune mainly by this means. Coming across a writing-master remarkable for an elegant chirography, he followed up both him and his system, till, super-adding re-improvements, he became one of the best of writers. Alighting on a teacher of grammar who had some points of genuine improvement over all others, he followed him till he had learned all he could teach, when, super-adding and re-adjusting from his own cogitations, he produced a grammar which netted him \$3,000 per year, and sells largely even yet. He pursued a like course in reference to elocution, and finally, coming under the author's hands, and discerning real merit in his teachings, he "tied fast," and followed on till arrested by death—a course heartily recommended to young men; with these remarks, first, *copy only what is really good*, and, second, lighting your candle by that of others, while it takes naught from their brilliancy, only re-adds thereto, and augments the "light of the world."

sad example. Your father and myself started out in life determined to make domestic enjoyment our one great life-object; but in order thereto, thought we would labor and suffer, no matter how much, in the forenoon of life, in obtaining a competence on which to retire, that we might spend its afternoon and evening in domestic felicity. But he is dead, and here I am dying, without either of us having enjoyed the only single end of all our toils and sacrifices; so that I recommend you to make sure of your family pleasures by taking them "day by day," *as you go along* through life.' I saw the force of her advice, and determined to follow it, and, first marrying wisely, consecrated an hour of each day after dinner to unalloyed family felicities. If the weather favored a ride, and we preferred it, we took a pleasure airing, or a walk through grounds or garden; but if it stormed without, we took our "holy hour" in parlor or nursery, but *took* it. If friends were visiting, or business pressing, both must stand aside, or else participate, for I determined to allow nothing to interfere with this daily family "love-feast." And have derived more life-pleasure from this simple practice than from all my business pursuits, speculations, everything else put together."

This struck me all the more forcibly, because, at our own matrimonial starting in life, my wife would often say, at sunset, "Come, husband, let us drop, you your pen, I my needle, and enjoy a pleasant twilight talk, or walk, or both." Would we had kept up these seasons. Their memory, even now, though thirty busy years have intervened, forms the dearest recollections of life. And are resumed.

Then, ye who mate, appoint particular seasons to "meet by moonlight," or at set intervals, if you live contiguous, say as you go to, or return from business, or dinner—some regular time, and this will keep your hearts so warm, and render your love so ecstatic as to completely forestall discontent. And all ye who are married, just try it for only six months, till you can begin to test its value as a love-incentive.

Not that six months form anything like a fair trial, for the longer the more sacred becomes the association. Such holy love-memories, indeed all affectional associations, grow brighter as they recede. Distance only "lends enchantment."

Then, is there any choice as to the season? Yes, obviously a very great one. Undoubtedly, by far.

EVENINGS ARE MOST APPROPRIATE. Nature consecrates night to sleep. But as sun and light disappear never instantly, but always gradually, so we should obviously not rush from our daily struggles to Morphean slumbers. We need some go-between preparation, which shall be to them what twilight is to departing day. Some delightful

playspell-amusement before retiring is unmistakably the very best promoter of "Nature's great restorer," and thereby of additional capacity to labor, which ever is, or even can be. The advantages of some daily recreation we shall discuss elsewhere. It is marrow to the bones, strength to body and mind, balm to the spirit, and the very best of all promoters of capacity for undergoing subsequent labors.

Then, what recreating *season* as obviously appropriate as evening, and *means* as effective as cherishing the affections? No man ought ever to work nights. Those who pore over accounts and ledgers by night thereby but detract a hundred-fold from their capacity to work thereafter, just as those students who "pore over the midnight lamp," are but killing the goose that lays the golden egg of *power* to study. The very way to *gain* time and redouble business or study is to *recreate* evenings, and *sleep* nights. And indulging the loves in the evening naturally soothes the care-worn brow, quiets all false excitement, sweetens the temper, and prepares for sound and invigorating rest better than anything else can do. As a recreating amusement it has no equal. Nor as a prolonger of life, or reinvigorator of all the faculties.^{Sec. II. 99.}

EVENING FAMILY AMUSEMENTS,

Then, should be made as habitual in every family as their breakfast. Nothing can be made more contributory to their health or moral elevation, by contributing to their affections. Those who have been happy together, thereby come naturally to love each other. Those husbands and wives who enjoy anything together, thereby re-enamor themselves of each other.⁴² Hence evening amusements constitute love's most nutritious aliment. So precious a means of its re-increase should on no account be unimproved. None can *afford* so great a loss. Every one should be treasured up as the miser hoards his gold; and made the most of.

They may be enjoyed at home or abroad, or alternately, as is most agreeable. But if abroad, must be dismissed early, so as to promote, not curtail sleep. But as children do, or should play all day, they should retire with the sun.

Domestic amusements have this great advantage over foreign—that the *wife* and mother can participate in them. She is too often obliged to stay at home to "rock the cradle," whereas she, of all others, most needs recreation. Confined and worried all day, perhaps by a cross or sickly babe, her mind almost agonized by anxieties, and possibly nervousness, she needs relaxation more than he. Doubtless, the very crossness or sickness of her darling is due to her perpetual con-

finement and worriment over its cradle, whereas relieving her mind would obviate its crossness and re-establish its health. And is she not the most entitled to it? To make her stay behind while all others go, is cruel. Or if she insists on staying, husband should insist on her going, or else stay with her, unless he goes to hear some phrenological or other lecture* or gatherings, etc., where he can learn something to tell and improve her. She is legally *entitled* to his evening company. And he needs hers about as much as she his.¹⁰⁶

“But would you have all those husbands stay at home who can not take their sickly or confined wives abroad? Shall both suffer because *she* must?”

Her society ought to be his greatest pleasure. And will be where a true love exists. And where it does not, better be divorced. Every true husband will count off every working hour till he can hurry home to be with that dear woman whom he so dearly loves.

But for a husband, after being gone all day, to go from supper to billiards, or oyster or gaming saloon, or theater, or party, or club-room, or “lodge,” and oblige his wife to stay at home alone, and sit up to let him in, perhaps in perpetual fear, or anything of this kind, is a cool cruelty which no true man would perpetrate on any woman, much less his wife. Please, husbands, duly consider this matter. Turn the tables. *You* stay, and let her be gone every night, and see how you like *that*. And our wives are the pitiable victims of numberless like cruelties imposed or sanctioned by custom, the very commonness of which covers the evil indeed, but only aggravates it.

“But what shall a wife thus afflicted do to prevent it?”

Wives, have you not yet learned that men are in very deed more contrary than mules? And as, though “one man may lead a jack to water, yet ten men can not *make* him drink,” so a sweet woman, much more wife, can *persuade* and entice a husband, yet the more she drives the more he *will not go*.^{16 22} Those blandishments by which Delila managed Samson will enable almost any woman to manage any man who loves her, and whom she loves. But we are nearing a point already discussed,¹⁰² and sum up this point by adding—

Man was never ordained to spend his evenings with man, but always with woman. Men who spend much time in the company of men alone, soon involuntarily become coarse, gross, boorish, and vulgar. “Man with man, working that which is unseemly.” How different when they intermingle in promiscuous society! As “it is not meet for man to live alone,” so men demoralize each other. Males and

* As public amusements merely, they are public benefactions.

females should intermingle in their amusements as much as in any and everything else. Nor should those of either sex allow themselves to go much into the company of their own, but always mostly into that of the opposite. Nor should any man ever go where, or do what, his wife may not share.¹⁰⁵

LOVERS' WALKS, RIDES, TALKS, ETC.,

Are as much more appropriate between husbands and wives than lovers, as they should love the more. By furnishing mental diversion along with physical exercise, employing that principle of enjoying nature together already repeated,^{48 95} and cherishing each other's love⁹⁸ by sharing the same pleasures, they become pre-eminently promotive of both love and health. Husband may need a turn around a few blocks, or stroll through a park, or walk around garden or grounds to preserve his own health, while wife may be literally dying by inches of excessive care and monotonous toil, and in really perishing need of both fresh air and some new manifestation of husband's affection to sustain her drooping strength and spirit.

And those who can afford the expense, should take wife out at least every pleasant day, if only a short ride, and pile in all the little ones. The pleasurable-ness of riding is a proof of its proportionate utility.

AMUSEMENTS attain a like end, and deserve patronage. And our country needs some *cheap* pleasures, where parents and children can resort, meet acquaintances, dance an hour, and both secure health and cement affections. In this respect German society, saving its lager bier, far exceeds American. And American customs ought to be remodeled. At least, let husbands and wives *make love daily*, anyhow, if only *somehow*.

But, leaving you, both singly and together, to the practical solution of this eventful problem—how far will you perfect your conjugal happiness by perfecting your own and each other's love, in and by living a genuine sexual life, we reverse the tables to discuss—

SECTION XI.

CONJUGAL ALIENATIONS : THEIR CAUSES AND OBVIATION.

110. EXISTING AMOUNT OF DISCORD.

AGAIN our pen falters. It could not execute all its task if it would, and would not if it could, lest it dissuade many unmarried from marrying, justify celibacy, excuse "old bachelors and maids,"⁴⁰ and forestall the multiplication of the race. More, lest, in the very next generation, much more subsequent ones, we be reputed ignorant or willful slanderers of this "day and generation." "There's a good time coming," when the doctrines of this volume become once understood and practiced, when few unhappy marriages will exist, and the many will wonder how there ever could be any, and call the truth as it now exists a lie. Yet at least a mere "peep behind the scenes" becomes our painful task, that we may "point out a more excellent way."

Nearly thirty years ago, we said to a man whose social faculties were large, but evidently dormant :

"Every way calculated to enjoy the conjugal state, but either unhappily married, or else not married at all, for your love element is starving." "Not married at all," he replied.

"Why not, since capable of being so happy in marriage?"

"Because I *dare* not. I once belonged to a literary club of thirty young men, in Rochester, N. Y., one of the bye-laws of which was, that within a given time after our marriage we would report faithfully to the club whether rendered more, or less, happy since, and by, our marriage. Twenty-nine sent in their report, and all but one or two unfavorable, and seriously advising the balance not to marry; and these reported that in some things they were more, others less, happy, so that they could hardly say on which side the balance really stood."

In a dinner conversation on this subject with a highly intelligent lady—a Fourierite, who had traveled extensively and was thoroughly educated—I once knew, but had not then seen for many years, she remarked to the effect, that "matrimony was a necessary evil."

"I am surprised to hear you utter that sentiment."

"I have abundant cause. You knew my sister Kate."—I had known the family. They were the daughters of a distinguished New York M.D., and moved in the "higher circles."—"She married into one of 'the first families' of Boston. Two years after her marriage—long enough for her to form her circle of acquaintances—I spent a year with her, and took special pains to learn the marital state of each of her acquaintances, every one of which, save one, I found more or less miserable; and some more perfectly wretched than I had supposed human beings could become, and live. I spent another year with another sister in Cincinnati, and with like results, and another with another in Charleston, S. C., and with the same results, and have seen so many miserable but so few happy marriages in all my extensive travelings and observations in Europe and America, that I meaningly pronounce marriage a 'necessary evil.'"

"Then, pray, why did *you* perpetrate it?"

"Merely to avoid the stigma of becoming an "old maid," and am right glad that my husband, a Frenchman, in accordance with French customs, chooses to occupy one suit of apartments, while I certainly prefer to occupy another, that I may keep the evils of marriage at the greatest arm's length possible."

I meet sensible maiden ladies by thousands, and those having really hearty love-sentiments, who not only justify their celibacy, but really scout marriage with, "You don't catch me marrying. I'm too shrewd. I've seen too much. Show me one happy couple. But I can show you lots that quarrel behind the curtain, though perhaps pleasant enough before folks." And how many shrewd and intelligent bachelors, who take a cool business view of this matter, who would jump at marriage for its "respectability," its relief from the odium of "old bachelor," who would enjoy home, its comforts, and children heartily, nor mind the cost, if they could see any way to make it *pay*, not in dollars, but in *happiness*. Or even escape those terrible consequences it has inflicted on their old cronies—actually preferring to fry away their lives, lest by jumping from the frying-pan of celibacy, they land in the fire of discord. And jokes, public and private, printed and spoken, to the effect: "Married—poor fellow! I pity him. He'll soon sup sorrow."

And how many mothers say, in real pity and tenderness for their young daughters: "Dear creatures! do let them enjoy themselves *before* marriage, their only happy period, for, gracious knows, they will be miserable enough afterward."⁸⁹ And how very many do just all they can to persuade and dissuade from marriage, after actually

forbidding it—all because their own marital life has proved so wretched! And set it down as a “fixed fact,” that whoever advises others never to marry, does so only because their *own* marriage has proved so very disastrous that their Benevolence would fain save others from a like fate. And oh, how many such throughout all communities!

The number of divorces applied for in all those States where they are obtainable is equally significant. Let Indiana answer how many throng throughout all her borders—about one in every ten—just staying only just long enough to obtain citizenship and a divorce. And England, since the amelioration of her divorce laws, is so crowded with applicants as to have been obliged to appoint additional judges in this matter, the old ones being utterly inadequate to try all applicants—over *three thousand* of whom are pressing their claims at once, and actually blocking up the courts.

Yet does one in twenty apply who would gladly do so but for the *odium* attached thereto, or the breaking up of families, and evils to their children, or business, or other like motives? Not one in *fifty*.

My profession furnishes me rare opportunities for ascertaining the state of the affections of the married, the vast majority of whom I am obliged to pronounce seriously dissatisfied. I am really loth to disclose the results of my observations. How often, alas! am I consulted about conjugal differences, whereas these are the last things disclosed, unless compelled by aggravated sufferings. And then not telling half their troubles. But, behind and below all there is a deep, dark *heart* secret—of O how many untold thousands!—as impenetrably closed against all confessions as the gates of Hades. Though smoldering fires are slowly but surely charring their very soul-vitals, they keep them smothered only to be charred the more fatally. They would part with life sooner than with their buried secret. “I would sooner commit suicide than tell my father, for I would not make him miserable by letting him know how wretched I am. He thinks I am happy, but would not let me stay here an hour if he only knew how horribly I suffer,” said a wife married less than two years. The hearts of oh, how many! wretched thousands only know their “*own* bitterness.” They seem gay, and enter with seeming zest into life’s busy scenes, but only tap their heart-crust in some unguarded moment, and their eyes fill, lips quiver, tears flow, and hearts melt, and are barely able to maintain this incrustation. And how many men drive business as if business-crazy, not at all from love of dollars, but to *compel* soul-diversion from their hidden canker-worm. And engage no wives in fashion’s dizzy whirl from a like motive? And

seek no others in *children* that heart's ease they find not in husband?

But, reader, you yourself can form a tolerably correct estimate on this point. And by these almost infallible signs—the *expressions of the countenance*, whether sad or cheerful; in a satisfied or dissatisfied state of love;⁹ by the tones of voice;¹⁰ by the cast of manners, whether most tender or indifferent; by the genial, light-hearted buoyancy of the maiden, or the wo-begone melancholy of the matron; by the bounding step of the virgin in contrast with the measured, solemn dragoon tread of the married—in short, by the general aspects of married as compared with single.¹⁰³ True, other causes contribute to this mournful, actually appalling, sum-total, but this is the great staple cause. And a close eye can tell whether any given sadness arises from conjugal or other troubles. My heart aches and softens as I write. I would fain shut my eyes, and steel my heart, yet can not. But I *would* remove it, and unvail this dark picture only to show how to lighten its gloom.

But there are two other “signs of the times”—sensuality and philosophy. Of the amount and extent of sexual depravity in its various forms—*crim. cons.*, “adulteries,” “fornications,” sodomy, self-abuse, and the lustful cravings of those, married, who sin in thought only—and “he that *looketh* on a woman to *lust* after her has committed adultery already with her *in his heart*”—as well as those whose excesses have broken them down sexually, and induced this class of diseases, of which nothing is as productive as conjugal dissatisfaction or alienations, or anything as effective a cure as a genuine love—for the sympathy between the mental and physical is absolute and perfect, of which in Vol. II.—and let doctors say how many are diseased, yet “the half is never told,” even to them—all, and much more besides, attest the lamentable, the widespread, the almost universal, the awful, the really horrible discontent existing between the married, all which a perfect love would prevent by forestallment.^{36 42 45 to 48 83 86 103}

And the philosophies of a right conjugal treatment, by showing how almost universal a wrong conjugal life, show how correspondingly extensive a wrong. None can read these pages understandingly without seeing, as an intellectual proposition, both that they lay down a *right* treatment, and that most married parties daily, and almost hourly, perfectly outrage these marital laws, and this natural comportment of true love, besides seeing therein how egregiously, even fatally, almost all depart therefrom. Verily, “all are gone out of the way. There is none that doeth good—no, not one.”

But “is there no balm in Gilead, no physician there?” Can they be cured? Or

111. HOW FAR ARE DISCORDS CURABLE?

To almost any extent the parties themselves desire, and will understandingly attempt. Nature's recuperative powers are wonderful.⁴⁸ Can be made to cure all "broken hearts." And are quite as applicable in wedlock as out of it—that is, if the parties will and do just right. I give it as my deliberate opinion, I fling it out to the world as a flag of universal truce and hope, that very few cases of discord, however seemingly settled and chronic their mutual hate, are incorrigible, but can be made to yield to right conjugo-medical treatment—to even the prescriptions of these volumes. And for these obvious reasons:

1. The discordant naturally look upon the *worst side* of their partner's faults, and their own grievances, just as those in love magnify loved one's loveliness, and overlook or ignore all faults.

2. The *self*-perpetuating power of love.⁴² Nature begins only what she is every way able to complete. She will never put her hand to the plow where the nature of things will oblige her to look back. She will not let those even *begin* to love who are so uncongenial that they really can not continue, and even re-increase that love. Then, ye who have ever loved each other, are *guaranteed* in and by the mere fact of your *having* once loved, that you can restore that love, and then go on to redouble it, *ad libitum*. And that all difficulty lies in something else than "natural incompatibility;" for if this mutual aversion had been instinctive, it would have acted *de novo*, and engendered mutual dislike *at first sight*. No; you are but shirking off upon this convenient "scape-goat" of "inherent antipathy," the consequences of your own mutual *abuse* of each other. You dislike each other because you have mutually *wronged* each other. Evil doers *always* hate their victims. This is a universal law and fact. And consequent on this law of mind that A, in and by injuring B, reverses his *own* Conscientiousness toward B, which reverses his (A's) Combativeness, Destructiveness, Friendship, Approbateness, all his faculties, and this their perverted action causes and constitutes A's hatred. Show me him who heartily hates another, and I will show you one he has *abused* the one hated. Among neighbors, he is always the most faulty who *finds* the most fault.⁴⁶ It would seem that the *abused* would hate most, whereas, instead, this abuse throws him on his native dignity, till he disdains to hate, but rises in his own view too far above his enemy to indulge rancor, or take revenge. And hate is mutual only where both have wronged *each other*. Those who never wrong, never hate, however much wronged; but those who are

ever wronging, are ever hating, and because of their own self-convicted consciences. Reader, especially conjugal, please examine this *principle*, as a first natural truth of universal applicability. And having satisfied yourself that it *is* a veritable law, as it most certainly is, just apply it to your own individual conjugal relations. Of course the one who hates most has wronged most.

"But this can not be true. There is Mrs. C——, as good a woman as ever lived, who has done everything, and omitted nothing, that the most dutiful, forbearing wife could do, yet suffers everything at the hands of her husband."

Yet are you quite sure she has not done him the greatest wrong? He has strong passions, large Amativeness included. Yet likely hers is small, or has never fastened on him, but become averted. She may have been born with little of it, been so "modestly" educated as to have withered that little, become enfeebled physically, not only experienced little, if any, of this the very heart's-core sentiment of marriage, and that which *is attracted*,^{5 6} as well as attracts, and thus as utterly failed to fulfill her natural part of marriage as he would have done if he had given her no food. She has as effectually *starved out* and outraged his marital heart's-core as he would have outraged her person if he had left her houseless or clothesless, after having cut off all possibility of her supplying herself. True, neither may dream what the real trouble is. Or she may be too weakly in body, or so *very* nice, delicate, modest, fastidious, and squeamish as to be "perfectly disgusted" with his—to her—vulgarity, or so debilitated or diseased in this respect as involuntarily to shrink from or repel him, yet how deep, how aggravated this conjugal sin of *omission* she perpetrates on him! Very likely his requisitions are excessive. Then her error lay partly in marrying him at all. Her *intentions* may be the best possible, but punishment just as great for all as if she took poison unintentionally. Or her debilitated physical condition may furnish abundant moral excuse, yet Nature never heeds excuses. "Fulfill, or suffer," is her inexorable alternative. Be the *cause* what it may, the omission itself is *fundamental*, and throws a host of virtues into the shade, exasperates him by the pent-up fires of a strong passion, which, if she had fully met from the first, would have rendered him so perfectly satisfied and happy that he could not have done or said enough in her behalf.

Or, possibly, she was pressed into school by fond but misguided parents, or primpted up in the parlor, or "accomplished" to kill, without having the requisite *animal* stamina, whereas, if she had but possessed a vigorous body, either with or without these gew-gaw

accomplishments, she could have rendered him perfectly satisfied, and wielded over him an unbounded influence for good. The real fault lies in her miserable (fashionable) education, yet its consequent alienations are just as fatal as if intentional. True, wives have an incalculable amount of just complaint against husbands, for sins of commission, whereas husbands often have quite as great for those of omission, and especially for those incidental to their *weakliness*. This all so meek and good a wife may indeed be deeply sinned against, but quite likely *began* the wrong, either by "having done many things she ought not to have done, or, more likely, by having neglected to do some things she *ought* to have done," and hence suffers for her *own* sins. Nature is never so unjust as to punish either for the sins of the other; but always and only the guilty one for his or her *own* sins.

We repeat—for we would re-impress—"The soul that is dying most, has sinned most, and that suffers or is hated most, is so because the most guilty or derelict.

Examples might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but have we not made the *law* involved too apparent to require further proof or elucidation? And to set the *hated* or dissatisfied upon the alert to ascertain *wherein* he, she, may have sinned, and how to make restitution, and restore themselves to happiness. Another proof that most discords can be healed is—

3. The fusing, assimilating power of love, when allowed its perfect work, is almost boundless¹⁰⁷—a remark already made, but by no means at all appreciated, can not be, except by experiment.

4. Still another proof that most discords can be obviated is found in their *causes*, a few of which we proceed to expound; and as they will be seen to be obviatable, of course equally so the alienations they engender. Then what *are* some of the most conspicuous of these causes?

112. THE ANIMALIZATION OF LOVE.

That marriage generally becomes the grave of love is the unqualified attestation of most writers—French, German, English, and American, male and female, among whom are Madame de Stael, Eugene Sue, Goethe, Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, Lord Brougham, Mrs. Childs, Margaret Fuller, and hosts of others too numerous to mention, and is re-confirmed by the almost universal experience of all who marry. Let the married readers of these pages put this declaration to the test of their own experience. Did you not, while paying or receiving courtship's addresses, involuntarily feel, "If I could only marry that one I so tenderly love, I should be just about the happiest

of mortals?" Yet how many now feel that if they could only be unmarried, they would give all they possess, and run into debt as much more besides. You then thought your companion almost superhuman in everything. What do you now think?

But let this final and absolute test admeasure this difference. We involuntarily behave to others as we *feel* toward them.¹⁴ From this sure test of our feelings there is no appeal. It is both absolute, and easily discerned.

Then let the vast difference in the behavior of those in their courtship and honeymoon be contrasted with those same parties two years after marriage. The beau ever ready blandly to open gate, and help sweetheart over fence and slough, while the husband "did not *think*." True, but because he did not *love*. The lover introduces proudly, but husband and wife too often "forget."

Young lovers are always praising each other, while the married very often reproach each other. In short, the entire aspect of lovers is so bland, so courteous, so conciliatory, so fond, so familiar, so tender, so kind, "so altogether lovely," while that of the married, if not repellant, is too often at least indifferent.

Or contrast brides with married women as to the natural language of love, and bridegrooms with men married a few years. This *natural language* of the faculties tells no lies. Let it tell its own sad story of the decline of love in this decline of its expression. But we have already presented a kindred point.¹¹⁰

Then *why* this decline? It must have its *cause*. And that cause commensurate with its effects. And transpiring about the same time. And adequate and adapted to produce it.

The ANIMALIZATION of their love furnishes the main answer. Reserving the full discussion of this subject for our next volume, we will only observe here that true human love is of the *mind* mainly, because, as "*mind* makes the man," its transmission is paramount, and provided for by true love appertaining far more to mind than person. Brute love is mainly personal, because animal nature is mainly to be transmitted. So the love of Chinese and Hottentot, though more mental than that of brute, is chiefly carnal, and its offspring correspondingly sensual. But as human beings rise in the human and mental scale, does their love rise from the sensual plane upon the Platonic; for this is Nature's means of rendering their progeny still more elevated—a principle assumed here, but fully *proved* in Vol. II.

Nature therefore *destroys* carnal love in and by its very carnality, that she may prevent its propagating the animal propensities in predominance. Hence, Nature ordains that carnal love shall die by its

own hands, while mental love shall perpetuate itself forever.⁴² All who carnalize their love, thereby extinguish it, in exactly that proportion.

And by virtue of this natural law, that it is violent, and that all violent action paralyzes its organs, as the preventive of future violence. And on the well-known principle of the paralysis of the motor system by over-lifting. As over-eating both prostrates the stomach, and sickens it of food; as over-muscular exertion not only cuts off muscular capacity, but also induces inertia; as over-study blunts the over-taxed organs; as looking at the sun blinds; so the animalization of love both sets the whole system on fire, and consumes its own self in and by the general conflagration. If both partake of this carnal banquet, they soon mutually exhaust each other, and become both sick and ashamed of themselves and paramour, which induces mutual disgust.

Or if he debases his, but she does not thus degrade hers, he, disappointed, for reasons to be given in Vol. II., says: "But is *this* the loathsome finale of that voluptuous love-feast I have sacrificed so much to obtain? I had imagined elysian pleasures, but find my supposed fruits of Paradise, so fair without, but insipid, even loathsome. And am I then, indeed, tied to this dead-and-alive carcass for life?"

While she, *per contra*, soliloquizes: "Am I, then, obliged thus to defile and brutalize myself? I could and would bear anything else, but against this self-degradation my whole being rebels, and from it all my higher faculties shrink back with horror! And am I, then, tied to this human brute for life?"

Not so, pure mental love. As our own inner consciousness sanctions all right action of all our faculties, it sanctions this. And so far from irritating and paralyzing mind or body, it diffuses a balmy oil, a holy calm throughout the entire being, which braces and builds up all. Words but mock this subject. Let the inner consciousness of those who have any *experience* of either or both but attest these opposite effects of love and lust. And let those who now find their love deteriorated or alienated, run along back through memory's day-book and ledger to the *exact* time and the specific cause, and in most instances the answer will be found in the sensualization of love. But having already applied this law of love to courtship,⁸⁹ and leaving it to the *experience* of most husbands and wives, besides reserving its full enforcement for our next volume, we barely add this qualification that, so far from condemning animal love, we pronounce it a cardinal element of all true love. But for it the only natural result of both love and marriage, and the entire sexual institute—propagation—

would remain forever unrealized, and the very race—all forms of life—would expire with the present generation. It is to love what foundation is to superstructure, and body to mind—an absolute indispensability. Those without it are not, can not be, married. As well marry two bar-posts, as far as marriage proper is concerned, as those devoid of it. Nor can it well be too great, if sanctified.⁶ There is ten times more danger that its violent excesses *at first* will clog and paralyze it, like one almost famished, suddenly supplied with meats and drinks, will so gorge himself as to break down both appetite and digestion ever after. Nor can any well have too much of it, *provided* they only have still *more* of the mental. We would not diminish the animal form, as much as *encourage the Platonic*. “Not that I loved Brutus less, but *Cæsar more*.” Nor at all that we would excuse, much less praise, those who are deficient in animal love. As well a body deficient in bones. Nor that those are not most guilty who withhold, or fail in, this conjugal constituent, though they fulfill every other—provide or cook, make money or keep house, anything, everything else; for he that “sinneth in this point is guilty of all.” And this sin of omission necessarily paves the way for a thousand heart-burnings and wrongs which, this hearty, would never arise, or, arising, be immediately overruled. *Have* animal love, and exercise it, but *sanctify* it by having still *more* of *mental* cohabitation. And let inter-communion of *mind* precede, prompt, and overrule physical love. But enough till Vol. II. shall expound those first *principles* which underlie this whole subject.

113. PHYSICAL AILMENTS

Constitute another most potential and wide-spread cause of conjugal alienations. All abnormal *bodily* states abnormalize all the mental functions, love of course included. Nervousness begets hatefulness.⁶⁶ Abnormal action always repels, while normal attracts. Only those can fully appreciate this point who comprehend the different *mental* states consequent on different bodily conditions. Let a woman, as amiable by nature as the houries, become sickly, and she thereby necessarily becomes fidgety, fretful, fault-finding, cross-grained, and, unless one of the very best of women, really hateful. Equally so of men. Many, rendered dyspeptic, perhaps by over-exertion for family, thereby become perfect churls. All goes wrong, because they are in a wrong *mood*.⁴⁶ Nothing does, nothing can please them, because this abnormal physical state dissatisfies them of everything. They would grumble if in Paradise. But cure their dyspepsia, and you cure their crossness. Nor are they any more blamable therefor than the ma-

niac for his ravings—both being consequent on depraved physical conditions.

So many a woman, having broken down her nervous system and health by her excessive devotion to family, now scolds husband and family perpetually, because of her state. Then should not that family at least *bear* with that scolding? It is not really her that scolds, but only that very *labor* she has heretofore put forth for their comfort. Then, instead of retorting, they should soothe her, and seek to obviate this effect by removing its cause, instead of aggravating both by returning evil for evil. Sick children fret. But as the more fretful they are, the more patiently and indulgently should they be treated, so with those wives whose family love has made them thus cross and miserable.

But we can not even begin to do this matter justice till Vol. II. shall have expounded some *principles* which bear on it. Suffice it that we *state* it here, but shall there show *how* true this law and potential this cause of conjugal alienations. But, after all, former pages have stated the *main* causes of such alienations.

Please, scolded husband, or blamed wife, both excuse the offending party, and also learn this oft-enforced lesson, the *practical* nature of sound health and normal bodily conditions in both, not only to your own happiness, but likewise as a condition of marital happiness. And then do your *very* best to *restore* the health of your cross-grained partner as the only true antidote and preventive of this ugliness of temper. And affection is the best of all mediums in such cases. Nor without it will any other avail much. And both make the observance of the health laws a paramount *conjugal* duty, and also watch over each other's health with eagle vigil.

114. THE PREPARATION.

Before new houses can be built where old ones stand, or even old ones remodeled, often much of the old requires to be torn down, and its old rubbish removed. Pre-eminently so here. Preparation for anything is everything. As a Christ must have a John, so restoration must have its forerunner. And that is, must be *DESIRE*. Without this, all effort must prove unavailing. Then, first, catechise your own soul thus: "*Wouldst thou be made whole?*" And if so, *how much?* How great an *effort*, what sacrifices can you afford? "*Sacrifices!*" None are needed. Nature pays all who, having wandered from her paths, begin to return, *from their very start* back. Then, "*Turn ye, for why will ye die?*" For *in the very turning* consists the life, but in continuance, death.

But if you do not desire concord, and that quite earnestly, drop this whole matter, and live on till you die off. "Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone." And there are those who have either disliked or hated so long and heartily, that they love to hate, and would not know what to do with themselves if they had not a wife or husband to scold and hate.

Others, again, may think it too utterly impossible to make even the very attempt. But let such remember, that "faint hearts never win;" that *nil desperandi*; that

" While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Further, that the task is much easier than you imagine. The trouble lies mainly in *starting*—rather, in *resolving* to start. Love is one of the strongest of human passions; and by all its power is restoration easy. And the easier, unless its obstacles are really unsurmountable, in exact proportion as it is the stronger. Like sliding down hill, once started, it *goes itself*. And re-increases as it goes. Would you then start?

"Yes, but I can not start *alone*. It takes *two* to fulfill this bargain. Love not reciprocated falls back dead. It must be on *both* sides to exist in either."

Granted, yet quite likely your companion is equally desirous of reviving love, yet kept back by the same excuses. At all events, what harm in ascertaining?

"But *how* can I begin? We never speak on this subject, and I am loth to break the ice. Nor do I know how to."

Then point out this passage to your companion, and request its perusal, and his or her opinion. Next follow up with that softened manner which precedes and prepares the way for all conciliations, request that you both talk over—not *your difficulties*. On no account whatever are they to be even called up. This will only retard the whole matter, induce mutual recriminations and re-alienate—but simply the *desirableness* of a revival of your love. Cut off all issues *but* this. Without much doubt, both will express "an earnest desire for the re-establishment of affection, but"—keep out those "buts." They have yet no place. Settle simply whether you *would* be reconciled if you could. And how *much*. And both make a clean breast of your feelings and desires on this point. Quite likely each will be surprised to find the other willing and anxious, yet each supposing the *other* party the reluctant one, while each is really *panting* for a reconciliation.

If so, restoration is easy, for where there is a *will* there can be found a *way*. Here wills are hard, but ways easy. Quite likely each will

find the other so glad to rush right into the arms of the other, if but certain that the other would only *receive*. "O, I would give the world if, as I go home to-night, I could go right up to my wife as of old, and encircling her in my arms, kiss and caress, and be kissed and caressed by her." Yet, quite likely she is feeling precisely the same sentiment toward you. At all events, suppose you just *try*. Approaching her tenderly, and proffering a fond kiss, can certainly break no bones. Try it. Or you, wife, pursue a like course toward your husband. If either find any lingering fondness still remaining anywhere about your heart-strings, why, *express* it.⁹⁷ Sometimes beclouded sun reappears *suddenly*. Probably either could break the fatal spell which separates you, in one minute, just by one frank proffer of affection.

Yet the other, if at all willing to be reconciled, should *meet half way*, and more. Let no drawback come in just now to quench love's rising flame, but both help re-ignite it. Or it may be best to appoint a day and hour for this conference. If so, preface and accompany it with a walk, a ride, a feast of some good edibles,¹⁸ or some mutually pleasant associations. And if you find yourselves throwing any blame on the other, *stop at once*, or else adjourn. First, settle whether you *would* be reconciled, and next whether each will try. And how much.

These two questions—desire and effort—once fairly settled affirmatively, your task is quite easy, and love revival certain, unless you spoil it by some subsequent bad management. Your next step is to

115. "AGREE TO DISAGREE."

Toleration is a first law of love. Quite likely your very differences grew out of this very intolerance. The days of intolerance are numbered, but not yet finished. The followers and victims of Procrustes and his iron bedstead still abound. Man is naturally a tyrant, and having no other chance to dominate, often lords it over wife and children; whereas she, exceedingly rigid and puritanical, feels that *her* views *are right*, and no mistake, and is so *very* rigid that she can and will tolerate no departure therefrom. But he holds different views. Yet she insists that he shall conform to *her* standard, and cuts off his legs, if too long, or stretches them, if too short, for her iron bedstead, by her conscientious frown and indignation. Quite likely she is just as conscientious in this whole matter as human being can be; yet wrong, because so scrupulous.⁹² Was not Saul of Tarsus both? Those who hang witches are not all dead yet.

Yet deserve to die. No human being has any right to intermeddle

with another's conscience in anything, much more husbands and wives. "To his *own* Master," in heaven, he standeth or falleth. *Individuality* is a sacred inalienable birthright. To interfere, or be interfered with, is tyranny on the one hand, and slavery on the other. The very last things that should ever obtain in wedlock. Life is not more sacred than personality. No wife has the least right to interfere with any of the doctrines or practices of her husband, except in self-defense. All she may say is, "I should like you better if thus, and so," but never compel him. Nor he her. Our selfhood is infinitely sacred, infinitely precious to us, and should be preserved inviolate. As far as they can conform to each other they should, yet neither should require any more than the other proffers voluntarily.

Yet do husbands always obey this law of their wives' individuality? Do they not often actually *crush out* their wives' will? Mrs. Reuben Webb, of Philadelphia, a Friend, in obtaining signatures of her sex to a petition for the abolition of capital punishment, says, "A large proportion of those to whom I apply say, 'I should like to sign it, for I think this hanging horrid, but dare not till I get my husband's consent, for he forbids my doing anything except by his permission.'" None realize how many women are all cowed down by having had their wills completely crushed out by dogmatical husbands.

Yet a wife thus crushed is good for nothing to herself or husband. In order that she may mold him for good, she must impress her *own* spirit upon him, and to this end must be *herself*. This is more to his interest than hers. And surely a woman is the last thing on earth over whom a true man would desire to lord it. Then how much more a wife?

Yet, are there no wives who insist that their husbands shall toe their mark? No husbands so thoroughly henpecked as not to have any soul of their own left? And yet those wives piously thinking all the while that they are doing them God's service! And these husbands wisely surrendering at discretion, rather than contend. And what government as really tyrannical as "petticoat government?"

Quite likely both are lording it over each other—victimized, yet victimizing. Now this will never do. Both must "*live and let live.*" This is manifestly the law of love. Or, if they are too far apart in their views to thus tolerate, yet love for all, better separate. At all events, if they desire a reconciliation, such mutual toleration is absolutely indispensable. Concede his point, or break up the conference. Or if you do not, it will break you.

"But this point conceded, what next?" Mutually agree to

116. BURY ALL BONES OF CONTENTION.

Never again call them up. You have picked and growled, perhaps snarled over them too long already. And every time you tear open, you re-irritate this old gangrene. It will heal fastest when *let alone*. As the very best dressing of any wound is its own blood, so the less you say about your differences, the less you re-provoke each other to hate.

Then come now both together, dig a grave for their final interment. And one large enough to hold them *all*. And deep enough to absorb all their stench. And both pitch them all in, and bury them forever! But make no mound, and erect no stone of remembrance, but strew flower seeds all round and about their sepulcher, that the decay of the one may enhance the bloom and fragrance of the other. And both mutually swear that you will never again designedly re-inter them. Re-disturbing their putrid carcasses will only re-double their nauseating disease-breeding fumes, without attaining one good end. Not only inter them, but mutually anathematize the one who first exhumes them, or aids in their resurrection. Or, if either begins, let the other *change the subject*, but on no account justify self, or retort on the other. This direction is absolute. Implicitly follow this advice, or abandon all hope of re-establishing concord. No middle ground remains. Will you do it? At least try your best? And if so, your restoration is sure, but impossible without. Neither must even attempt to justify self, much more impeach the other. Your differences are to be banished, even from your memories. Much more from your conversations. Let them be to both as though they had never been. Let bygones be bygones. Let the Lethean river flow over them forever! Even their closest remembrances only re-harden your own heart, and unfit you for subsequent affections. But what next?

117. NURTURE YOUR AFFECTIONS.

As all there is in and of marriage centers in love;^{4 82} as the more love the less alienation, and less more; as all marital happiness and blessings spring from love alone, while all alienations are consequent on its absence, of course exactly in proportion as you establish affection, you increase concord, but banish discord. Since love constitutes the entire Alpha and Omega of wedlock, of course its promotion both prevents all alienations, and re-establishes unity. What can be plainer? Try its practical workings ten thousand times, and every time its concordant effects will prove actually magical.

“But *exactly* what must we do?”

Exactly what you would if just mated,⁷⁸ and first beginning to get yourselves and each other thoroughly in love. How would you proceed if just commencing your courtship? In short, adopt all those love appliances prescribed in Sec. IX., and more especially 97 to 109. Either of the directions of Molding,¹⁰² Sharing,¹⁰⁵ or Making Happy¹⁰⁷ will accomplish the task. Much more all combined. Especially with a "right etiquette" superadded.¹⁰⁰ Only just faithfully *try* them, and you will be perfectly astonished at their blessed eventuality.

"But what is our starting-point?"

Ascertain some one or more grounds of *common* feeling and interest, and cherish that quietly but steadily, and this will soon become a stepping-stone to some other community of sentiment by which to plant yourselves on some other common ground. But we need not repeat. Re-read and practice Part III., and, avoiding its warnings, practice its precepts, and month by month, and year after year, you will find your affections gradually establishing themselves, and you growing up together into a perfect love.

"But our alienation is so chronic, and so deep-seated, that its obviation seems impossible."

Not at all. A chronic disease will, indeed, require more time and pains for effecting a cure than a recent one, but none can form any idea of the power of these principles to restore love, till *experience* shall have proved their efficacy.

"But we have little congeniality, while nearly all our respective characteristics in either repel those of the other. There exists between us not only no congeniality, but, instead, an utter

118. INCOMPATIBILITY.

That many who are married are really very dissimilar, and naturally uncongenial, is readily admitted, yet it is an undoubted truth that much seemingly natural incompatibility is but the legitimate outworking of a wrong *treatment* of each other, and which a right conjugal life would have obviated. Their wrong conduct toward each other has engendered this "uncongeniality," which a right conjugal life would have harmonized. Unconjugality causes nine tenths of all alleged uncongenialities, which could be easily obviated by a true love-life.

An absolute proof of this is that you *once* loved. You were not so antagonistic but that you could *begin* to love. Now love is self-perpetuating, if allowed its perfect work. Nature will not begin what she can not, if not interfered with, perfect.^{42 111} If your incompatibility were real and natural, it would have begotten a mutual aversion from

the first. You were in sympathy once. Then what prevented your affections from redoubling with years?⁹² Your own mutual abuse of each other.¹¹⁰ You inflicted mutual misery on each other, and thereby generated your mutual "incompatibility." You are "uncongenial" because you have been *unconjugal*. And can doubtless re-establish congeniality by returning to a true conjugality.¹⁰⁰

"But we never really loved—only thought so. We had no sooner fairly began to compare notes but we found our tastes, ideas, feelings, doctrines, totally unlike. And they grow more so."

Ah, there it is. They *grow* the more so because perpetually reprovoked by mutual wrongs, whereas a mutually *right* treatment would have *healed*, instead of aggravating, these incompatibilities.

"But our love began in a youthful passion—'infatuation'—only to end in disgust. We were simply love-struck—you call it Amativeness—which, subsiding, left our marital craft high and dry on the beach of 'uncongeniality.'"

But that same "Amativeness," rightly managed, could have been made to re-bind you perpetually together forever, if you had not broken its laws.

"But I married from filial obedience, and to please my parents, knowing from the first that no *natural* sympathy existed between us."

Then, poor miserable sinner,^{53 55 77} find your answer in Section XI., unless, which is quite likely, Sections IX. and X. show you how you can even yet establish a fair share of conjugal harmony. If your incompatibility has superinduced a mutual chronic disgust or loathing, it may not be worth your while to even attempt to establish love. Of this you are the best judges. And yet you will doubtless find the task both more easy, and even more desirable, than you now suppose. At all events, it is well worth the canvass.¹¹⁴

Still, if you really feel that you can not or will not establish at least a partial love-base, agree to disagree, and either live apart, at least as separate as you well can, or else, if possible, obtain a divorce.

Meanwhile, make the best of what is. Love as far as you can, but, certainly, by no law of mind is it necessary that you hate. And if you can live without hate, you can get on passably.

But have you become parents together? If so, you have nature's voucher that you can at least live without animosity, and with passable affection. But of this anon.

Finally, you can at farthest, and in any and all events, treat each other *politely*. Hatred you certainly need not indulge. Nor even dislike. And as all your miseries grow out of animosities, if you put yourselves on that high human ground of "turning the other cheek,"

and "doing as you would be done by"—and what Christian but believes this possible—you will not, at all events, be made miserable in each other. As far as you affect each other at all, you create and experience only *pleasure*. Be your dislikes however marked, you surely need not wrangle—need not even express those dislikes. Ought you to dislike any creature of God, however bad? Then shall the masculine and feminine hate each other? God forbid! Humanity forbids. Your sexual relationship forbids. *Most of all, one with whom you have ever interchanged the endearments of love.* Pity, if you must, but hate never. Or, if you will, nature will *curse* you in and by that hate.

Or take two truly polite, refined persons, say Frenchmen—the most polite of people. They dislike each other, yet are compelled often to transact business together. Would they wrangle? Must they even *feel* animosity? Why not associate as far as possible, but agree to disagree as to the balance? Much more, if a true gentleman and an elevated, refined lady. Most of all if they *have* loved each other, and their common children. The mere fact of a former affection ought forever to forestall and preclude animosity. And nine cases in every ten of this "incompatibility" are but *devilability*. And the one who feels most of this incompatibility is usually the most "hateful and devilish."

Yet that there are cases of real genuine native, inborn uncongenialities is admitted—as where one has a high, another a low head, one a moral, the other an immoral proclivity, when one is talented, the other simple, one coarse, the other fine, etc. But how came you not to see these glaring discrepancies before your marriage?

"Because infatuated by love."

Then get infatuated again, and you will again lose sight of these incompatibilities. And, after all, the trouble lies far less in supposed inherent uncongenialities than in the *state of your own minds*.

But, pray, what prevents you establishing a *partial* union? Why not unite as far as you are congenial, yet each leave the other to act separately on points of dissimilarity? Why not, if you disagree on religion or politics, or tastes, or moral or other questions, each accord to the other the largest individuality; yet as far as you can unite on any other points, assiduously study that union? Thus, there are, of course, interests you can share in common, and grounds for community of feeling. Unite on those, but mutually understand that you go thus far together, yet each leave the other free to seek their own pleasures, and act out their own nature, in reference to these discordant elements.

This is obviously the true policy, the self-interest of both, as well as genuine Christianity. Any other course will prove detrimental to

both, and barren of all good. In no event, and on no account, should you wrangle. Mutual animosities and recriminations are both suicidal, and destructive of each other. No circumstances, nothing on earth, can justify marital contentions. Like two dogs biting each other, even the conqueror pays too much for his conquest.

“Then, must I break down, and give up to die?”

No, never. Stand up in the integrity of your *own* will-power. Preserve that as you would your very life, of which it is the very chit, inviolate. But maintaining your own personality intact is one thing, and fighting each other is quite another.

“But my husband drinks, or is unfaithful;” or “My wife, though possibly virtuous, is at least unmistakably too utterly hateful to be tolerated.”

Though we are no apologists for infidelity on either side, or for countenancing any gross sin, yet a hearty persevering effort to *reform* your companion may be better for both parties than abandonment. If our heavenly Father should abandon us all on account of any one of our numerous sins, on whom would he not turn his back forever? Then shall we, ourselves fallible, stand ready to abandon a conjugal partner, perhaps the father or mother of our dear children, just for some one sin, though even grievous? I know many women say, “If my husband should prove untrue once, I could not, would not live with or trust him again.” But is this the best, even the selfish policy of the aggrieved? Our Bible contains a broader range of philosophies than any ascribe to it. Its cardinal doctrine of forgiveness is true *humanity* as well as Christianity. And quite as beneficial to forgiver as forgiven. And is nowhere as beneficial or necessary as in marriage. And love prompts it. Show me an inexorable wife and I will show you a child of Satan, but one who forgives is angelic. And so of husbands. An unforgiving spirit makes matters worse for both parties and all concerned, while forgiveness, especially of those who confess and promise reform, is both best for all, a manifest God-like, God-commanded *duty*. And those who refuse it are guilty, and will themselves suffer deeply therefor. How can those who will not forgive even a fellow-being, much more a conjugal partner, ask forgiveness of God? Nor matters it what or how great the sin.

119. PATTERN HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

To attain the highest possible skill or perfection in any art or vocation we may espouse, ought to be the paramount object of one and all who attempt anything. Are you a farmer, a mechanic, an artisan, or workman of any kind, “do *with thy might* whatsoever thy hands

find to do." "I will do my *very* best," should be the perpetual resolve of all, in everything attempted.

Then why not apply this "excelsior" principle to marriage? Why not every girl resolve, "I will fit myself to become just as good a *wife* as it lies in my power to become," and every wife determine to render herself just as *perfect* in her conjugal relations as possible? And why not every young man say, "I will indeed try much to excel in my business, but more to prepare myself to be faultless as a prospective husband, and most to cultivate whatever will improve me as a future husband, nor do one thing to injure my conjugal fitness." And as a knowledge of any art is indispensable to perfection in it, why not study the conjugal art? And give your *being* to it besides. Or, one may "*know* the right, and yet the wrong pursue." Every husband and wife should both *resolve* to do their best, and *study* to inform themselves as to what is perfect and imperfect as to conjugality, but make its practice an *enthusiasm*, a *passion*. As one who would get rich must throw his *whole soul* right into the "almighty dollar," and thus of learning, of piety, of anything, everything, so pre-eminently of marriage. What perfection more perfect, what art or attainment more exalted, than a true conjugal life?^{3 5 6} Then, ye who would be happy in and by marriage, give *head and heart*, mind and body, time and talents, in short, your whole being, right into living a perfect love-life. Nor do one thing contrary thereto.

And why not also get up a generous conjugal *rivalry* among each other? If I can not excel you in finance, or whatever you are doing, or you me in Phrenology, may we not still establish a noble rivalry as to who shall live up nearest to Nature's conjugal institutes? Why not each be emulous—"strive together for the mastery" of perfect companionship? Why not every wife vie with her husband, and he with her, and each with all other husbands and wives, as to which shall earn the prize medal on Nature's air-grounds, for living nearest and truest to her perfect conjugal requisitions, instead of, as now, to become richest, or greatest, or the most fashionable, or give the most costly parties, or eclipse all rivals in other respects?

And as heart follows head,² and life heart, get and keep your *feelings* right toward your companion, and this will rectify your conduct—a truth more true as applied to marriage than courtship.⁹⁰ First make the *tree* good, then shall the *fruit* be good likewise."

And that this volume may go forth to teach true conjugal doctrines, and inspire its readers to a truer and higher conjugal life and spirit, is the great wish of its author. And ye whom it benefits, *spread* its beneficial influence by extending its circulation.

The following, from *The Banner of Light*, by Miss Lizzie Doten, so poetically, yet forcibly, expresses the sentiments of this entire volume, as to furnish its fitting finale :

LOVE.

Oh, world ! somewhat I have to say to thee.
 Oh, sin-sick, heart-sick, soul-sick, love-sick world !
 So ailing art thou, both in part and particle,
 That solid truth thy stomach ill digests.
 Yet, since thou art my mother, I will love thee,
 And, fearless of thy frowns, will "speak right on."

That which belongs to all men is least prized ;
 The thing most common is least understood.
 That which is deep and silent is divine ;
 And there is naught on earth so craved, so common,
 So misunderstood, or so divine, as love.
 When meted in proportion to man's need,
 Measure for measure, it doth clarify,
 Exalt, and make him equal of the gods.
 He feeds upon ambrosia, and his drink
 Is nectar ; high Olympus can not yield
 Delights more grateful to his soul and sense.
 Parnassus fails his rapture to express,
 And Helicon hath less of inspiration.
 But, prithee, should he chance to drink *too* deep
 Of the exhilarating draught—
 Should plunge him, head and ears,
 Into the middle of this weltering flood—
 Mark, then, what marvelous diversions from
 The center of his gravity ensue.
 Judgment is scouted, sober common-sense
 Yields to imagination's airy flights ;
 Upon swift-winged hippogriffs he mounts,
 To seek the fair Arcadia of his dreams.
 He builds him castles, basks in moonshine, "feeds
 Among the lilies," pours his passion forth
 In amorous canticles and burning sighs,
 Makes him a bed of roses, and lies down
 To revel in the rainbow-colored dreams—
 Until some turn, some ill-begotten chance,
 Most unexpectedly invades his peace,
 And castles, moonshine, roses, rainbows fly,
 And leave him to the stern realities of life.
 Alas ! poor human nature ! Even fools
 Must learn through sad experience to be wise.

Love is the highest attribute of Deity ;
And he who loves divinely is most blest.
It purgeth passion from the soul and sense,
And makes the man a unit in himself ;
Head, eyes, hands, heart, all work in unison ;
And beasts, and savages, and rudest hinds,
All feel, alike, its exercise of power.

Ambition can not walk with it ;
For he who learns to love himself aright, loves all,
And finds preferment in the general weal.
Though, Proteus-like, it take a thousand forms,
It doth o'ercome the evil with its good,
Casteth out devils, sensuality, and sin,
And green-eyed jealousy, and hate ; and like
Chrysostom, golden-mouthed, it doth attune
The words of common speech to sweet accord,
And gives significance to simplest things.

It buddeth out in infancy,
Like fresh-blown violets in the early spring,
And giveth form and fashion to all life.
For, by its character, it doth decide
What elements and essences the soul
Shall draw from contact with material things.
As roses draw their blushes, lilies whiteness,
Violets their azure, from the same dull earth,
So love extracts the sweetnesses of life,
And doth so mingle all within her crucible,*
That she creates the difference between
Immortal souls. The fiery heart of youth,
Full of high aims and generous purposes of good,
Swell like the ocean waves beneath the moon,
And brooketh no restraint, until it find
Its living counterpart, and mergeth all
It hath of manliness and might
Into a second and a dearer self.

So goes the world ; and strong necessity
Creates the law of action, whose results
Join issue with the love of God himself.
Oh, jealous, wanton, ill-conceited world !
How little dost thou understand the deep
Significance of love !
Thou hast defiled thyself with gross perversions,
Until the purity of love is but a jest,
And standeth with the fantasy of fools.

But I would take thee, dear humanity,
And set thee face to face with perfect Love.
She is thy mother. Love and wisdom met,
United by strong power.
The world sprang forth from chaos ; and the love
Which brought thee into being, doth sustain thee still.
The monad and the angel rest alike
Within its all-embracing arms ; and life,
And death, and all the changes of this mortal state,
Are cradled at the footstool of this power.
Then, sweet humanity, thou favored child,
Look up ! an everlasting chain
Doth bind thee to the mighty heart of all.
Love's labor never can be lost.
That which created shall perfect and save ;
And that which hath such poor expression here,
Shall find fruition in a higher sphere.

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